Collier's

TEN CENTS

OCTOBER 7, 1944

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BOTH PARTIES PLAY POLITICS
WITH 13,000,000 PEOPLE

Citizens of Negro Blood

By WENDELL L. WILLKIE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUNY

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Oct. 7, 1944

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HEALTH IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

Weeds—$75 an armful! *Aconitum napellus*, the monkshood weed, brings $1.50 to $2.00 a pound. Valuable in the treatment of neuralgic pains, and for reducing fever in diseases like acute tonsillitis, bronchitis, laryngitis, aconite is only one of the weeds used in medicines. Hundreds more, as well as a great number of non-botanical drugs, help guard your health.

"'Hey, Mom—don't forget our vitamins!' Dickie's so enthusiastic about taking his vitamin tablets. If I'd let him, Dickie would carry his vitamins around with him—eat them like candy," says Dorothy Kilgallen, famous Broadway columnist, noted among friends for her modern ideas in home decorating. "Vitamins that come in glass are so handy to use—you can just put them in your purse, carry them wherever you're going and be sure of taking them on schedule!"

"When Dickie takes a shower, our bathroom's steamy as a Turkish bath!" Dorothy Kilgallen says. "That's one reason why it's nice to have the things in our medicine cabinet in glass. Dry medicines should be kept dry—to stay at full potency. Glass bottles are moisture-proof."

You can SEE what you're taking when medicines are in glass. That's comforting, to say the least! What's more, when products are packed in glass, you can quickly see when you need to buy more. And Duraglas bottles are especially designed for easy opening, accurate pouring, air-tight resealing.

Sand, soda ash, lime—that's all glass is. When we see how lovely glass containers look, we're apt to forget that they are made of some of nature's most abundant materials. This fact, plus the speed of modern glass-making machines, make possible glass containers at low cost.

National Health Aid Week: Oct. 6-16, druggists everywhere are featuring "Health Week." Stop at yours for a free copy of *Health's Golden Rules*—11 wartime tips for good health. **OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY . . . TOLEDO, OHIO — makers of containers that give "a lift to living."**

Duraglas

.TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A NAME THAT HELPS YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!

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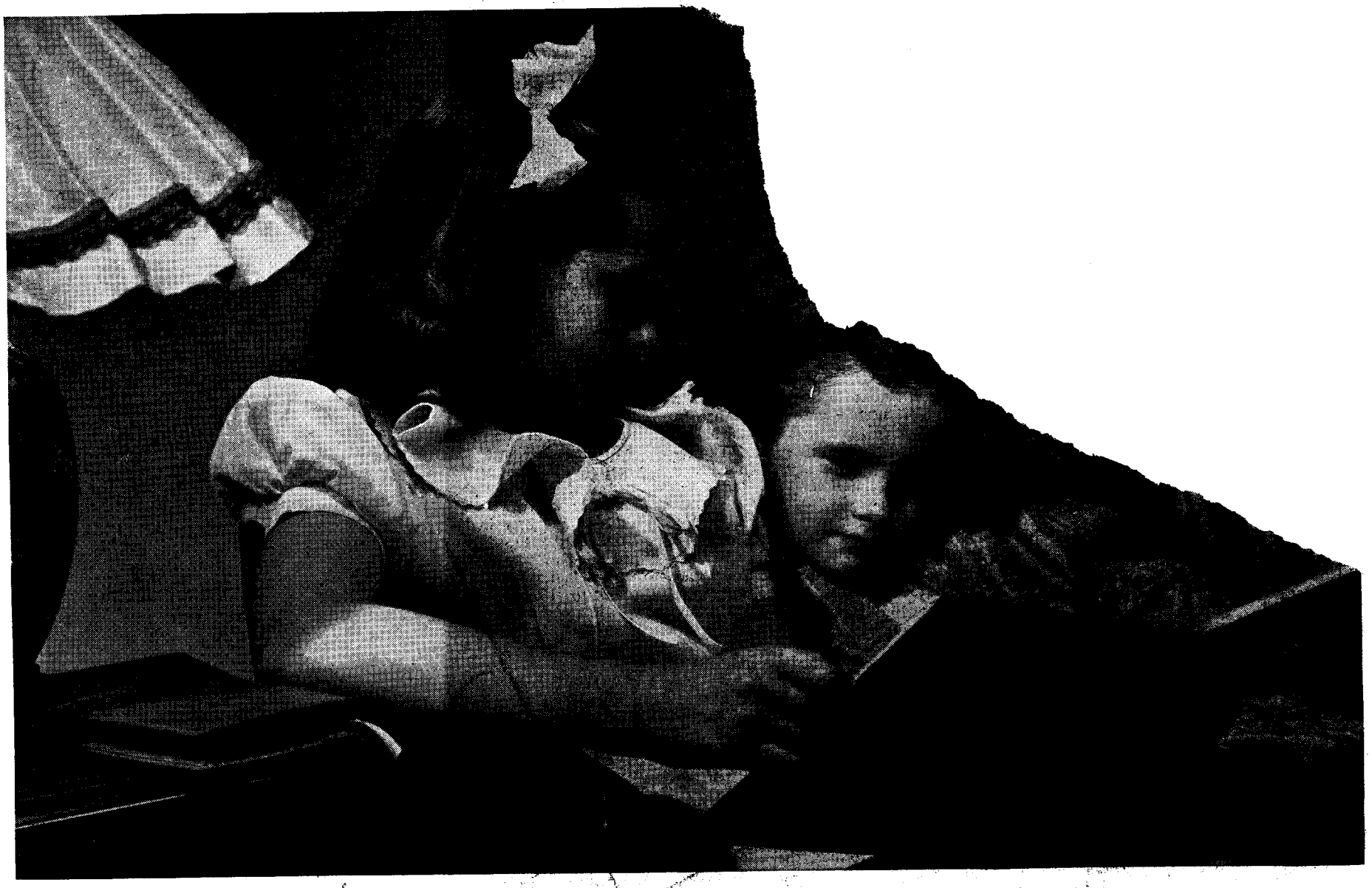
A Page is Turned
A Child's face Bright

A young Imagination st
Reaches out to touch so



And we see this Child a Woman—Alert and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

LET YOUR imagination soar, Child. Let that ever-questing young mind reach out to touch and examine everything in life.

For to you, and to all of young America, the door to the future is open wide... to develop your talents, your abilities to the utmost.

To let you face the future alert and *smiling*...

Yes, *smiling!* For today, the smiles of young America are guarded with care. In classrooms all over the country thousands of children are being taught a lesson in dental health many adults have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright, sparkling teeth and attractive smiles.

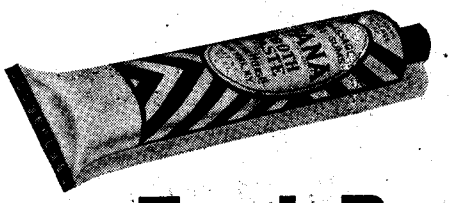
These youngsters already know that soft, creamy foods deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know that our gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their sensitiveness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning!

If your tooth brush ever "shows pink"—*see your dentist.* He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage—for brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

Oct. 7, 1944

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ANRY LA COSSITT • Editor

ging Editor

		GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
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JRY	Articles	EDWARD TOMLINSON	
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FOR THOMAS	Photographs	JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	ELIZABETH BOUTELLE	Fiction

M O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

eek

f you know, if n long enough, ed. You've per- lose Jap banzai rges into machine- finales and similar

m the China-Burma- er, Corporal Edwin A. White st sent us a clipping from the China ew for 1939. It reads: "A Japanese professor claims to have discovered a method of turning cowards into heroes. A secret alkaloid is injected into the blood. All fear and restraint disappear. The result, the professor declares, is not just a temporary exhilaration."

AND on U. S. Highway 501, just out of Durham, North Carolina, Mr. Charles L. Emerson of St. Louis, Missouri, spent the night at the Durham Tourist Court and Guest House because, says he, there was a large sign thereon reading: "Morally Clean."

MOREOVER, we've had several letters from customers whose papers have informed them that pendulum clocks at Greenwich (England) Observatory by which the world has set its watches for years have been replaced by quartz-crystal clocks. The new clocks are accurate to the one thousandth of a second a day. The old ticktock pieces were wrong by one hundredth. This is hailed by some of our readers as evidence that the English are at last friendly, formerly being unwilling "to give us the time of day." Others contend that the gross inaccuracy of the old clock is responsible for railroad accidents, missed dates, lost battles, false athletic records and quarrels with the wife for getting home late. Herbert Asbury of this staff says that his old man knew it all along and wouldn't carry a watch. "Why should I?" demanded the elder Asbury. "Everybody else carries one, and they're all wrong, anyway."

IF, FOR some obscure reason, you must have evidence that the good old days are gone, you may take the word of Mr. Bob Wilkinson of Ogden, Utah. Mr. Wilkinson dropped in at a meeting of fifty Kansas ladies—in Kansas. One of them was wearing a pin that attracted considerable attention. Naturally they asked what it was. The wearer was indignant. "You're all born and bred in Kansas," said she. "And you dare to say that you don't recognize this pin?" So all the other forty-nine Kansas ladies were polled. Nope. Not one of them recognized it. Well, to keep you in suspense no longer, it was none other than the badge of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

IF YOU'RE bent on getting into the play business, and want to own a hunk of a show which the playwright Mr. Elias Hojuk Majgaskeris of Holyoke, Massachusetts, says "can't miss," here's your chance. Mr. Majgaskeris has not been parsimonious. His play, Come in the Morning, calls for a cast of 262, is in four acts and sixteen scenes, but requires no scenery. Mr. Majgaskeris says that it should be done outdoors, and we're inclined to agree with him. Anyway, there's your chance. The author doesn't describe the play at any length; merely says that it is "about the family life.". . . W. D.

Vol. 114, No. 15. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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THIS WEEI

OCTOBER 7, 194·

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COVER MUK'

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NOW... As a part of your new State Farm Mutual "Full Service" non-assessable auto policy, you can get Comprehensive Residence and Personal Liability protection at a cost that will blink your eyes. Put worries about personal liability behind you. See your State Farm agent today or send for new FREE booklet (coupon below).

"We're Doing Fine, Mr. Graham, Thanks to Your friend"

Yes, Mary and Gwendolyn [illegible] thanks to Sid Graham and the [illegible] in the doorway.

Who is the friend in the doorway?

He is Sid Graham's auto insurance [illegible], one of 7,000 representatives of State Farm Mutual, the world's *largest* auto insurance [illegible]. He is the man who got Mary and Gwendolyn immediate hospital care, who saw to it that Mary's broken arm was promptly set, who after Mary's comfort and paid the entire [illegible] *though Sid Graham was not held responsible* [illegible] *accident* when Mary darted in front of his [illegible].

Payment for medical care [illegible] the many benefits to which you are entitled as holder of a NEW State Farm Mutual [illegible] policy:

Drive-Any-Car Coverage Included

Under this new, low-cost, broad [illegible] policy; you and your wife are insured [illegible] (1) legal liability that might arise from [illegible] as the result of driving your own [illegible] private passenger auto, and (2) damage to, or loss of, your car. Your protection includes: (a) $5,000 property damage and *double* the usual $5,000-$10,000 public liability protection; (b) medical payments up to $500 a person for yourself, family, guests, and pedestrians, regardless of responsibility for the accident; (c) coverage for fire, theft, and 30 other causes of loss; (d) 80% collision, bail bond, and emergency road service coverages; (e) car rental if your auto is stolen.

One Accident Can Be Ruinous

With 9,500,000 drivers injured in accidents in *one* war year (at speeds usually *below* 35 mph.), and with rates adjusted to wartime driving, you can't afford to take a chance of losing all you own through a court judgment. And remember, most drivers average an accident once every 3 years. You can buck the law of averages only so often.

Ask your State Farm agent to show you the new, easy-to-read "Full Service" policy and to explain why all auto insurance is definitely NOT alike. Ask him, too, about State Farm's equally fine life and fire insurance policies. There are 7,000 agents in the U. S. and Canada at your service. See your State Farm agent today and step into your car worry-free tomorrow.

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, Calif.
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FREE TO DRIVERS—INFORMATIVE NEW BOOKLET

MR. G. E. MECHERLE
State Farm Insurance Companies C-94
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet giving basic facts about new auto and personal liability insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* .... *State* .....

BUY MORE WAR BONDS—HOLD WHAT YOU HAVE!

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BAR-H
by HICKOK

The romance of the Old West... in "The Bronco Buster" bronze by Frederic Remington (from S. Rae Hickok's collection)... is brought to you by Hickok in Bar-H Belts, Braces, Wallets, Jewelry...authentic cowboy designs tooled on saddle leather... the Western touch in your wardrobe!

Bar-H Belt with Western buckle, $2.50... Bar-H Belt with plain buckle, $1.50... Bar-H Brace, $1.50... Sterling Steerhead Tie Chain, $3.50... Bucking Bronco Tie Bar, $2.50... Bar-H Wallets, $2.50, 3.50, 5.00... Other Bar-H items, $1.50 up.

WAR WORK COMES FIRST!

PAT. PENDING

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Since Sherlock Holmes was created in 1887, the books and the stage, screen and radio plays written around this master detective have not only made him the best-known character in all fiction, but also a real person to thousands of more imaginative individuals. Feeling that this belief is worthy of cultivation, literary people have organized Holmes societies in London, New York, Chicago, Boston, and Akron, Ohio, and they vie with one another in collecting articles which "once belonged to Sherlock," such as a hypodermic needle, a coat of arms and a set of false teeth.

United States soldiers won so many friends and sweethearts while stationed in England awaiting the invasion that 15 out of every 100 letters written today by the American troops in France are addressed to that country.

No Japanese have been allowed to serve aboard ship or to make further first enlistments in the U.S. Navy since 1907 when Japan considered declaring war on the United States over the California exclusion laws. And proposals to permit American-born Japanese men and women to enter our naval service during the present war have been rejected because their presence would "create collateral racial problems of a complex nature which cannot be handled adequately under war conditions."

News of the hanging of eight Nazi generals on August 8, 1944, and the accompanying comments on the deplorable condition of the German army brings to mind that, on August 8, 1918, exactly twenty-six years earlier, Kaiser Wilhelm arrived at the General Headquarters of von Hindenburg and Ludendorff in Spa, Belgium, and learned from them that his German army was beaten and that steps to end the war should be taken at once.

The longest of the Talking Books for the Blind, the complete King James Version of the Bible, which fills both sides of 169 records and runs for 85 hours, was in production continuously for ten years.

A new American song is not classed as a hit unless, after six weeks of intensive plugging on and off the radio, it has achieved a high-ranking popularity that lasts for about three months and results in the sale of some 250,000 records and 75,000 copies of sheet music.

During 1942 and 1943, laws to control labor union activities were passed in 14 states and so far 12 cases to test them have been tried in the courts of nine states with the following results: In one, the law was upheld and, in two, it was declared unconstitutional; two ended in convictions; five reached no decision; and two are still pending.

The Eskimos of Greenland still hold the odd belief that, when a man owns two articles of the same kind, the loss of one is not serious because the remaining one is all that he actually needs. Therefore, for example, when a man lends one of his two rifles, he cannot force its return as long as the borrower, having no other gun, wishes to keep it.

The Wittelbach family, which ruled the German state of Bavaria from 1180 to 1918, was notorious for its numerous insane members, the strangest being Otto I, born about 1850. Obsessed with the desire to kill a person a day, Otto would go to a window of his locked and barred suite at a certain hour each morning with his gun, which a guard had loaded with blanks. Upon seeing him, a disguised palace servant, waiting in the bushes, strolled across the lawn and, hearing Otto shoot, would drop "dead."

As Japanese recruits are taught to fight until killed, those who live through a campaign or a war and return to civilian life feel that they did not fulfill their duty and generally develop a sense of humility. Thus, when an ex-soldier writes a book, he begins it with an abject apology for being alive.

Under a law passed in 1939, all males in Germany automatically enter the compulsory service of the government at the age of 10 and remain in it until death. One recent activity of this service, for example, was the organization of "flying squadrons" of 16-year-old boys, with full police powers, for the enforcement of local laws.

The Allies used 125,000,000 different maps in preparing their plans for the invasion of Europe through France. . . . Of the 250 alphabets recorded in the history of language, only about 50 still survive and half of these are used in India.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

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Radio in "bla[illegible]ite." Something is missi[illegible] is the way conventiona[illegible]unds.
adio in "natural color." All he notes are reproduced in all heir depth and beauty. This the way FM radio sounds.
Ginny Simms, Metro-Goldwyn-M[illegible] star, appears on the Philip M[illegible] program, Tuesday evenings over N[illegible]

She's different, she's the real Ginny Simms—on an FM "A RAL COLO" radio

The first time you hear a Gene[illegible]lectric FM radio, you'll say it isn't so and can't [illegible]

Every single note comes in[illegible]ear and true, and there is such an absence of [illegible] and static, that even the voice of a famous st[illegible]ke Ginny Simms seems lovelier than ever befo[illegible]

That's because FM brings [illegible] the great radio entertainers as they *really* sou[illegible] the studio!

FM (Frequency Modulatio[illegible] an *entirely new kind of radio*. It does what [illegible]ntional radio has never been able to do—repro[illegible] tones and overtones in glorious "natural colo[illegible] Until now you could hear, at best, only one-third of the total tones and overtones.

General Electric built the first commercial FM receiver used by Major Armstrong, inventor of FM; has built more FM broadcasting equipment than any other manufacturer; operates its own FM station.

Today G.E. is producing radio and electronic equipment for the Armed Forces alone—but your G-E FM radio set, when available, will be backed by more experience than any other manufacturer's.

FREE: "YOUR COMING RADIO—*as Forecast by General Electric*"—28 full-color pages of facts about the newest in radios; radio-phonographs, the self-charging portable with its own rechargeable battery, and television. A post-card brings it free. Address *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

• ***Buy more War Bonds—and hold on to those you have***

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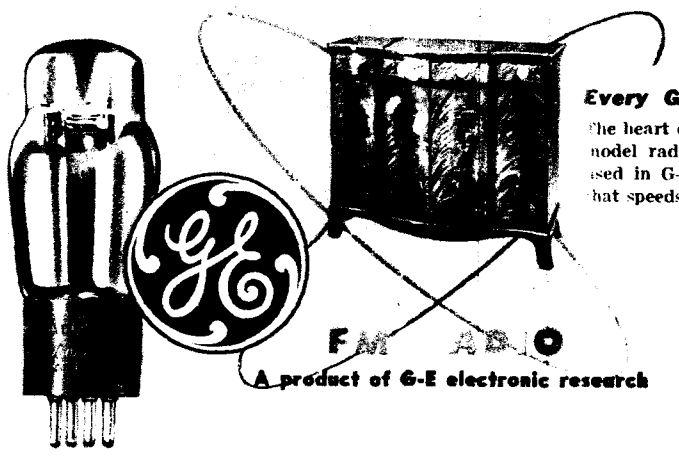

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.

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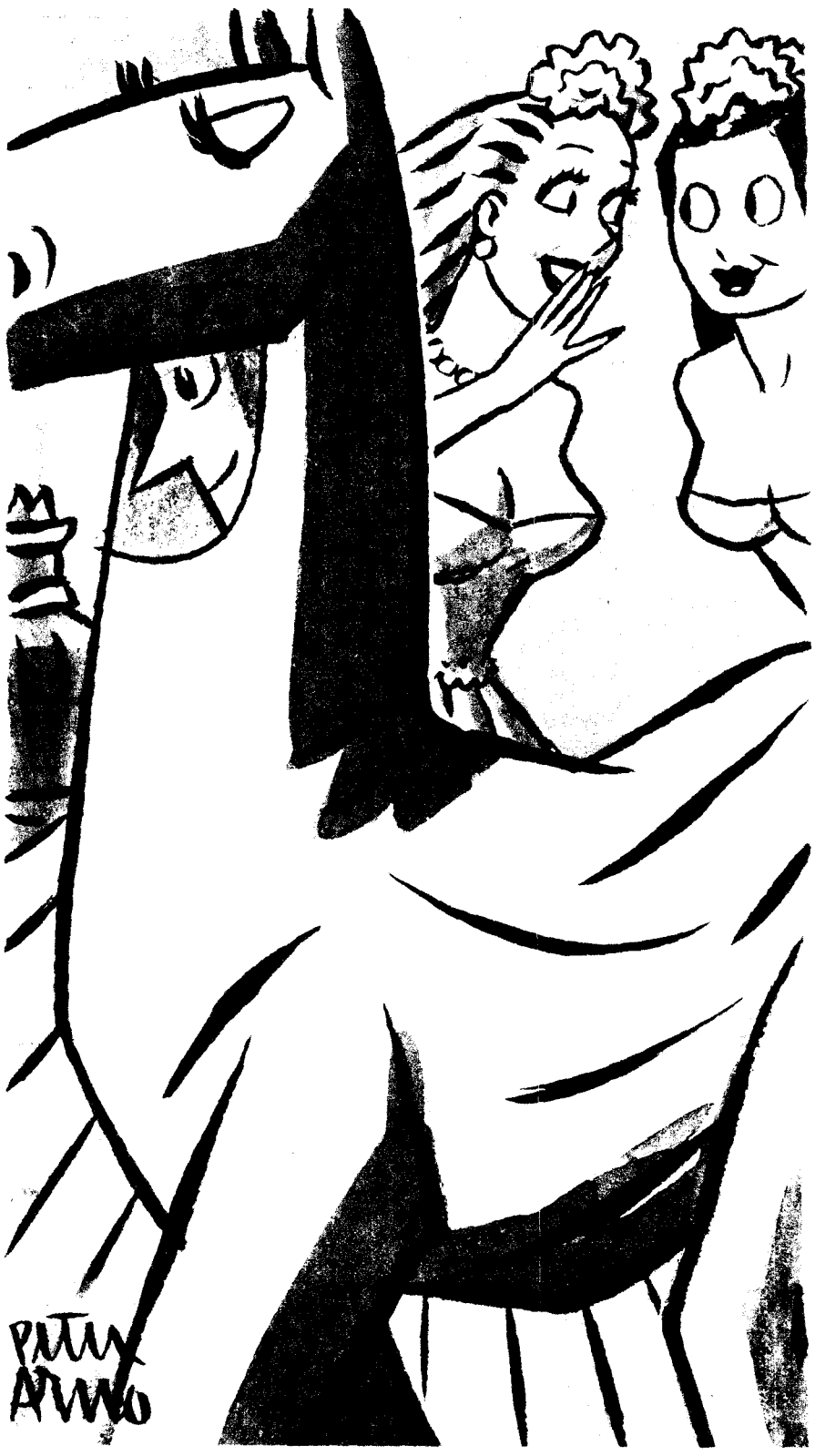
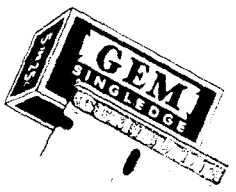


"He says they're giving him better parts since he got rid of his '5 o'clock Shadow'."

Ever see a successful man with "5 o'clock Shadow"? No, sir! The man with the clean chin is the man who gets on. So switch to genuine Gem Blades and get the shave that keeps you smoother *longer*. Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, Gems fit *precisely*, shave *perfectly!*

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM



RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE INFANTRY . . . THE DOUGHBOY DOES IT!

The Army's gamble [illegible] when they decided to fly this C-54 out of the British Guiana mud [illegible] it was crash-landed with three engines dead

THE big Douglas C-54 Skymaster was nearing the end of its flight from Miami to Georgetown, British Guiana, the first leg of the 14,000-mile trip to the Far East. Aboard were twenty-two Army officers, a crew of eight, a million dollars in gold bullion for the Central Bank of China and—more valuable than gold—detailed plans for the Wingate-Cochran airborne invasion of Burma and preparations for B-29 tactical and supply bases in India and China. It was a very important airplane, not only because of its cargo, but because it was one of only a dozen in existence at that time—late October, 1943.

Pilot Harold Gillespie, a Pan American Airways veteran, whose company operated this route for the Air Transport Command, began to let down for the landing at Atkinson Field near Georgetown. The 34-ton four-engined ship was bouncing through cumulus clouds when the right outboard engine coughed, sputtered and died.

There were still three engines, and the airport was only forty-five miles away, but in another moment, a second engine died like the first. It began to look as though they were out of gas. Confirmation came a moment later when the third engine died, and all on board knew that this was it.

Major Robert V. Guelich, correspondent for the AAF's official journal, Air Force, clearly recalls what happened next:

"Brigadier General James Spry was sitting beside me. He firmly planted his feet on the seat ahead, took another hitch in his safety belt. I did, too. He shielded his face with his arms, so did I. Then we waited.

"As the big plane dipped a wing in a turn, I spotted a clearing on the far side of a small river, sandwiched in by jungle. The clearing came as a miracle. There had been no others.

Crash-Landing in the Jungle

"With flaps down, landing gear up and only one engine working, we settled rapidly. The tail hit first, the plane crunched as though it were being broken apart. Then a terrific jolt and that awful sound of ripping, rending metal as the fuselage smacked the ground. Vacuum jugs, brief cases and baggage hurtled over our heads and down the aisle, but our safety belts held as the plane tobogganed through the swamp, showering mud over the windows. Then it was quiet.

"We knocked out the escape panels and piled out fast, for there still was danger of fire. In less than a minute, all of us could have been fifty yards away from the plane but the mucky marshland was as sticky as grease and held us fast. However, there was no fire."

Less than an hour later, a B-24 flying from Puerto Rico to Georgetown spotted the C-54, radioed its position, and circled until an amphibious Army Duck (OA-9) flew out from Georgetown. Major Art Williams, veteran South American bush flier, made a hazardous water landing with the Duck in a small clearing on the jungle river a mile away and, after an hour-long struggle through the marsh, reached the plane with a rescue party. However, it was decided to spend the night in the plane and evacuate passengers and cargo by the narrow jungle river the next day.

What to do with mud-fast Old 944?

Cursory inspection revealed only slight damage. It was estimated that two months would be required to repair the plane, lay a steel mat runway and fly the C-54 out. The seasonal rains also were due in two months.

Should the Army gamble on the weather, or should it sacrifice the plane? It was decided to fly the plane out.

To build a runway on the narrow strip of high ground (five feet above sea level), Army Engineers moved in bulldozers, Cletracs, a tractor and a crane. From the navigable Essequibo River they blazed a three-mile road through the jungle to the salvage camp.

Salvage Operations Begin

One week after the crash the plane was stripped of seats and other nonessential equipment, lightening it by 2,000 pounds. Flaps, which had shredded during the landing skid, were removed and new ones installed. Sporadic rains and high tides backed water up into the savanna, so a dike was built around the plane.

By November 4th, the first bulldozer broke through into the salvage-camp area. Immediately a push caterpillar started hauling in the first sections of the 600 tons of steel matting for the emergency runway. The plane still was 200 yards from the firmer ground of the runway stretch, still mudbound and crippled.

Holes the size of a 2½-ton truck were dug under each inboard engine nacelle, and into these were lowered the main landing-gear wheels until they rested on a flooring of small tree trunks and greenheart lumber.

At Eglin Field, Florida, the AAF's Proving Ground Command, the Army was conducting experiments with rubberized canvas pneumatic lifting bags. Promptly they were shipped by air to the salvage camp. Three deflated bags were placed under each wing and inflated slowly with air pumps. They worked perfectly, raising the plane twenty inches, enough to lock the landing gears.

Once on its gear, the Skymaster was pivoted around 90 degrees, preparatory to rolling it to the steel runway. Greenheart lumber was laid in front and picked up behind as the helpless hulk was pushed over the corduroy alley at ten feet an hour. On November 20th, it reached higher ground, about 200 feet from the runway site which by now had been leveled off by bulldozers. Natives were building up low spots, had dug a drainage ditch along the side to keep the new flight strip dry.

On this day, the mechanics for the first time were able to test the outboard engines without interference. Both engines started up and ran without any symptoms of serious trouble.

Thorough inspection of Old 944 revealed the bottom of the fuselage dented and wrinkled from the nose wheel to the wing, but nothing was broken. Propellers of the inboard engines had been sent to Miami for straightening. New cowlings had arrived and been installed. Other parts came from Douglas in Santa Monica, California. The plane

(Continued on page 58)

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"I've christened her 'Old Reliable'!"

"That's the [illegible] they should have h[illegible]ng on this Plymouth when they launched h[illegible]1940. I saw sea du[illegible]y in the last war, and I'm telling you this ca[illegible]ependable as a ship's bell. The Navy has me doing a thousand [illegible]of hard driving ev[illegible]ry week and the car just *has* to deliver. It [illegible]let me down—and it hasn't let me down.

"The [illegible]ometer turned 92,0[illegible]0 miles the other day — and I've never been [illegible]ed a minute by any fault of the car. That's a grand record for [illegible]ar at any price. [illegible]t's convinced me that Plymouth is the low-[illegible]ar with the high-pri[illegible]e features. I'm riding this model through th[illegible], however long th[illegible]t takes. And the next car I get will be ano[illegible] Plymouth."★

A NAVY COMMANDER tells this true story of Plymouth *reliability*. It comes from Plymouth's building cars to meet the toughest driving conditions. In every Plymouth, metal parts are engineered to resist salt air corrosion . . . brakes to operate long and safely in mountain country . . . cooling system to work efficiently in desert heat. Every other feature is as thoroughly proven.

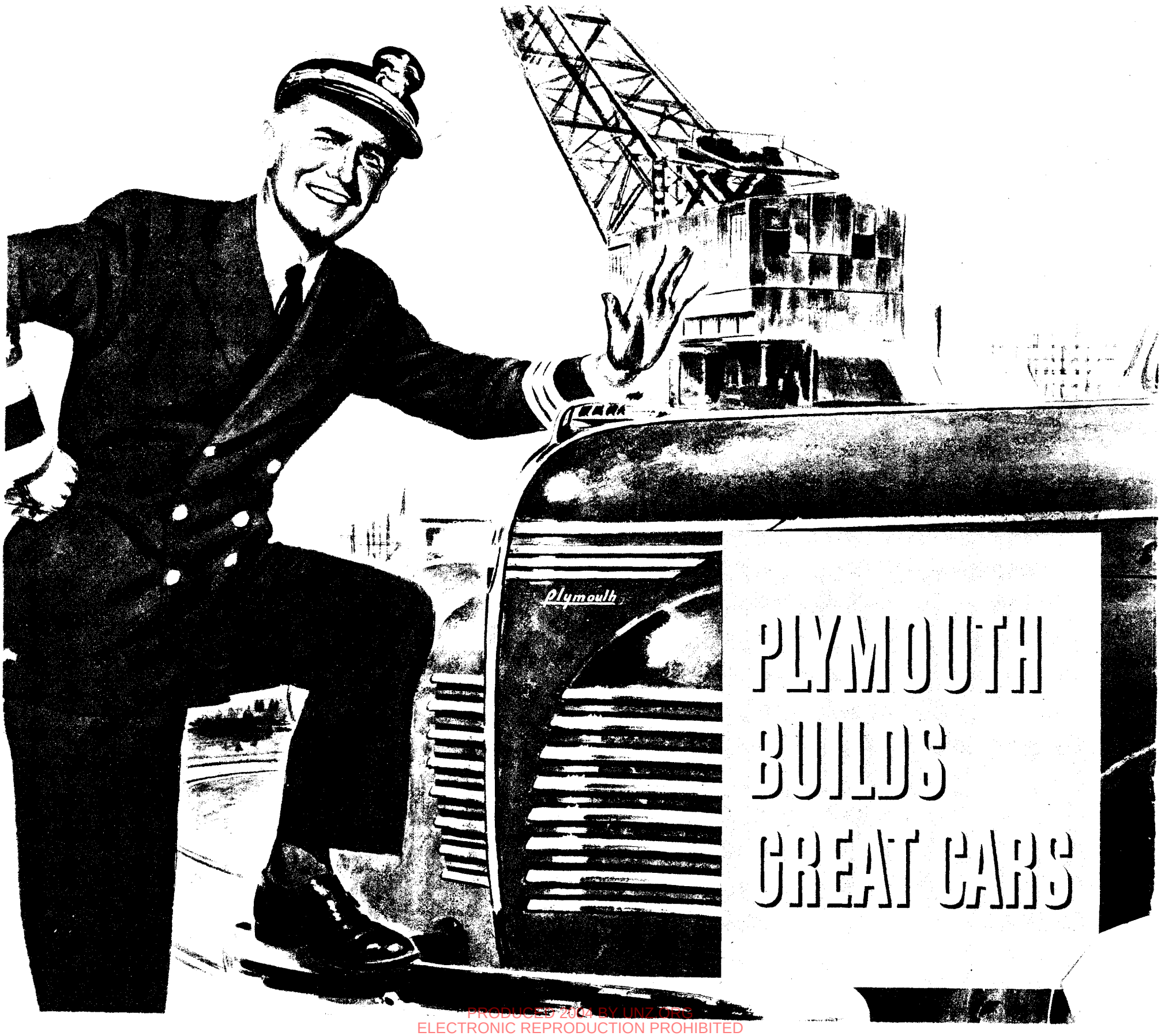
Right now the Plymouth factories are making war weapons only. But Plymouths were built to last a long time – especially when serviced by experienced, well-equipped Plymouth dealers.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

★ *Based on an actual letter in the Ply[illegible]*

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD



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IN SYNTHETICS, TOO...

America's No. 1 Mileage Tire!

On passenger cars and taxicabs —from coast-to-coast—enthusiastic users have *proved* that today's synthetic General is truly America's new *long mileage* tire. That it delivers mileage far beyond expectations—often even more than they got from the famous Generals of the past. Let your General Tire Dealer show you the certified performance figures from local users. See for yourself why today, more than ever, General gives you *Top-Quality* as only General knows how to build it.

★ Famous slow-wearing, quick-stopping, General Silent-Grip tread.

★ Same cooler running, extra strong cords . . . made in General's own mills, as always.

★ Pre-war Top-Quality construction, combined with Government-specified synthetic rubber . . . compounded by General's special formula to meet General's long mileage standards.

★ Built by General's quality-skilled workmen who have never known anything but the best.

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

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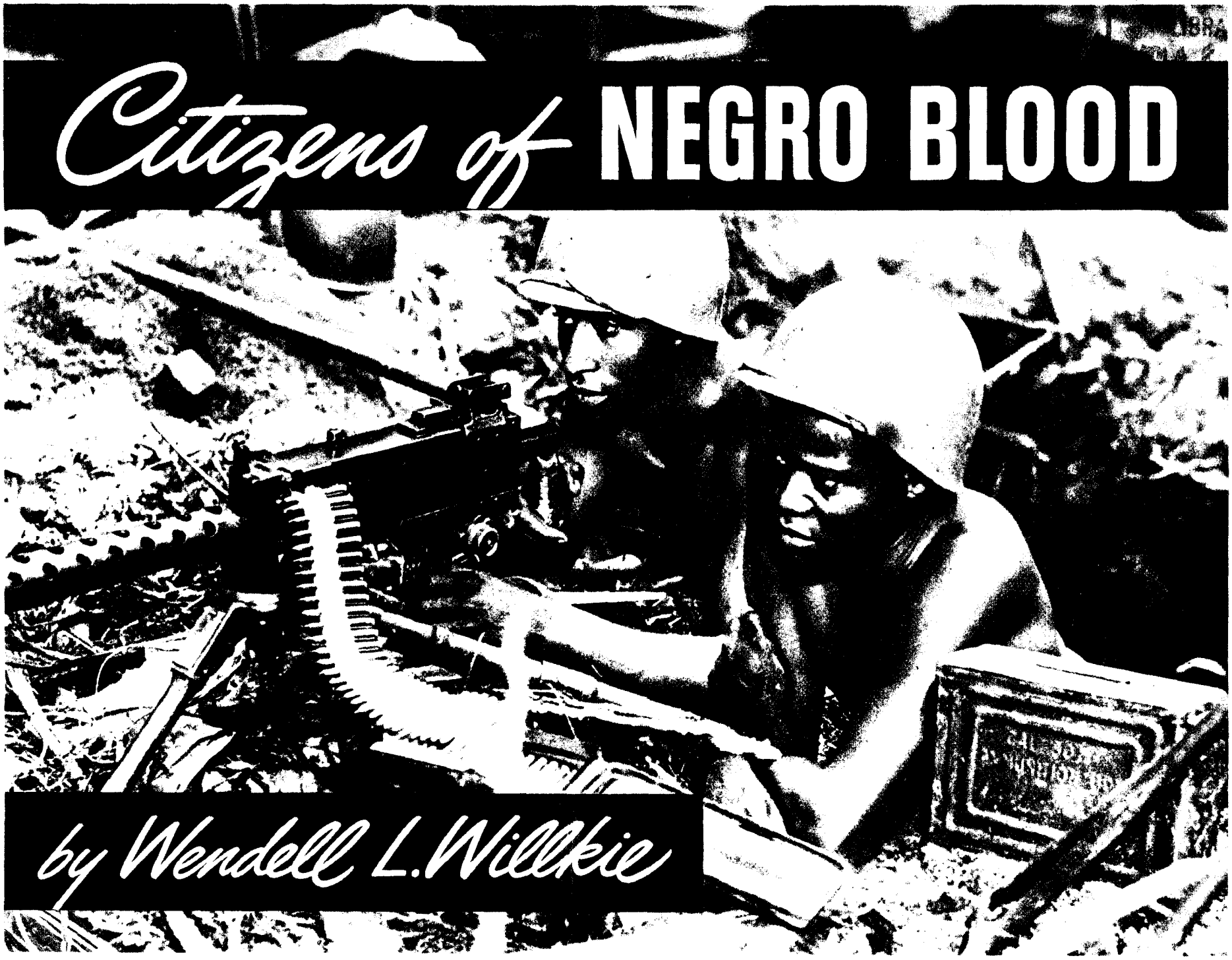
Citizens of NEGRO BLOOD

by Wendell L. Willkie



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

At their conventions, both major parties dodged the issue of racial discrimination. Platforms were adopted which, in their pledges to the Negro and their programs for him, are "tragically inadequate." Mr. Willkie demands that the candidates put aside generalities and pious platitudes, and deal forthrightly with this inescapable issue

THE political and economic status of our citizens of Negro blood has an importance in the election which has not been equaled since the period immediately following the Civil War. The Negro people and their spokesmen in the North and in the South know it; thoughtful Americans of whatever background know it; our enemies and our allies know it. Only those leaders of the two political parties who wrote and influenced the party platforms apparently have failed to grasp the import of this fact.

The war has given new opportunity to the Negro and at the same time has emphasized the injustices in our attitude toward him. More than that, it has made him conscious of the contradictions between the treatment of our Negro minority and the ideals for which we are fighting. The equitable treatment of racial minorities in America is basic to our chance for a just and lasting peace. For it cannot be too much emphasized that in the world today whatever we do *at home* affects our foreign policy, and whatever we do *abroad* affects our domestic policy. The two are necessarily interrelated. On no single question is this truth so inescapable as in the repercussions all around the world that result from our treatment at home of our colored citizens.

One of the widespread consequences of this war is the growing determination among colonial, subject and minority peoples everywhere to win for themselves a share of the freedom for which the Allied Nations are fighting. This is the great quest of our time. To future historians it may well overshadow all other aspects of the present conflict. We, as Americans, cannot be on one side abroad and the other at home. We cannot expect small nations and members of other races and colors to credit the good faith of our professed purposes and join us in international collaboration for future peace if we continue to practice ugly discrimination at home against our own minorities, the largest of which is our thirteen million Negro citizens.

The list of grievances of the Negro people is a long one. Not only is the Negro in many parts of the country denied his legal rights in violation of the Constitution, but he is denied the substance of freedom and opportunity in such matters as equal education, equal chance for economic advancement, and his just share of such public services as playgrounds, hospitals and community provisions for health and welfare of all kinds. He is systematically housed in the worst sections of our large cities, and for his poor housing, is frequently charged exorbitant rents. He is traditionally the "last hired" and the "first fired." He is too often denied protection under the law. But of all the indignities and injustices Negro men and women suffer today, the most bitter and ironic is the discrimination practiced by the Armed Forces of their country—the country for which they are being asked to give their lives.

". . . of all the indignities and injustices, the most ironic is the discrimination practiced by the Armed Forces"

The Right to Liberty

In short, the Negro lives in our midst under discriminations which differ from the racial discrimination practiced by our enemies, the Nazis, only in that ours are illegal and that we are free—if we wish—to fight against them.

The deep patience of the colored people is nearing its end. The war has pointed the issues for them. They feel—and who can deny them?—that if they have the right to *die with their white fellow citizens in the* protection of liberty they also have the right to live with them in the enjoyment of liberty.

We have granted them the first right. It is our obligation to see that they get the second. The most effective *means at hand* toward that end is political—effective as a bargaining point for the Negro whose vote at the moment is sought by both parties; and effective as an *instrument of justice in the* hands of all Americans who desire to redress wrongs of which most Americans are ashamed.

It must be said at once that both of the 1944 political platforms, in their pledges to the Negro and their programs for him, are tragically inadequate. It must also be said that the Republican platform is distinctly better than the Democratic. The latter, in a brief paragraph of generalities gives lip service to the laws we already have, and to the duties many of our elected representatives have systematically disregarded.

"We believe," reads the Democratic plank, "that racial and religious minorities have the right to live, develop and vote equally with all citizens and share the rights that are guaranteed by our Constitution. Congress should exert its full constitutional powers to protect those rights."

Small wonder that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People issued a statement after the Democratic Convention which said:

"To call the section on the Negro a plank is a misnomer. It is best characterized as a splinter. Badgered by professional bigots *from the South and dictated to by Northern* political machines more interested in votes than in principle, the Democratic mount-

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INCIDENT IN BERLIN

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Few spies make a mistake and live. But this spy was an amateur —and he made an amateur's mistake about a beautiful woman

ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD

SOMEONE once said to him that the moment after he crossed the frontier into Germany must be the worst of all, the moment when he felt the door shut behind him, but that was not the worst, he thought now; this was the worst, the moment before he crossed the frontier.

For now there was still time to turn back. He did not have to cross that boundary. There was no compulsion but his own will to make him go on. Although he had come to know well this last-minute revolt, it had never been so sharp in him before, so hard to resist. He had a feeling now that his luck had run out.

But he made himself step forward in his turn and present his papers. The flickering hope that something might be found to be out of order died; the substitution of photographs had been well done, and as Henrik Olson, Swedish commercial traveler, Peter Freeman Brown passed from Switzerland into the Third Reich. The agony of the last moment of safety was over.

Now he felt only anxious carefulness tinged with the wonder that was always present in him, a wry, faintly quizzical wonder, that he, of all men in the world, should be involved in these experiences. He disliked subterfuge and was afraid of risk. Adventure had never appealed to him; even in business he had been careful and conservative.

And now, here he was. . . .

Peter Brown was an American, born near Boston. When he was a boy, his family had sent him to school in Switzerland where he had learned to speak French and German so well that later, after college, an uncle in the jewelry business sent him abroad as buyer. He had fallen in love with a Swiss girl and married her and gone to work for his father-in-law, head of a firm of manufacturing jewelers, traveling over Europe as their representative. He liked his life in Switzerland, and ordinarily so many Americans came there that, until the United States entered the war, he had never felt isolated from his own country.

This matter of being a "source man" for his government—the Nazis would call him a spy—had come about gradually. In the beginning he had not been able to say no to the German refugees who were frantic for news of families left behind. He had been making frequent trips for his firm then—those were years when jewelers did a good business in the Reich, and it had not been too difficult to make cautious inquiries.

As time went on he had begun to be asked, confidentially, by people in authority for certain information. He was observant and practical, with a pleasant knack for getting along with people, so what he reported was clear and uncolored. It had become a regular thing for him, after a trip, to talk over conditions with a man from Washington.

Then his wife, Marguerite, died. That was just before the fall of Norway. After that he had taken risks he would not have thought fair to take before, nothing spectacular, but dangerous, nonetheless. A contact with the underground. Messages. Letters.

When America came into the war he had thought his usefulness, such as it was, had ended, but actually it was more important than ever to know current conditions in Germany and a sensible businessman made a good scout, so Peter Brown had been asked to go again behind the lines.

He had gone several times, as a Swiss, on forged passports. Now he was going to Berlin as a Swede—as Henrik Olson, repre-

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senting Swedish paper mills. He did this; his Swedish, though fluent, was spontaneous as his French and Germ the matter of Swiss passports was one, with Switzerland anxious to keep volved, so the agent from Washing arranged these things had procured th port of a Swede who would lie low zerland until Peter Brown returned. not return the man would report his lost.

In Berlin, Peter Brown was to go tain address and contact a man there. The man knew something secret weapon. What he could repor seemed to Brown worth the risk he w to take, but he was going because it only fair to do what he could when young men were doing so much m he had a horror of falling into Nazi so he carried capsules about him. had to raise his hands, to raise the quickly, he kept one capsule beneath ter on the back of his neck.

He felt of it now and, as the trai at last, he wondered whether he wo be on one that would bring him out many.

"SO, YOU are Swedish?"

That was Herr Hauser, from w had rented a room. The three Hauser and his wife and Brown, we Hausers' small sitting room which the dining room.

He had been fortunate to find The small hotel where he had inte stay had been half wrecked by bom the proprietor had given him two

"How are things in Sweden?" wanted to know. He was a short who had once been fat but was now his round face crisscrossed with lin deflating balloon. His wife looke muscled, a small, brown, square wo a figure in wood. She picked up he and sat down, looking at their lodg sharp, suspicious curiosity.

Brown was tired. The journey long and cold and uncomfortable day full of difficulties, but the time was when people were inclined to tal said that things were not too hard in that they had nothing to complain

"I should think not," said Frau "Are you not ashamed, you Swede neutral in this war against the Bolsh

"Na, na—" said her husband rep

Brown rubbed his chin. He had se do that and it seemed a good, chara ture. "No one," he said mildly, "is of his government for trying to peace. . . . We like peace, we Swede

The woman said abruptly, "My the Russian front. They are b those Russians!"

"They are hard people," Peter ag

"And the English! They also barians! Killing civilians, women dren! Did you ever hear of such What can their hearts be like, to things?"

"They are devils," said Hauser ancholy voice.

Their lodger rubbed his chin aga perhaps because of revenge," he sug the careful tone of one who wish justice to all sides. "Yes, revenge makes people strike back like that

"Revenge? What have they to Her small dark eyes flew open like "When we bombed England we bom military objectives. Never a home hospital. Our Fuehrer said so. B will be different. Since they are innocent civilians, we shall strike

"Yes, that is natural. . . . Have killed in the raids here?"

"I do not know," said Hauser. harm has been done except to hom

"I hope they don't come over

"First, there is always the ala must go at once to the shelter. I you the way. It is a good shelter, cellar. Anyway, we have got them . . . But let us talk of Sweden. Wh home, Herr Olson?"

So Peter Brown told about Olso in Engelholm and the paper mills the difficulties of exchange and

tion and government regulations. He went to his room and brou t out two cigars from the supply furnished the man from Washington, and some cho dates for Frau Hauser and she brewed som ersatz coffee, and he said the lack of coffe was the hardest thing the Swedes had to b r, and for a moment the lack of coffee wa a bond between them. Once or twice a pla passed overhead and then the talk paused hile they listened; but there was no alarm.

Herr Hauser leane forward and fingered the lapel of Brown coat. "That is good stuff. English?"

"Perhaps. It is old ut my best now."

"I used to like g d stuff. When things were going well I go clothes made to order. But all that matters w is that our soldiers have good clothes."

Frau Hauser said. "I sent my fur coat to the Front."

"That is how I sh ld feel," said Brown.

"You have no son

"Only a daughter. Ten years old."

He brought out a ture of a little girl. It was not his Margue e's picture. Inventing a daughter for Ols was a way to keep close to his own cl acter and experience. He told them, "She s at Engelholm with her grandparents. W n spring comes I shall take her to Skeltery en, a resort near us." He wondered if he ould be able to take little Marguerite ag to Lucerne.

"With her gran parents? Then your wife ."

"She died four yea ago."

"That is sad."

Frau Hauser sai "Yes, a man is lost without a wife."

"Oh, it is not so ad to be a bachelor," said Hauser in a s y malicious tone. He winked at Peter. "A traveling bachelor, eh? . . . Well, we must something to make it pleasant for you, h e. Elsa would be just the one to bring a ttle life to our guest's stay eh, Mother?" He had a great air of just having thoug of this but Brown thought the air w forced. Hauser explained, "The Frau n Kimmler is a neighbor. A very attract e young woman."

Brown's protest as unfeigned. "Oh, a young woman I a a quiet sort "

Hauser seemed out to say more but his wife rose and s d. "Our guest is tired, Heinrich. Show hi how to get to the shelter and then let hi go to his room. Sleep well, Herr Olson."

THERE was no aid that night. In the morning Brown nade no immediate effort to look up the ddress he was to go to. Surveillance, if there was surveillance, would be most vigilant the rst days. So he reported himself to the police s he was required to do daily, then went ab t the business of looking up the firms th wanted Swedish paper, trudging long blo s, riding on crowded busses and trams, eing how sharply now people were divide nto classes, the driven, shabby workers and he overlords of government, who rolled i wift cars. He saw long queues waiting bef the food shops, and he saw the big crater h es in Unter den Linden, and the squares of molished buildings with restorations going o He saw a battalion of forced labor marc d through the streets, thin, ragged Frenc nen and Belgians, and soldiers, full-fed, w h young and arrogant faces, and he saw a ine of ambulances. He saw trucks of f nilies, evidently from bombed areas, with abies and baggage and the odd impedime a that people save.

He talked a litt with people here and there, with the me t the paper firms, and with men at the sm , out-of-the-way restaurants where he too his lunch and dinner of soup, sausage and ack bread. Here only the officials and th families and their favorites were well s d. Very different from the last time he ha been here, after the fall of France. Then ery chambermaid had sheer French silk s kings.

(Continu on page 39)

Brown was afr d they would begin to beat him. He elt desperate with his hands tied. T en Elsa came in with her gay air of being at ease and one of the Nazis reeted her laughingly

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ACME

BERT BRANDT—ACME

Two captured Germans who wish they'd never seen France are marched off to prison by exultant men of the Marquis.

HOW WE CAME TO PARIS

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

RADIOED FROM PARIS

The guerrillas had liberated too many towns in too short a time. Now, incredibly, they were told to wait for General Leclerc's armored column to precede them into the French capital

General Jacques Leclerc stops to talk with men of a tank crew

NEVER can I describe to you the emotions I felt on the arrival of the armored column of General Leclerc southeast of Paris. Having just returned from a patrol which scared the pants off of me and having been kissed by all the worst element in a town which imagined it had been liberated through our fortuitous entry, I was informed that the general himself was just down the road and anxious to see us. Accompanied by one of the big shots of the resistance movement and Colonel B, who by that time was known throughout Rambouillet as a gallant officer and a *grand seigneur* and who had held the town ever since we could remember, we advanced in some state toward the general. His greeting—unprintable—will live in my ears forever.

"Buzz off, you unspeakables," the gallant general said, in effect, in something above a whisper, and Colonel B, the resistance king and your armored-operations correspondent withdrew.

Later the G-2 of the division invited us to dinner and they operated next day on the information Colonel B had amassed for them. But for your correspondent that was the high point of the attack on Paris.

In war, my experience has been that a rude general is a nervous general. At this time I drew no such deductions but departed on another patrol where I could keep my own nervousness in one jeep and my friends could attempt to clarify the type of resistance we could encounter on the following day between Toussus le Noble and Le Christ de Saclay.

Having found out what this resistance would be, we returned to the Hotel du Grand Veneur in Rambouillet and passed a restless night. I do not remember exactly what produced this restlessness but perhaps it was the fact that the joint was too full of too many people, including, actually, at one time two military police. Or perhaps it was the fact that we had proceeded too far ahead of our supply of Vitamin B_1, and the ravages of alcohol were affecting the nerves of the hardier guerrillas who had liberated too many towns in too short a time. At any rate I was restless and I think, without exaggeration, I may truly state that those whom Colonel B and I by then referred to as "our people" were restless.

The guerrilla chief, the actual fighting head of "our people," said, "We want to take Paris. What the hell is the delay?"

"There is no delay, Chief," I answered. "All this is part of a giant operation. Have patience. Tomorrow we will take Paris."

"I hope so," the guerrilla chief said. "My wife has been expecting me there for some time. I want to get the hell into Paris to see my wife, and I see no necessity to wait for a lot of soldiers to come up."

"Be patient," I told him.

The Eve of the Fateful Day

That fateful night we slept. It might be a fateful night but tomorrow would certainly be an even more fateful day. My anticipations of a really good fight on the morrow were marred by a guerrilla who entered the hotel late at night and woke me to inform me that all the Germans who could do so were pulling out of Paris. We knew there would be fighting the next day by the screen the German army had left. But I did not anticipate any heavy fighting, since we knew the German dispositions and could attack or by-pass them accordingly, and I assured our guerrillas that if they would only be patient, we would have the privilege of entering Paris with soldiers ahead of us instead of behind us.

This privilege did not appeal to them at all. But one of the big shots of the underground insisted that we do this, as he said it was only courteous to allow troops to precede and by the time we had reached Toussus le Noble, where there was a short but sharp fight, orders were given that neither newspapermen nor guerrillas were to be allowed to proceed until the column had passed.

The day we advanced on Paris it rained heavily and everyone was soaked to the skin

(Continued on page 65)

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Getting the rescue ... proved the most diffi... It took superhuman ... three rescue worker... oil-soaked man up ...

FOR A SKYHOOK

BY WILLIAM VAN DUSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY LT. SEYMOUR THOMPSON, U.S.N.R.

The troopship was sinking ... miles from help. With ... lightning-slashed storm ... ing up 15-foot seas, it wa... possible to land a rescue p... So the pilot of the big ... transport asked for volun... and took off with a full ...

AT THE little island outp... Pacific, a radio message ... the commanding officer, ... Commander A. L. Mare, U.S.N. ... Shipping Administration's SS Cape ... now an Army transport and pa... troops, had been tracked down by ... marine. The torpedo had torn a ... in her starboard side squarely amid... was sinking rapidly. All but a ... her 1,429 men were overboard in ... sea. With luck they'd live a few ...

Navy men have the fighting ... spend life if the objective requ... they'll fight the devil himself and ... water to save lives wherever they ...

matter of seconds, ... ship to ship and fi... looked hopeless. T... three hundred mile... station. The close... and needed the pro... fore venturing into... weather, too, was b... of the leaden sky bl... the surface and chu... tainous waves.

"What we need i... skyhook," Mare mut... tered to his perspir... signal officer. "If we ... could just drop do... and snag 'em ..."

As he spoke, the ... k gray form of a Navy ... Mariner, speeding s... plies to a combat base ... farther west, roared ... own through the clouds ... and settled on the ... tle bay. As the flying ... boat was taxiing as... re, Mare had her skip... per on the radiopho... . When the boat drew ... alongside the dock ... few minutes later, the ... pilot, big, blond, ... ft-spoken William W. ... Moss, Jr., of Prov... ence, Rhode Island, a ... civilian pilot assig... d to the Navy, whose ... boyish face belied ... e half-million miles of ... flying in his log, ca... d his crew together.

"I'm not orderi... anyone to go. The ... weather's foul. We'... be lucky if we can find ... the ship. Even if ... do find it, the Navy ... tells me the seas a... running twelve to fif... teen feet out there, and I've never set one of these tubs down in that kind of water. If we do get down in one piece, remember we still have to get back in the air. I've asked permission to go. If any of you ..."

The whole crew stepped forward. To save every spare ounce of weight for survivors, Moss had to leave ashore his junior officers J. B. Kelly, A. F. Arcady and Don Holton. Even the summarily stranded passengers helped to lug the heavy cargo ashore while the crew quickly converted the transport plane into a rescue ship. All possible running gear was stripped from the cabin and replaced with inflatable rafts, life jackets, rolls of Manila line, blankets, medical supplies, containers of hot soup.

Three minutes after leaving the dock, the overloaded plane strained into the air, lifted her dripping nose into the leaden sky and headed out on one of the most thrilling sea rescues of the war, a rescue which only now can be described.

The sinking ship was three hundred miles from the base they had left. Described later by Frank Saul, of Portland, Oregon, the plane's First Officer, as "tornado tough," that 300 miles was a nightmare of lightning flashes, blinding rain and turbulent wind that tossed the big flying boat around like a leaf. Every man aboard, including Pharmacist's Mate 1/C A. W. Burress, of San Francisco, who was taken aboard as a medical officer at the last moment, strapped himself to the braces and worked feverishly to prepare the rescue gear. They lined up life rafts and rings for heaving and cut the Manila line into the proper lengths for lashing the survivors to the deck.

While Saul wrestled with the controls, and Second Officer George Roblin, of Burlingame, California, sweated out the tricky navigation, Moss studied the diagrams showing how two other Pan American Airways captains, John Hamilton and "Red" Williamson, had worked their big flying boats in and out of emergency landings on seas nearly as stormy as this. Then he rehearsed his crew in the procedure they were to follow once they hit the water.

They were within ten miles of the sinking ship's position before they broke through the last rain squall and there, dead ahead, lay what was left of the San Juan. Far over on her side, deep down by the head, she was rolling helplessly in the high-breaking seas. Moss nosed the Mariner down to stack level, tried to signal to a handful of survivors still clinging to the fantail. There was no other

(Continued on page 32)

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Lay that Pistol

BY RICHARD POWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story:

ANDY BLAKE'S wife, ARABELLA, buys an old English pistol at an auction in Washington, D. C. Two persons want that weapon: KIT HAWLEY, who tries to buy it, and JAKE SNYDER, who tries to steal it. SNYDER gets it, because ANDY, sensing that to own the thing is to court danger, gives it to him. Later, ANDY finds the pistol in a shop, and the owner—a man named STUART—sells it to him. His curiosity aroused, ANDY bribes SNYDER, who works for STUART, and SNYDER talks. He says that KIT HAWLEY and STUART, originally working together, are searching frantically for a pistol which each of them now wants to get. This pistol is one of twenty-five similar to ARABELLA'S purchase. Weird adventures for the BLAKES follow, and ANDY makes a startling discovery: In the old weapon's bullets, he finds a number of tiny diamonds, the kind used in machine tools. He leaves the house for a short time, on the trail of KIT HAWLEY. In the yard there are tire tracks and evidences of a struggle. ANDY feels sure KIT has been kidnaped—by STUART.

III

I GOT down on hands and knees to follow the pattern of footprints more carefully, crawling slowly, watching the marks of the narrow ones become fainter . . . fainter . . .

Then without warning the next footprint, six inches from my nose, sprouted a high-heeled shoe and a slim bare ankle.

My nose almost made a print of its own. I looked up slowly, observing a slender leg with a flicker of muscle under warm, toasted skin. There was something familiar about it.

"You might at least," Arab's voice said, "give a low, admiring whistle."

"Gosh," I said, getting up, "you certainly get around. Where did *you* come from?"

"I saw you prowling around our front entrance and followed you. Honestly, darling, you'll never be a great hunter. You'd track a wild animal right into its clutch."

"I'll risk it," I said, "as long as they're wild blond animals. Listen. I've figured out what happened here."

"So have I. Kit came down the road and Stuart's car was hidden here and he grabbed her and they fought. What are you going to do about it?"

"Call the cops. Right away. And this time I have plenty to go on. You can't talk me out of it."

"But what happened after they fought?"

"He threw her into the car and drove off. You can see the prints ending right beside the tire marks."

"Yes, darling, I do see. And I'm curious. Her footprints still show. That means she wasn't dead or unconscious. The prints are evenly spaced, so she wasn't struggling at the end. She walked to the car by herself."

"Quit it, will you? Let me call the cops."

"Why did she walk?"

"He had a pistol at her back."

"Then he must have had a pistol right at the beginning, but it didn't keep her from struggling."

I said sullenly, "I want to call the cops."

"You've been so close to the ground that you haven't noticed things, Andy. What about those scraps of paper over there?" Arab asked.

I looked where she pointed, and saw some torn white bits of paper just beyond the tire marks. "Some picnicker left them," I said, "or they were thrown out of a car and blew in here."

"The paper is dry, darling. Did somebody hold a picnic here after that rain early last night? How did the scraps stay so close together if they blew in here?"

Just at that moment I couldn't think of the answer. I watched glumly as she collected the scraps and began to play jigsaw puzzle. I said again, mournfully, "I want to call the cops."

Arab fitted the last piece into place. "The cops," she said, "have apparently been called already."

I peered down and gasped. Kit Hawley's photo was printed on the scraps of paper. It was the sort of photo that movie and stage and night-club press agents put out by the thousands, showing girls with half-closed eyes looking at you over a bare shoulder. But there were two unusual things about this photo (a) she looked slightly bored, not provocative, and (b) it isn't usual to find glamor on a poster captioned WANTED FOR BURGLARY.

The sheriff explained in solemn black type that "the above is wanted on suspicion of burglary on the nights of June 26th and June 28th within this jurisdiction, during which she is alleged to have stolen valuable antique weapons and thereafter attempted to dispose of same to a dealer in antiques."

Arab said triumphantly, "What do you think of that?"

"Kit ought to sue," I said. "Just look at that description. Katherine Hawley . . . Red hair, gray-brown eyes—they're green, as I remember—five feet five inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I know you can't expect poetry on a wanted poster but he could at least have spiced it up a little. He could have put in her right weight, which is around one fifteen, and bust and hips and waist measurements and—"

"Maybe," Arab said coldly, "the sheriff didn't have your inside information."

I CHOSE to play dumb. It was safer. "I could have told him," I said innocently. "She has about a thirty-inch bust and hips and a thirty-five-inch waist."

"I wish she did, darling. She would be able to pass for a barrel. And I wish you would try to fib more convincingly. You know perfectly well she has about a thirty-five-inch bust and hips and a twenty-six-inch waist."

"Is that good?"

"Good, heck," she said bitterly. "It's darn' near perfect. I could almost be glad she's in this mess . . . except that it's a dirty frame-up. Jake said something about it last night, didn't he?"

"Uh-huh. He said he planted a few long red hairs and a compact with Kit's fingerprints and a few other items in the last few houses he burgled."

"But how did the sheriff get all this information? You could look at red hair and fingerprints all night and get nowhere, unless Kit's fingerprints were already on file. And if she has a police record, they'd have one of those numbered full-face and profile photos, wouldn't they?"

"You're catching on," I said, wondering how much she had guessed. "If she had a record, they'd have police photos and would use them."

"But Jake couldn't have left her photo and name and description when he burgled those places. That would be too obvious."

"I'll give you a theory."

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"Go ahead."

"Remember I said a theory. It needn't be the right one." I was picking my words carefully, because I didn't want them to bounce back at me later. Arab would never forgive me if she could prove I held out on her. "Cops," I said, "aren't much on deduction. They get results by leg work. If I were a cop, and a burglar with long red hair had stolen antique weapons, I'd start making the rounds of pawnshops and antique stores. I'd ask if a woman with red hair had tried to pawn or sell antique weapons lately. If I kept up the leg work, by and by I'd come to—"

Arab broke in, "To a shop in Alexandria run by a man named Stuart!"

"And he'd say yes, a redhead was in a few times trying to sell old pistols and maybe he'd even identify them from the descriptions the cop had of the stolen articles."

"Let me do it," Arab cried. "He'd give them her name and description and maybe say she attracted him and they had a few dates and here's the snapshot she gave him. Or maybe he'd say she was a dancer and perhaps the Star or Washington Post might have a picture in their files from her night-club days. And later when the sheriff got out these notices, that man Stuart took one from a post office—you can see where the thumbtacks tore away—and after he grabbed her last night he showed her the poster and said she'd better do what he wanted, or else. And now you can't call the police, can you?"

"Well, no. Jake's the only one who can prove it was a frame-up. We don't know where he is, and probably he wouldn't testify anyway."

"We heard him sort of confess doing it."

"Courts don't admit hearsay."

"But we've got to do something! I feel sorry for her. Andy, please get busy."

I collected the scraps of paper. "Okay. I'll go downtown and get more facts."

MY FIRST stop was at the Pentagon, where I went to Arab's branch in the Office of the Chief of Ordnance and got the name of an Ordnance major who was said to be an expert on steel and machine tools. I walked to his office, a quarter-mile away. His secretary sent me in. He was a big guy, built along the lines of a pig of iron.

I introduced myself and we shook hands. It was like feeding my hand to a hydraulic press. After I got my fingers sorted out again, I pulled a sealed envelope from my pocket, tore a hole in the corner and shook the eight crystals onto his desk.

"I think these are industrial diamonds," I said. "Can you tell me anything about them?"

He got out a magnifying glass, pulled his desk close to the window, and studied the crystals. "This one's from a lathe, I think," he said, pushing it aside. "These five were probably taken from the tips of cutters. And these two, well, they came from some kind of high-precision machine tool. They've been hand-lapped, very beautifully, too. Where'd you get them, or is it hush-hush?"

"It's not secret. As far as I know there's no military angle. I found them hidden in a bullet for an old-fashioned percussion pistol."

"What do you know! Let's hear about it."

"Major," I said, "if I told you the whole story it would take an hour and you wouldn't believe it. I don't believe it myself. My wife bought an old pistol at an auction and a lot of wild things started happening. Unfortunately my wife likes things to happen. Unfortunately she's on leave from Small Arms Branch and has time to coax things to happen."

"Small Arms Branch," he muttered. "Name of Blake. Is your wife a blonde? Look about sixteen? Full of zing?"

"That's right," I grinned. "I just tag along after her. She does the shooting; I'm the muzzle brake. What are these diamonds worth?"

"Most of them, five to fifteen bucks each. Industrial diamonds aren't worth a fortune. Two bucks a carat, maybe, in rough form. The workmanship is the important thing. You might get thirty bucks for the bunch. But it might cost the owner of the machine tool hundreds of dollars, and a long delay, to replace them. You don't know where they're from?"

"Not yet. I've got some other questions, too, Major. Why would a man scratch the barrel of an old pistol with an emery wheel? Why would another person make a file mark on the same pistol?"

"You got me," he said. "Using a file is just screwy, unless the person was trying to remove a mark of some kind. And you don't need an emery wheel to tell you that old-time pistols were made from low-carbon steel. That's the only kind of steel they had in those days."

"You mean an emery wheel can tell you things about steel?"

"Sure. Not too much, but enough for quick analysis. Look. A lot of steel stock of different types is piled in a yard. Maybe the markings have blurred, or you don't trust them. You need a certain type to fill an order. So you test the stock with an emery wheel."

"I'm just an amateur, sir. Can you spell it out!"

"It's all a matter of the kind of spark you get. Certain kinds of steel give you differently shaped sparks. From high-carbon steel you'd get a lot of little stars. Low-carbon steel gives you fewer stars, more long streaks. That is, I think so. I'm rusty on it. Then there's the colors of the sparks. Hanged if I can remember them right now, except that low-carbon would give you a very yellow spark. Got a book on it at home. I'll bring it in tomorrow, if you like, and you can borrow it. Got any theories why they'd want to test these old pistols?"

"Only one," I said. "And it's not good. You could spot a faked antique pistol that way, from what you tell me. You could find out whether the barrel was really old, or modern."

"Not if they faked it by using modern cold-rolled steel, which has about the same low-carbon content as old-time steel."

"Well, anyway, I'll come in tomorrow for the book, if I may."

"Fine. I'll have it here." He paused a moment, then added wistfully, "If this business of yours gets hot and you need a strong-arm guy, give me a yell."

"When my wife goes after trouble," I said, "I usually don't have breath to yell. But thanks for the offer."

I WENT down to the Concourse and caught a bus to Nineteenth and C, and transferred to a trolley going to Georgetown. I couldn't work out the full story from the facts I had, just as Arab couldn't have figured out the WANTED FOR BURGLARY poster if she had found only a third of the pieces, but maybe a few bits were in Georgetown, waiting to be collected.

Jake had given me the address of a Mrs. Wainwright on M Street. Her place was a small white Colonial house, as exquisite as if put together by a cabinetmaker instead of a carpenter. I took a moment to admire the fanlight over the door, then tapped the worn brass knocker. It made a sweet, resonant

I stepped into the darkness when something whisked past my face. A bit of ash tumbled from my cigarette. I froze. I didn't know who might be on the other side

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PICK ME UP

by Dorothea Malm

A big blond red-faced boy came reeling in, shouting something that couldn't be understood. He went charging over to Pam, grabbed her arm and swerved around to confront Eddie with nameless crimes

No nice girl ever lets herself get picked up—well, hardly ever. Pamela knew this, but she didn't know that you can't tell a wolf by his howl

AT HOME, planning the new life, Pamela had pictured the properties as being very much what they turned out to be: A small, smart room right downtown overlooking the city, a suave collection of dresses, and a streamlined job that could almost be called an executive secretaryship. But she had pictured these things in motion, all colorful and exciting like a technicolor movie . . . She grinned ironically at the thought of how wrong she had been. She had been pretty naïve not to realize that life didn't move like a Hollywood drama; it stood still, and you stood still with it, wherever you were.

As a matter of fact, from the moment she had taken the card out of the brass slot of the door and looked pensively at the name on it—Betty Mosely—and turned it over to write her own name on the back, and discovered that the girl called Betty had merely turned over the card of a girl called Cynthia Lambert—from that moment she'd had a kind of premonition of coldness to come. She had felt aware of a long line of girls preceding her, and a long line of girls to come after, and no reason at all why the girl called Pamela Purvis should be marked out for luck.

And now, all cool and fresh in her new lime-green house coat, she sat on the broad window sill and smoked a cigarette and looked at the city and felt lonesome enough to cry.

The telephone rang behind her, and she turned around in one automatic gesture to answer it, caught her skirt on the corner of the table and landed practically undressed on the studio couch with the telephone in her hand. "Hello," she said, out of breath.

"Hello," said a man's voice, soft and Southern and cajoling, "is this Betty?"

She said, "No. Betty doesn't live here any more," and could have hung up on that bright note, and didn't, merely because she wanted the sound of another voice in the room a little longer. "I'm sorry . . ."

"So'm I," he said, "or am I? Are you a blonde? You sound like a blonde."

"As a matter of fact, I am," she said, and thought: Hang up now, hang up. This isn't what sensible girls do. This will never come to anything. "But I don't see how you could tell," she added, aloud.

"It's a fifty-fifty chance, after all," he said, a grin in his nice voice, "isn't it? And always a compliment, anyway. But I *can* tell. I have a feeling about these things. I guessed about Betty, you know, after Cynthia moved out. . . ."

"For heaven's sake," she said, amused by his candor. "Any girl, so long as it's the same telephone number?"

"So long as she sounds sweet," he corrected her. "And you do. Oh, but you do. What are you doing tonight?"

"What do you mean?" she asked awkwardly. It was moving much too fast; she didn't quite know what to say next. But he did have a nice voice, a Southern voice, every inflection soft and smooth as honey.

"Why, you know what I mean. I mean just what you mean."

"But I'm not sure what that is," she said, and the conversation wandered blithely along for twenty minutes more, during which time she found out quite a lot about him. His name was Eddie Ainsworth, he was thirty-six, he was an engineer, he liked girls in general but blondes in particular, he believed in having a good time, he liked dancing, he liked food, he knew all the good places in town. But when he finally made the plans for that evening definite, she said no.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but no. Not tonight." It was caution, it was good sense, or else it was plain stage fright. Anyway, she said no, and expected him to be cross.

But he wasn't. He said, "Oh, Pamela, do you want to grow old and gray without any fun in your life?" and laughed. And added, "All right, then, I'll call you again, sweetheart." And he hung up fast, leaving the word to echo in her ear.

Outside, the city was as before, the tawny sky a little darker, the lights and noise the same. But she felt immensely cheered up. "Sweet-hah't," she said aloud, trying to say it the way he had, but she couldn't, and in trying, she forgot how he had said it. However, it wasn't important; it would never come to anything, but it was an amusing thing to have happened.

THE next day he called again just as she got home from work. She laid her purse on the couch, took up the telephone, and there he was, as gay as ever. But she'd had time to think it over, and she was rather afraid he was too gay for her to handle. He had admitted that he made a habit of getting his girls like this, that he was definitely in favor of jam today rather than bread and butter today for the sake of jam tomorrow, and people like that were only safe if you met them first in the shelter of your own home. So she said no again—regretting it even while she said it, and he got a little cross.

"Pamela," he said, "you've got to see sense in this. I'm not making any indecent proposals. Just dinner and a little dancing and then a swiftish ride home, that's all. And

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ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

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Not Exactly Out of KANSAS

By
NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

You may not believe that the path of true love is planted with onions, but when Henry ran into a blond monsoon in Burma, the onions rated right up there along with orchids

IT'S always hard to tell about w And then, when you're in a dum Nagapur, you lose your perspectiv get your eyes keyed up for Zeros which makes it tough to do a good looking at blondes. That doesn't mea don't try; you certainly do, but the pe you don't do it right. You don't se straight. At least, Lieutenant Henry gan didn't.

That noon, Lieutenant Henry Morg just back from over Mandalay whe dropped some fragmentation on th head and shot up some locomotives his Mustang fighter bomber down a pur with the usual percentage of fla in the empannage, chewed the misso with Intelligence and then went ou his quarters and started digging.

"It's the dangedest thing," he told tenant Amby Kline, "the way thing here. Now, you take these carrots home they'd be only a coupla inches

"It's tropical," said Lieutenant Kline. "That's why. Speaking of that got an early monsoon over at the Red canteen. Name of De orah Wayne—so tall, and turns like this, an Brother! I think I'll go get me a chocolate ar. You on?"

"No, thanks," Hank said. "I've got to put these onion sets in, in ase it rains."

Lieutenant Amby K ne made a clucking sound. Crazy peopl crazy people. But when a guy's from K nsas and has brown eyes and brown hair nd brown skin and never got ten miles a y from Topeka, you might as well expect he'd start a Victory garden in Burma. O ons, with blondes at hand!

"Oh, well," Lieute ant Kline said, "so long."

Hank didn't hear h n. He was down on his knees, grubbing wi h onion sets. He was still down there when he heard The Voice.

"Can you tell me w ere I can find Major Donald Lewis?"

It was one of thos voices, the kind that start you bowing fro the hips. Nice, but sort of throaty, the v y the slinky girls in movies talk. It usua y takes a couple of thousand dollars a y ar for four years to grow a voice like that, unless you're born with it. And this girl looked as if she had been born with it. She was exactly so tall, and turned like this, and, Brother! She did something with her eyes—hard to say what—but it was something. Her hair was soft-looking, and warm-looking, and blond. You know, like beach sand, in June, if it's a nice beach.

Hank pushed up to his feet and dusted off his hands. "Ma'am?" he said.

"Major Donald Lewis . . ."

"Oh," Hank said, and pointed. "Over there."

"Thanks a lot," the girl said. Then she smiled. "Gardening?"

Hank spanked some dust out of his breeches. What did she think he was doing? Hunting pirate gold? Still, you had to be tolerant with these Red Cross girls. They were doing their best. They'd given up riding to hounds and champagne and winters at Palm Beach to come to places like Nagapur.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I guess you'd call it gardening, in a way. A little lettuce and carrots and onions, and if I could only get that seed corn before the rains start— Excuse me, ma'am. You'll find Major Lewis over there—that tar-paper shack."

The girl gave him another smile. She, too, Hank decided, was trying to be tolerant. He watched her go, wondering exactly what she'd said that made him mad.

It was five o'clock before Lieutenant Amby Kline came back. He waited while Hank finished a row.

"She wasn't there," he offered. "This Deborah Wayne, I mean. It seems she was sort of engaged to Major Lewis when he was a radio announcer."

"I thought he was sort of engaged to that little Air Wac," Hank remarked.

"Well, you know how these radio announcers are," Lieutenant Kline said. "Monopolists. You might know he would have priorities on the only blonde in Nagapur. But I found out he's taking her to that Officers' Club platter spree tonight. You on?"

"Not me," Hank said. "I've got a short-wave set."

'You've got a short-wave set! But can you jive with that? Can you put your arms around it and be Don Juan?"

"I can get the frost warnings in San Francisco," Hank said.

"All right!" said Lieutenant Amby Kline. "You get 'em. And while your teeth are chattering, I'll be making Major Lewis burn."

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"Even a cluck from Vassar ought to savvy this," Hank said, scooping Miss Wayne backward into the air. The senator looked back, then gaped

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Dalya Learns Fast

BY KYLE CRICHTON

To get a movie job, Jacqueline Dalya learned Spanish in eight weeks. Now she's taking 90 days to pick up five others, including Russian

JACQUELINE DALYA is known in Hollywood as an actress, but not very well known. Sometimes she gets a job and at other times she doesn't. Last year when it became apparent that she was butting her head against a wall, she reversed her field: She became a Mexican actress. This meant that she had to learn Spanish. To get a job, she would learn anything. She learned Spanish.

It started in the Macombo in Hollywood one night when she was having dinner with a party that included Cantinflas, the Mexican Charlie Chaplin, a great hero south of the Rio Grande.

"How's about me for your leading lady in your next picture?" inquired Dalya.

"Why not, indeed?" said Señor Cantinflas, arching his brows. "But you can't speak Spanish."

"Like anything, I can't," said Dalya. "I'll learn it."

"Undoubtedly you can, a lady as clever and beautiful as you," conceded the gallant man, "but unfortunately we start shooting in two months."

"I'll learn it in two months," said she.

"If you do," said he, shrugging politely, "look me up in Mexico City. Anybody'll tell you where I am."

She was down there in two months. She looked him up and sprayed him with such a torrent of his native tongue that he was a bit baffled himself by the larger words. She played with him in *Gran Hotel* (not the Vicki Baum play of the same name) and will go back again under contract this winter for two more pictures. This is known in some circles as resourcefulness.

Dalya learned the Spanish in a most obvious way. She locked her door, got a Spanish dictionary and grammar, and began writing down phrases. She worked the pronunciation out carefully and then proceeded to learn thousands of phrases. At intervals, she checked up on her accent with Mexican friends in Hollywood. Information from usually reliable sources say that she really has the language trapped. At least, she played in *Gran Hotel*, and it was a straight part, with no quaint mannerisms requested.

Miss Dalya (her real name is something else, and she won't tell what it is) was brought up in an orphanage in New York City and got her commercial start by demonstrating fountain pens in a window on Third Avenue. The pen that cut through hard rock in the window wasn't the one sold inside; net profit was between $45 and $60 a week. Later she was a dress model in the garment district and sold programs at the Hollywood Night Club.

"Cleaning Up" on a Few Words

In this latter venture, she managed always to address foreigners in a few selected words of their own tongue. "I was supposed to get ten cents a program, but they'd have had to jimmy me away from the tips; some weeks I cleaned up as much as $250." Then she went abroad, got a job as a governess in Antwerp and lasted two weeks ("beat up the brat and was thrown out"). She went to Paris, worked in the Scheherazade as a singer, was *not* the toast of France, went down to Italy on a trip and ended with a complete mastery of Italian and French.

Back in New York, she got a job as understudy to Lupe Velez in You Never Know, boned up on five or six dialect parts and never had a chance to act. She made a screen test for Gone With the Wind, like all other female Americans, and finally landed in Hollywood at the Roach studio in One Million Years. Her latest Hollywood success is a part in Voice in the Wind, which is small but from which she has received eight hundred fan letters. She may also be seen fleetingly in Bathing Beauty and she has that Mexican contract to fall back on.

At the moment she is engaged in learning, simultaneously, Russian, Hungarian, Portuguese, German and Arabic.

"See, looky," she says. "You just put down the phrase like 'Open the door, stupid' and then you learn it. Sure, all of it the same time. There's nothing to it. Three months, and I'll have the whole bunch."

She doesn't drink or smoke, carries her own picture around to the papers when she wants to get a break, has a secret phone number that rings continuously with men wanting to take her out to dinner, and is one of the sexiest-looking dames in Hollywood. She can order a meal in almost any language, including the expensive. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE STROCK–PIX

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RUSSIA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

The Soviet Union is putting high cards on the table in Italy and the Balkans, where danger of future conflict with British interests is greatest. Russia knows what she wants—do we?

SOVFOTO

Russia is heading for the Mediterranean by way of the Balkans, where she has always exerted tremendous influence and probably always will. Above, troops of a Don Cossack regiment are hailed by the people of a liberated Rumanian village

A famous Russian soldier, Marshal Semyon Budenny, greets Andrey J. Vishinsky, who represents Russia on the Advisory Council on Italy. The two men were photographed during the celebration of the twenty-fifth International Youth Day

SOVFOTO

WHEN Andrey J. Vishinsky, Russia's Assistant Commissar Foreign Affairs, went to Algiers a member of the Advisory Council on Italy he was accompanied by a staff of not less than thirty-four experts. It is no exaggeration to say that, thanks to our previous lack of interest in Italy, we could not get together thirty-four experts on Italy if we combined the State Department, the Diplomatic Corps, the Consular Service and the White House.

There could be no better demonstration of how carefully Moscow is preparing for its world role than the fact that so many experts were immediately available for such a mission. As far as Russia is concerned, this and other events foreshadow the shape of things to come in the Mediterranean area, not only in Italy but in the Balkans as well; and, above all, in Italy. The time has come for the United States to look at the facts squarely and realistically, as the Russians would expect us to do, without sentiment and without fear. Our relations with Moscow can be friendly and co-operative only if we understand what the Russians are doing on the plane of international politics. Governor Thomas E. Dewey put it this way last April 27th:

"Russian affairs are in the hands of clear-headed, realistic leaders. There is nothing we should be afraid of, provided we are equally realistic and devoted to our country. If we are, the United States and Russia can deal with each other with candor while building firm and mutual respect and friendship."

Those who see mysterious, sinister Continental plots and those who close their eyes to the facts and shudder at plain speaking as if it were treason to our ally in the war against Germany are both doing a great disservice to the United Nations and to the hopes of creating that basic understanding between the United States, Great Britain, China and Russia upon which the future peace of the world depends.

The Russians, at the time this is being written, have entered Rumania and advanced to Czechoslovakia and into Bulgaria; they are supporting Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia and the Communist guerrilla forces in Greece. They hold a predominant political position in Italy. Farther north they are in the Baltic States and Poland. Wherever their armies have gone, their political action has followed, and in some cases preceded it. The world role of what is now one of the two or three greatest powers has begun.

Let us start by forgetting the U.S.S.R. of five or ten years ago, for it is a very different power today. The Comintern has gone, and it is not naïveté to believe that it has gone in earnest. It was the final indication that the Russia of 1943 and 1944 does not care to support revolutionary movements to bring about Communist states in other countries.

Communism Enters a New Phase

At the same time, it would be childish to believe that control by Moscow of Communist members and followers in other countries has ceased. We shall see a practical application of that relationship in the case of the Communist Party in southern Italy. Above all, we must be careful to read in the present swing toward conservative and nationalistic policies a dialectic process. It has no guarantee of permanence and in a sense means the end of something that will continue to bear the label of Communism and will remain a world force.

All the same, here is a Russia which is playing a conservative game, which has changed or developed its Marxist theory to harmonize internationally with the capitalistic countries, which is beginning to encourage religion within its borders and to give assurance of tolerance outside, which is telling the Communists of other countries in many cases that are the reverse of revolutionary, which is nationalistic, even imperialistic, which is genuinely seeking the good will of other nations and gives evidence of desiring a long period of peace after this war.

She is playing an open, aboveboard game of what might loosely be labeled power politics. The British are past masters at that game and we have not done too badly in the past either. In a sense, every nation plays power

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The captain in a nondestructive moment directs the salvage of an Italian squad car. Like most Rangers, he often wears strange headgear—here it's a French stocking cap

Lord Love You,

BY AMY PORTER

Here is perhaps the most extraordinary escape story of the war. The Lord was on the side of Captain Shunstrom of the Rangers when he fled from a German prison camp and joined the Partisans. And, besides, the captain was a handy man with the knife

"I'm wearing these decorations because of what my men did," says Capt. Shunstrom. "I asked their advice and consent every step of the way"

A CIVILIAN, upon being introduced to 23-year-old Captain Charles M. Shunstrom of the Rangers, took a long look at the captain's glittering, medal-bedecked chest and spoke in a tone of reverent wonder: "So you've done all of that! The Lord love you, Captain!"

"The Lord does love me," Shunstrom replied gravely, "or I wouldn't be here."

By all the laws of probability, Chuck Shunstrom shouldn't be here. In his extended fighting career, he has asked for death a thousand times. But his most spectacular life-and-death gamble took place on a sunny afternoon in northern Italy. He had escaped from a German prison camp. He had walked and talked and fought his way through 600 miles of adventure back to the German front lines. All that remained was to pass through those lines, traverse two or three miles of no man's land and rejoin his outfit.

With the enemy's armament bristling all around him, another man would have waited for darkness to make a dash for it—but not Chuck. Chuck had a hunch that he could leave his hiding place and stroll out casually, in plain sight, right through the German lines. And this is the story of how Chuck played his hunch—the story that can be told now, since the Allies have captured the territory through which he passed.

Shunstrom was one of the 165 men to survive out of the 1,500 original Rangers. He earned the title "solo killer" in fighting at Dieppe, in North Africa, Tunisia, Sicily, Salerno, Cassino, Anzio. He is handy with any weapon and especially partial to knives.

He is the kind of officer who starts to go from this point to that point and then veers off at a tangent because there's a chance to knock off a few stray Germans "who might as well be killed so they won't clutter up the landscape." He is the kind of fellow who can work out a split-second technique in a tight spot—as he did at Chiunzio Pass, near Salerno, where he figured that he and his men could move their six half-tracks out of the narrow rocky passage to an exposed position in ten seconds, fire their gun at the Germans below in ten more seconds, and in the next ten seconds, retreat before the enemy could take aim and fire. He repeated this maneuver often enough at Chiunzio to account for 43 German trucks and six artillery pieces.

He is the kind of officer of whom the men say, "I wouldn't go on a patrol with that crazy guy, not if they stuck a gun in my back I wouldn't." And then, when the time comes, the very men who said it step up and volunteer: "I'd like to go with you, Captain, huh?"

Captain Shunstrom enlisted in the Army at the age of 18, without any preparation for being a hero except the odd jobs he did in the summertime. He was a life guard, a champion weight lifter, and he posed for painters who wished to depict strong-man types. Also he was a cake designer. He confesses: "I got so I could write as pretty a Happy Birthday on a cake as you ever saw. It takes a steady hand."

On the night of January 29, 1944, he and the other Rangers of the First and Third battalions plunged through German lines at Anzio and made their way to the edge of the Italian town of Cisterna de Littoria. The plan was to have two flanking divisions of infantry join forces on the far side of the town, forming a circle with the Rangers. The flanking operations were stopped by the Germans. The Fourth Rangers did break through at another point—at dreadful cost—but could not connect with their fellow Rangers.

"About this buddy-buddy stuff," says Shunstrom, "I don't know how it is with other outfits, but with the Rangers it's the real thing. The Rangers I know will risk their lives or throw their lives away trying to rescue their buddies. They did it that day."

In the five-o'clock dawn, a German guard challenged a forward Ranger patrol.

"One of my men took care of that guard with a knife," says Shunstrom, "but the little scuffle roused a German in a foxhole and he fired on us, and the battle was on."

They Went Down Fighting

It was hopeless from the start, with an enemy superior in numbers, but the Rangers kept on fighting. Shunstrom is sure many Rangers did better, but he himself finished off twelve Germans with his pistol, he doesn't know how many with grenades, and, of course, several with his knife.

"A knife," says Shunstrom, "is a nice quiet weapon."

Shunstrom includes in his equipment, if he can get it, a yard or two of piano wire. He loops it onto his rifle belt or around a shirt button.

"Like that day at Cisterna," he says, "my piano wire came in handy. From the cover of a bush I saw this lone German hopping out of a tank. I didn't want to shoot. That would have given away our position. So I came up behind him, quiet, and slipped the wire around his neck. He tried to shout but it came out a gasp. He was a well-muscled fellow. It took all my strength to hold him. I stuck my knife in under his ear. About two inches was far enough. I felt him go limp."

A good fighter has to get into the proper frame of mind about killing, Shunstrom says.

"I say you can take a kind of satisfaction in it and still not be brutalized, the way civilians think. You get to feeling you are killing uniforms, not men," he explains. "You don't have any fear. It never crosses your mind that here you are with a lot of bullets flying all around and you might get hit.

(Continued on page 59)

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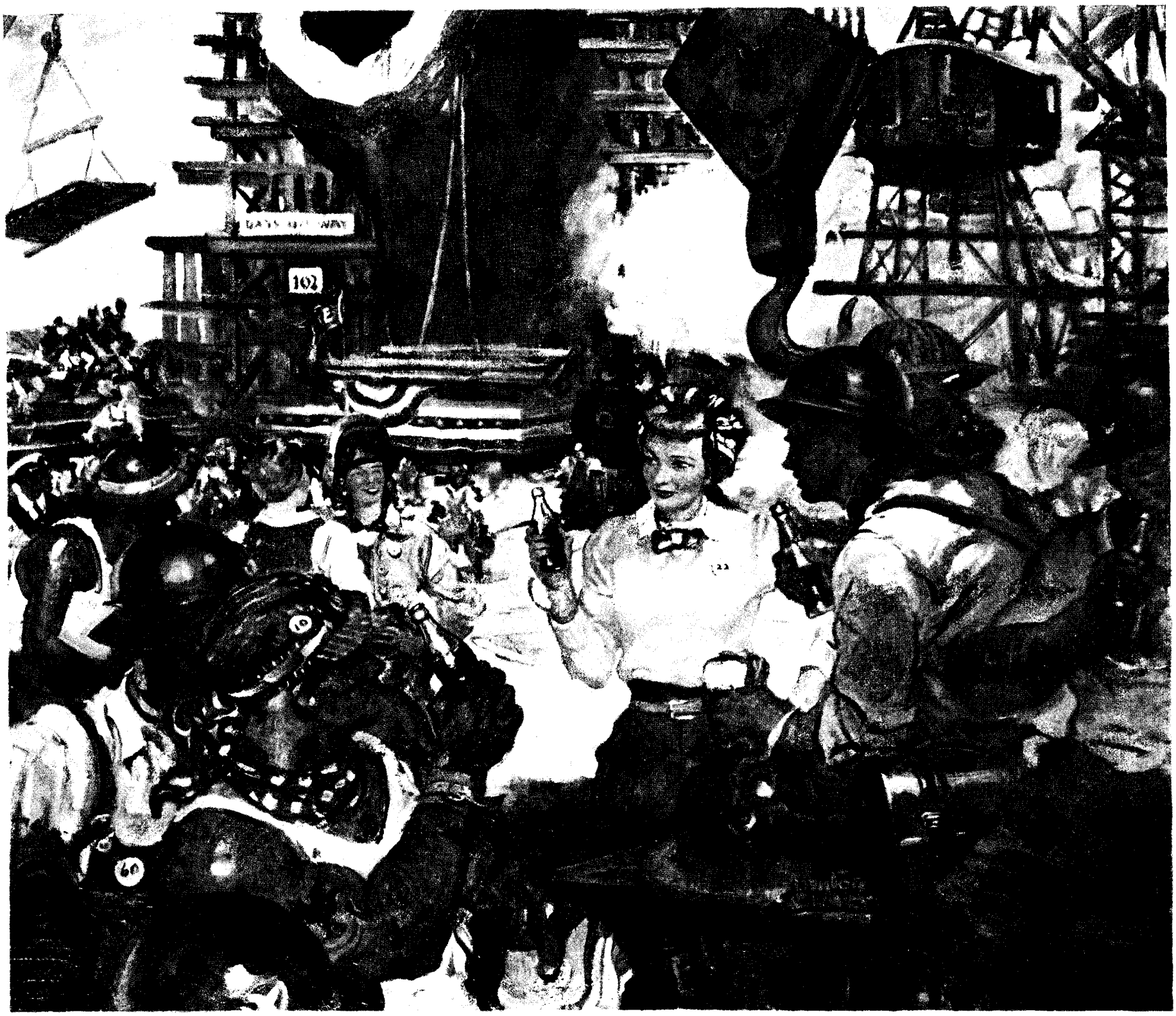
Have a "Coke" = Ahoy, mates



...or keeping up the good work

Faster and faster the ships ... down the ways in the wartime shipbuildi... rogram. From sunny California to th... of Maine, workers have learned th... *pause that refreshes* helps everybody ... work and *better* work. *Have a "Coke"* ... hard-working shipbuilder to his mates. ... uttle minute long enough for a big rest. Whether in a shipyard or in your own living room, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become a symbol of friendly relaxation.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola
-the global high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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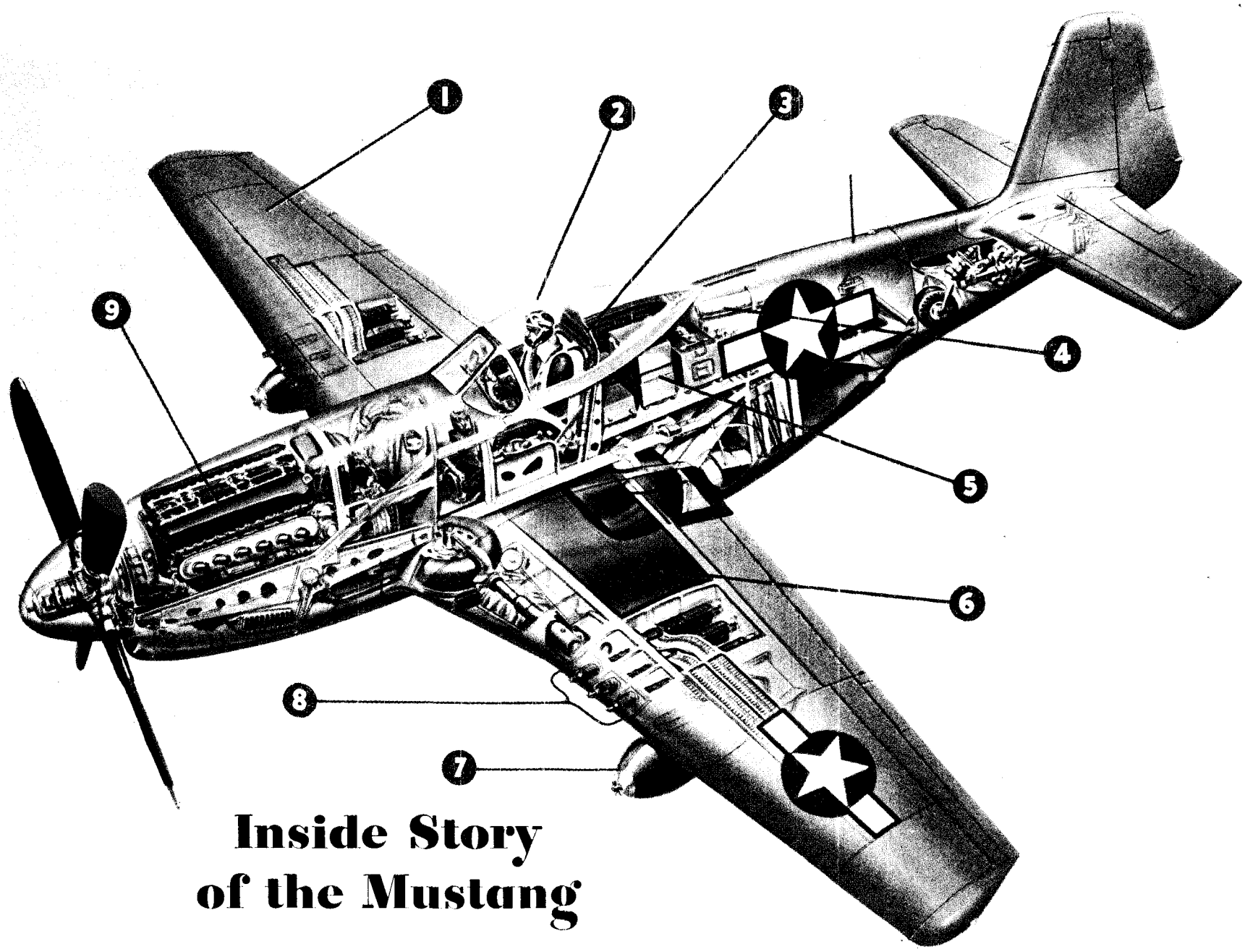
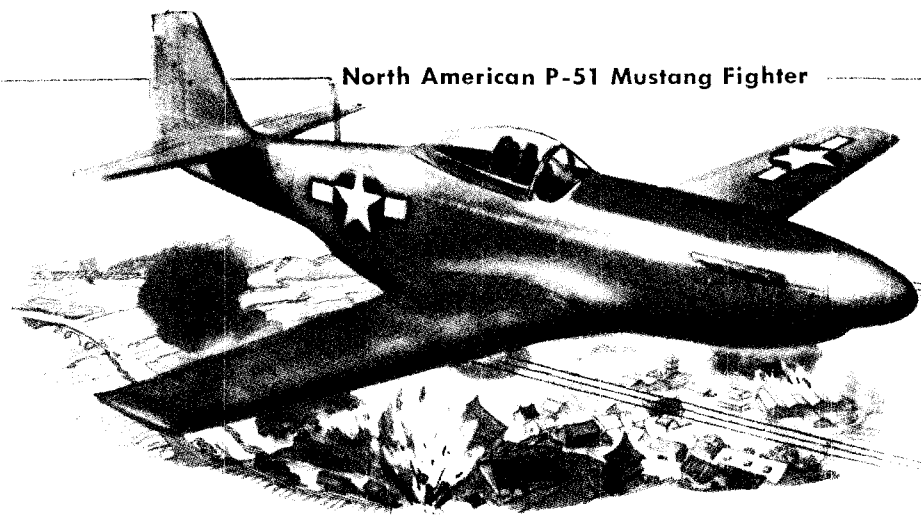


Inside Story of the Mustang

Here are nine reasons why the P-51 Mustang is the most efficient, most deadly, most feared American fighter-plane in enemy skies:

1. **REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN**—laminar-flow super-speed wing.
2. **NO BLIND SPOTS**—full vision cockpit enclosure.
3. **ARMOR PLATE**—this bullet-proof seat back protects Mustang pilots.
4. **FIGHTS EIGHT MILES UPSTAIRS**—these tanks provide oxygen for pilot.
5. **TWO-WAY RADIO**—provides close coordination during missions.
6. **SELF-SEALING GAS TANKS**—an important safety factor in combat.
7. **BOMB LOAD**—1000 pounds under each wing.
8. **DEADLY FIREPOWER**—six .50 cal. machine guns, three in each wing.
9. **SPEED—OVER 425 MPH**—1520 HP supercharged engine and automatic, variable pitch propeller.

North American P-51 Mustang Fighter



BONDS bought these planes.
WASTE FATS helped arm them.
WASTE PAPER helped ship them.
GASOLINE flies them.
WILL YOU help deliver the next squadron?

Unmatched in speed, ceiling and combat radius, Mustangs fight from Burma to Berlin

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES . . . *the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan combat trainer, and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

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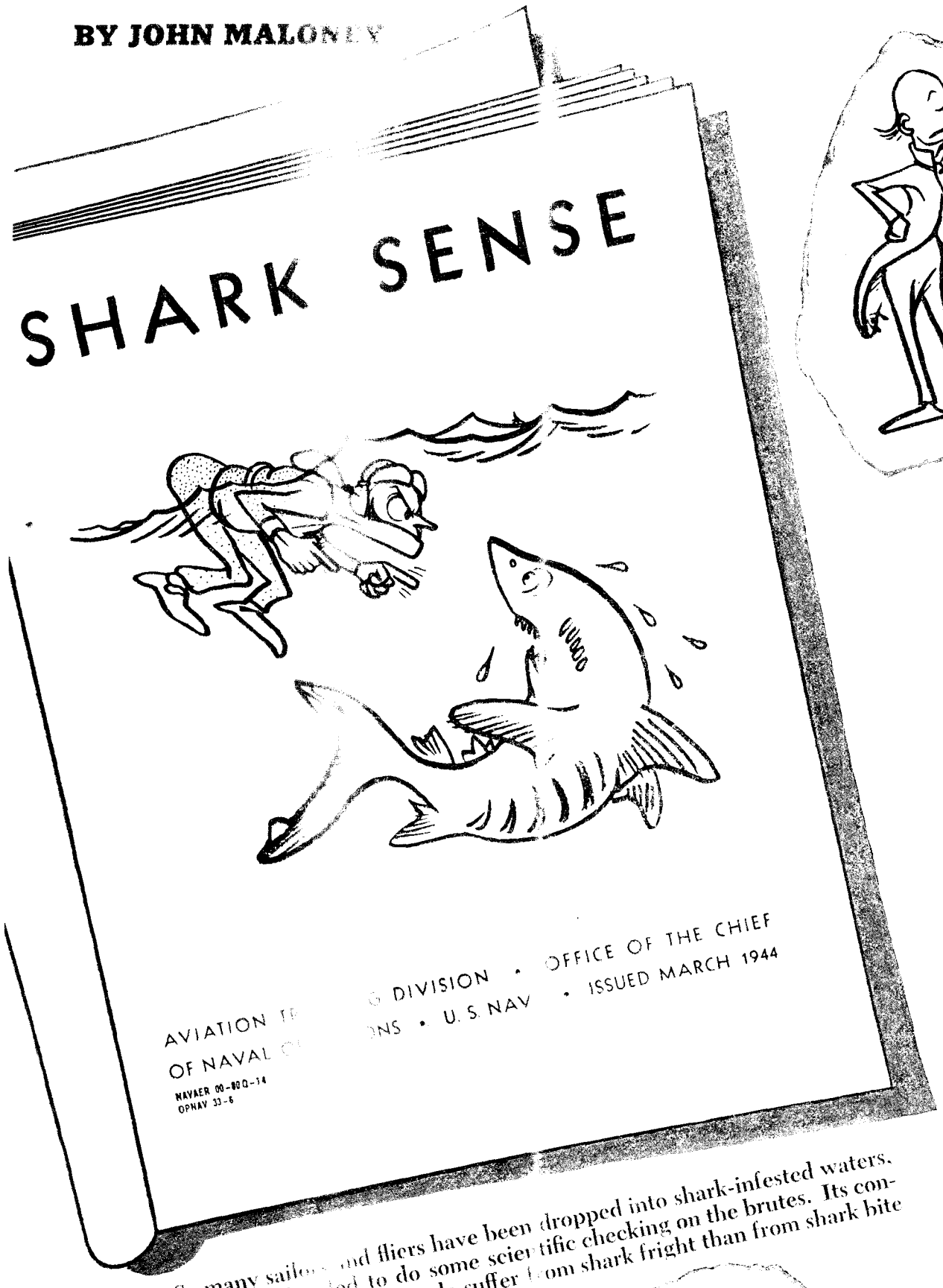
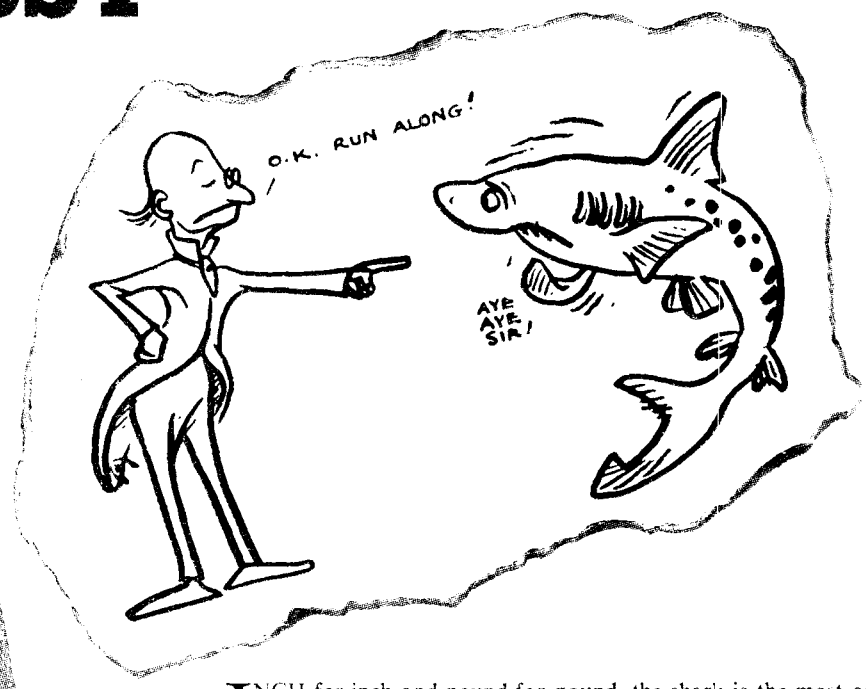
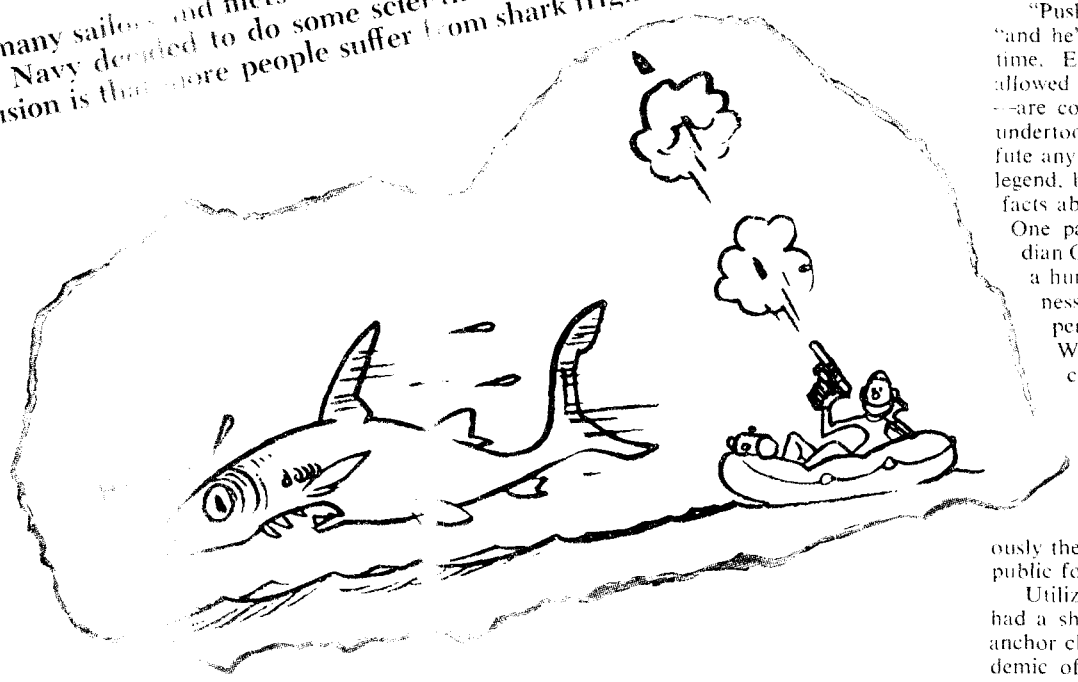
THE SHARK IS A SISSY

BY JOHN MALONEY





So many sailors and fliers have been dropped into shark-infested waters, the Navy decided to do some scientific checking on the brutes. Its conclusion is that more people suffer from shark fright than from shark bite



INCH for inch and pound for pound, the shark is the most cowardly thing that swims, walks or flies. Forced landings and shipwrecks in shark-infested waters have led to unparalleled intimacy between hundreds of young Americans and the so-called "tigers of the sea." Their experiences, combined with renewed research by U. S. Navy experts and marine scientists, have shattered superstitions that had been believed since the days of Aristotle. The truth seems to be that the men who know sharks best fear them least.

This does not mean that familiarity with shark habits and behavior has made the sailors and fliers love them. No shark, no matter how gracefully he may glide through the water, is lovely—particularly to men paddling home on a rubber raft. But tales of man-eaters have grown with the telling for centuries, and so many tall shark stories have been coming in from tropic war zones that frankly skeptical experts have been running every thriller through the filter of scientific fact. And the residue of truth they've been able to produce could be stowed on the point of a shark's tooth.

There *have* been authenticated cases where sharks attacked and killed human beings. The latest reported was in June, when what was described as a tiger shark grabbed a Coast Guard man who had been washed overboard from an antisubmarine patrol vessel in the Caribbean. On the other hand, scores of American fliers forced down in the South Pacific, where sharks seem to be hungriest, have frightened the tough-skinned brutes away with no more than a well-voiced "Boo!" or a playful jab in the shark's direction.

The Unwounded Needn't Worry

Stories of shark ferocity have been so thoroughly disproved that the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, in a pamphlet recently issued to its fliers, makes the statement that, in the opinion of scientists, commercial fishermen, sponge divers and others who have studied the shark over long periods of time, *there is practically no danger that an unwounded man floating in a life jacket will be attacked by a shark.*

Before that statement was released, every "Shark bites man" story that came to the Navy's attention was checked. Men who had spent years in shark-infested waters were interviewed. Fishermen, sponge divers, and sportsmen who hook sharks for the thrill of landing them agree that most shark stories today are legitimate descendants of ancient mariner tales of sea monsters, sea serpents, and amphibious dragons.

"Push a fourteenth-century sailor overboard," says the Navy, "and he'll land in the mouth of a 'monstrously' large shark every time. Even today, a shark is still a fish, and no fish story ever allowed itself to be handicapped by statistics. Sharks—like Satan—are completely unloved and disreputable things. Nobody ever undertook, out of interest in fair play for a shark or a devil, to refute any story about either of them. The result was that lore and legend, born in the imagination of lonely sailors, became accepted facts about sharks.

One particular story from Captain James Cook, Pacific and Indian Ocean explorer, has been quoted and requoted for more than a hundred years as evidence of shark strength and bloodthirstiness. Cook reported, "An enraged monstrous shark swam desperately about our ship, hunting a victim for his hungry belly. When none was forthcoming he did savagely attack the anchor chain with his death-dealing jaws, and leave there deep scars from sawlike teeth."

The Navy today questions Captain Cook's facts. Shark teeth themselves are hard and sharp, it points out, and shark jaws are powerful, but the teeth are set in flexible cartilage and would have given way before the slightest impression was made on a wrought-iron chain. Obviously the captain was either writing from hearsay or was taking his public for a ride.

Utilizing Cook's report, Jack London, in one of his short stories, had a shark that was about to attack one of his villains bite an anchor chain to emphasize its ferocity. Imitating London, an epidemic of pulp-magazine stories took the (*Continued on page 63*)

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WHISTLE AFTER WORK..

• If you've been coming home too tired to enjoy life . . . better look to your feet! Nothing steals energy from a busy man like uncomfortable shoes. Nothing *helps* more than the forthright ease of soft pliable leathers, the *natural* fit and *real* comfort of a pair of Walk-Overs.

WALK·OVER

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Russia in the Mediterranean

Continued from page 21

politics in looking out for its own interests first, but the phrase is more accurately applied to a nation which uses its power to expand beyond normal or natural or necessary national limits. Difficulties arise, also, when two or more national interests clash, as those of Russia and Great Britain are now clashing in the Mediterranean.

The historic background for Russian expansionism, at least since Peter the Great, 250 years ago, when put in its simplest terms, comes down to a striving for warm water outlets: Port Arthur which they once had, the Persian Gulf, the Baltic where they will once again be strongly entrenched, and, last but not least, the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean. It is no secret that Stalin has insisted the Balkans be left clear for Russian influence. The unilateral decisions with regard to Poland and, above all, the move in Italy proclaim to all who have eyes to see, that Russia is back in Europe proper, and that never again can any decisions be taken in Europe, the Baltic or the Mediterranean without reckoning upon the determined, intelligent and powerful intervention of the Soviet Union.

Russian fleets were attacking the Byzantine capital of Constantinople as early as 860, and it has never ceased to be a coveted prize, not so much for itself as for the command it gives of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmara and the Bosporus. A temporary pause came with the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, but now Russia is on the move again.

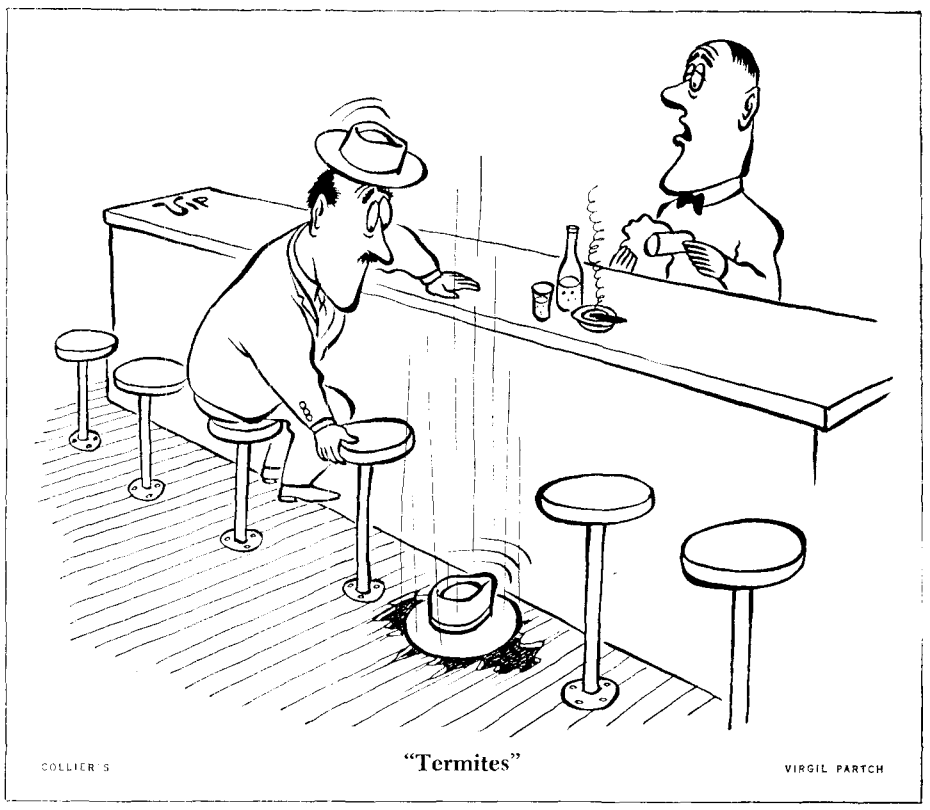
Dreams of a Muscovite Empire

This is no place for such a study, but some illuminating parallels could be drawn between the careers of Stalin and Peter the Great. The Communist leader is, in a practical and national sense, the heir of the Grand Dukes of Muscovy, whose traditions and ancestry linked them to Byzantium. Czars (the Russian word for Caesars) like Ivan the Great in the late 15th century had dreams of a world empire centered on Moscow. The thread of that imperial dream has run through the centuries, broken only by the Communism of the first two decades of the U.S.S.R., but now picked up again. History may yet look back on Stalin, not so much as the Marxist, the revolutionary, the social reformer, but (like a modern Peter the Great) as one who lived to make Russia a great imperial power, through expansion of her influence, and perhaps her territory, westward and southward.

The key to Russian designs on the Mediterranean was always the Dardanelles, held by the Turks, and the chief clash of interest was with the British (who constantly backed Turkey against the Russians—as did the French, for that matter) and the old Austro-Hungarian Empire after 1870. However, France will not be playing the role of a great power, at least for a few years to come, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire is no more. But the British are very much in the picture—the British who throughout the 19th century considered Russia as their most formidable enemy, and for whom the Mediterranean is a vital life line.

Every time the Russian bear stretched a paw in the direction of the Dardanelles, the British were in the way. No one has a keener sense of the importance of the Mediterranean to the British Empire than Prime Minister Winston Churchill. All these dry bones of history are bound to come to life again. The impulse that drives Moscow toward the Mediterranean is a vital one. It is the outlet from the Black Sea, the pathway to the riches of the Caucasus and southern Russia. It was partly because Russia wanted the Bosporus and the Dardanelles that she was prepared and willing for war in 1914. Indeed, the other Allies promised her Constantinople, and it was the hope of getting that prize which sustained her so long in the face of staggering losses.

That prize was given up by the Bolsheviks, who had other problems on their mind, but



COLLIER'S "Termites" VIRGIL PARTCH

historic and geographic impulsions are beginning to work again. The Montreux Convention of 1936 gave Turkey the right to fortify and control the Straits for twenty years. One may well ask whether Stalin will wait until 1956 for a revision of that treaty. Back in the 1830s, the Russians had the sole *right of passage for their warships. There* will again be a Russian navy and merchant marine of importance in the Black Sea and Mediterranean after this war, and that is something to keep in mind. Have they not, as President Roosevelt announced, been promised a third of the surrendered Italian navy or its equivalent?

However, with Turkey still neutral and the war unfinished, Russia began entering the Mediterranean through the Balkans and Italy. Among the open secrets of the war is Stalin's insistence that the Balkans be left to the Russians. We and the British are the ones who bombed Balkan cities, supplied Lend-Lease material to Marshal Tito, and some commando units, but it was the Soviet army which invaded the Peninsula. Back at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, it was England which drew the new map of the Balkans at the expense of Russia. Would it be reasonable to expect another Russian diplomatic defeat at the congress or conference on the *Balkans after this war?*

Russia has always played a vital role in the Balkans and she always will. What is being written here is in no sense a criticism of Russian policy. It is an acknowledgment of the existence of long-term factors which are again beginning to operate after the Bolshevik "eclipse" of more than a score of years. It was the encouragement and support of the Orthodox Church of Russia and the Czars which helped the Balkan people to achieve some national independence in the 19th and the early part of the 20th centuries.

Serbian nationalism, backed by the Russians against the Austrian Empire, was the spark that started World War I. Pan-Slavism

COLLIER'S "I dare you to carry me outside and say that!" CHON DAY

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American flyers ca[illegible]nd crew "Somewhere in England"

. . . and dur[illegible]g these precious moments. [illegible] camp on foreign soil really [illegible]ns to become *America[illegible] home . . .*

Snapshots [illegible]hat important—can be like a visit wit[illegible] friends, in the old familiar surroundin[illegible]a time, the little changes and happenin[illegible]nd home become more important than some world-shaking [illegible] . . . On the word of our boys overseas, snapshots from home are the remembrance they "can use" and never tire of.

Don't let the film shortage (most film goes for military purposes) discourage you. Keep on trying. And when you get a roll, snap the home faces and home scenes you'd long to see yourself, if you were away from home. Make your letters "snapshot visits from home". . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE U. S. RANGERS ON THE NORMANDY COAST—how, scaling a 200 ft. cliff, they silenced German guns menacing the allied landings?... how, under withering fire, they conquered the precipice and wiped out Nazi gun crews, "saving countless lives and tons of shipping and materiel" at a grim cost to themselves?... A stern example *to us at home.*

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was once a pillar of Russian foreign policy, and at other times Moscow backed a greater Bulgaria against the true Slavs. It was the Russian Foreign Minister Sazonov who, along with President Wilson, blocked Italy's efforts to get Fiume after World War I.

And so it went, and so it will go. When the Soviet army crossed the Pruth into Rumania proper, Foreign Commissar Molotoff announced that Moscow has no territorial designs on Rumania, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of that statement if Bessarabia and Bucovina are considered Russian. That simply means Russian interests in the Balkans are not territorial; they are economic, political and strategic.

The same is true of Italy, where Stalin has for the first time laid his cards openly on the table and challenged the Americans and British (above all, the British) to beat them. What has happened in Italy is such a revealing and important lesson, and so little understood here, that it deserves close study.

The North African and Sicilian campaigns, and the invasion of the Italian Peninsula, were purely Anglo-American affairs. In our excitement we forgot that Mussolini had sent as many as ten Italian divisions to the Russian front, where they were all but destroyed, and that therefore Moscow had some claim, at least, to a share in the military defeat of Italy. As we invaded southern Italy, King Victor Emmanuel, Prince Humbert, Marshal Pietro Badoglio and a few others succeeded in fleeing from Rome to Brindisi, and the Allies faced their first political problem in Italy. Should we deal with Badoglio, alone, as we did with Admiral Darlan, or with the king and Badoglio? It is revealing no secret at this late stage to say that the Americans would have preferred to ignore the king, but the British insisted upon dealing with him and implicitly recognizing his authority. General Eisenhower had no objection. The Russians say they were not consulted.

Political Control in Italy

An Allied Military Commission was hastily set up in Brindisi to act as liaison, and, from that time on, political control in Italy was exercised by the military commanders—and it still is. It was expected that within a few months at the latest, we would be in Rome, where dynastic and institutional problems could be settled by the Italian "people."

Months passed; the original commission was expanded into the present Allied Control Commission, and still there were no Russians anywhere in sight. Finally, an "Advisory Council on Italy" was decided upon, in part under Russian pressure. Behind the scenes the Russians were beginning to make their dissatisfaction evident, but outwardly the waters of the Mediterranean were unruffled. The Advisory Council consisted of four principal members, representing the United States, Great Britain, France and Russia. The Americans and British appointed their ministers in Algiers, Robert D. Murphy and Harold MacMillan, to this "unimportant" job, in addition to their other duties. René Massigli represented the Free French, and from the beginning was made to understand that Free France could not expect to play an important role in Italian affairs.

The Soviet delegation worked quietly and smoothly behind the scenes. Vishinsky had his orders; he had authority and he had his contacts in Italy. He accepted, with typical Communist realism, the fact that the king and Marshal Badoglio were by then strongly entrenched in power and therefore they were the ones to deal with. He had great advantages and he made the most of them. The Americans and British were the ones who were bombing Italian cities and stirring up the natural bitterness that such activities cause. The Americans had the task of feeding the populace in the liberated zone and were not living up to the promises made before the invasion. All the complaints of an unhappy, nerve-racked people went—quite unjustly—to the American- and British-staffed AMG (Allied Military Government).

Those Italians connected with the government or in any way involved or interested in politics suddenly discovered to their joy that another and a very great power was prepared to be friendly and helpful. Being realistic and cynical in their political thinking, and, in their bitterness, inclined to believe the worst, they had come to the conclusion that the British were working for a weak, perhaps divided Italy, that would never again threaten the peace in the Mediterranean, and would be dependent upon Great Britain for vital supplies of coal and oil.

And here were the Russians, who wanted to be their friends, whose Mediterranean policy called for a strong, united Italy, and who would be, after the war, in a position to supply coal, oil and in other ways help in the economic rehabilitation of the peninsula! The Russians made it clear that they would support the conservative elements and that they did not want to see a Communist Italy. They dealt with the Badoglio government, not as a military commission giving orders to a defeated foe, but as one nation dealing with another on a diplomatic basis.

From the Italian viewpoint, nothing more wonderful could have happened. Before this, they were like men with an article to sell and only one bidder, driving a hard bargain. Now someone else was actually competing for it—and bidding much higher! What choice would you or I make if we were Italians?

The Russians were not being altruistic. Remember that in their renewed role as a world power, the Mediterranean is vital. Italy is the buffer state guarding the western shores of the Adriatic Sea, opposite the Balkans, and the Sicilian Straits to the south. It is the first country of Europe that the Allies began to free from the German yoke; the test case for Western Europe; the spot upon which all the satellite and neutral nations are keeping their eyes. It is a prize well worth an effort and a high price.

Why wonder, therefore, if in making their bid, the Russians should have accepted King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio? Indeed, for their purposes, a conservative, cohesive, ordered Italy is a necessity. The last thing they would care to see—for the present, at least—is a Communist Italy. They know (what Count Carlo Sforza and his followers always admitted) that the House of Savoy is a powerful force in Italy. They know that the Italian people are temperamentally and in many other ways unsuited to orthodox Communism, which would have to be imposed from above and would result in disorder, perhaps chaos, certainly a revolution. And they know that Communism would have no chance of success under present circumstances. It is in no sense to the advantage of Russia to have the world presented with the example of a Communist experiment that fails. In any event, what good would a weak Italy be as a future ally?

So the reasons for playing a conservative game are simple and logical, as they will be in France, Spain and North Africa. The king (or Prince Humbert, which amounts to exactly the same thing) and Marshal Badoglio get Soviet support. The astute, experienced ex-member of the Comintern, the Italian Communist Ercoli (Palmiro Togliatti), is brought into Italy and immediately cracks the whip. The Communist Party suddenly takes the lead. They demand that the six opposition parties of the Committee of National Liberation abandon their opposition to the king and Prince Humbert and join a coalition government, and that is what has happened under a face-saving formula. The credit which Mr. Vishinsky claimed on behalf of Moscow for this development was justified, despite Secretary of State Hull's correct statement that the United States and Great Britain had been suggesting such a government for months.

Economically and socially the Italian Communist program is more to the right than that of the Catholic Party, or Christian Democrats. No one need worry, for the time being, about a Marxist revolution in Italy. No Catholic need worry, to begin with, about his religion being attacked (which, also, goes for Poland, Rumania et al.).

The extent to which Russia's new role in Italy and the Mediterranean should cause alarm in London and Washington is a matter for personal opinions and predilections. You can argue either way, but you cannot argue away the facts which are being presented here. The progression is traditional, historic, inevitable. The impulse toward the south and west will be insistent, and it may or may not be irresistible. The Black Sea is all but regained; the Balkans are under attack; Italy is a political triumph for the present and a potential ally for the future. France once before had her treaty with Communist Russia—and it was signed by Pierre Laval! Do not forget that the first great power to send an ambassador to General de Gaulle was Soviet Russia. And do not forget Russian aid to the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War. The Franco regime is tottering, and Moscow is going to play its role in what comes after, although probably a different role from the one it played in 1936-39.

High Cards on the Table

In short, things are picking up in the Mediterranean. Russia, at last, is beginning to put her cards on the table, and they are very high cards. If you are one of those who want to beat them, then to be logical you must play in partnership with the British, for on a crude, mathematical basis of *Realpolitik*, it could only be the combination of Great Britain and the United States that would be stronger than the Russia of today.

The Mediterranean—it goes almost without saying—is a vital sphere of interest to the British. You would not be thinking straight or honestly unless you recognized the fact that a potential clash of interests is in the offing. The English historian Professor H. A. L. Fisher once wrote that "it is a deep political instinct of the British people to range itself against the strongest European power."

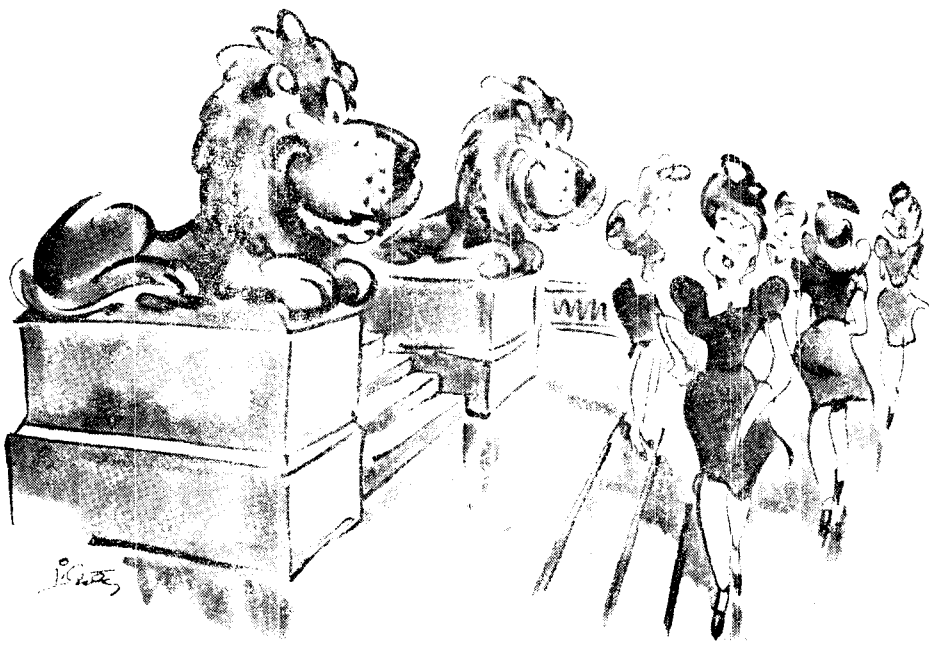
The strongest European power—perhaps the strongest power in the world—is going to be Soviet Russia. She lies astride the whole British Empire, from the Mediterranean to the Far East. Whether it be the future of India or Hong Kong, an Arabian oil line or the mercury mines of Spain, Russia has to be taken into account.

With the new Russia, conservative and friendly, there is no necessary cause for alarm. The important thing is to be realistic and understand the Russian case and what they are doing, for without understanding there will be no enduring peace in Europe.

THE END

Did You Ever See a Covert of Coots?

By Dillon Ripley ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE LICHTY



How to startle your fancy friends—and, incidentally, the birds and the beasts

IF YOU should walk out of New York's Public Library and see a lot of starlings raising a rumpus as they settle down for the night, don't just say prosaically, "Goodness, what a lot of starlings!" There's a name for it. It's old-fashioned, maybe, but it fits the bill. Amaze your friends by saying ever so casually, "My, my, what a numeration of starlings!"

Speaking of sparrows, you will be quite correct by calling the big flock of them in front of the fountain in the park, a "host" of sparrows. As for eagles, never call them anything less than a "convocation," and in case three or four ravens should fly by, you can refer to them as "an unkindness of ravens."

Next time you drop in on some pretty fancy friend who has peacocks strolling on the lawn, you can stagger him by referring to them as an "ostentation" of peafowl. It's real old English usage.

There are more of these terms to describe flocks of duck game birds than any other. Apparently duck hunters were even more talkative than fishermen. Anyway, you can say that you saw a "team" or a "paddling" of duck, or a "trip" of wildfowl, and if you just happen to be talking about mallard, you can mention a "sord" or a "suit" of mallard. Teal, which you probably saw but didn't get a chance to shoot at, are called a "spring," a very appropriate name. Widgeon in a flock are called a "company."

Then there is a "stand" or a "wing" of plover, a "covert" of coots, and a "walk" of snipe—that is, if they're on the ground. Snipe in the air are called a "whisp." As for animals, don't forget to call a lot of bears going round together a "sleuth." Pigs, of course, are called a "sounder," and wolves are always in a "rout."

You can further devastate your friends by dropping such gems as "cete" of badger, a "gang" of elk and a "lease" of hares. Oh, and by the way, if you happen to see a squirrel's nest in a tree, don't just call it a nest. Call it a "drey." It sounds better.

Probably the best of all these old names is the one for larks flying and singing high in the sky. They are always called an "exaltation" of larks.

Incidentally, getting back to that New York Public Library, don't pass up those supercilious lions sitting on each side of the steps, taking a gander at the girls as they pass by. Lions are special. They always go about, not as a herd, but in a "pride." ★★★

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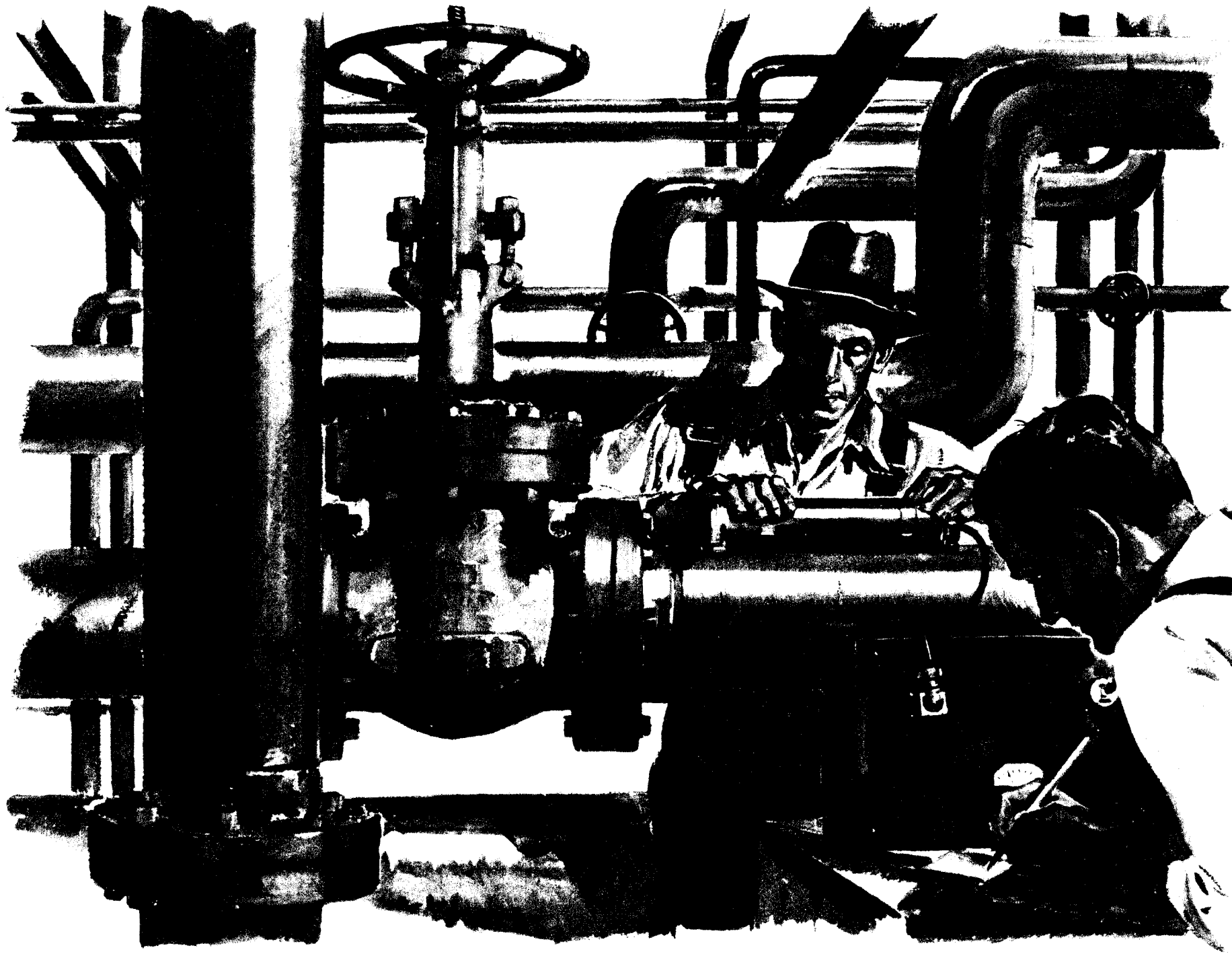

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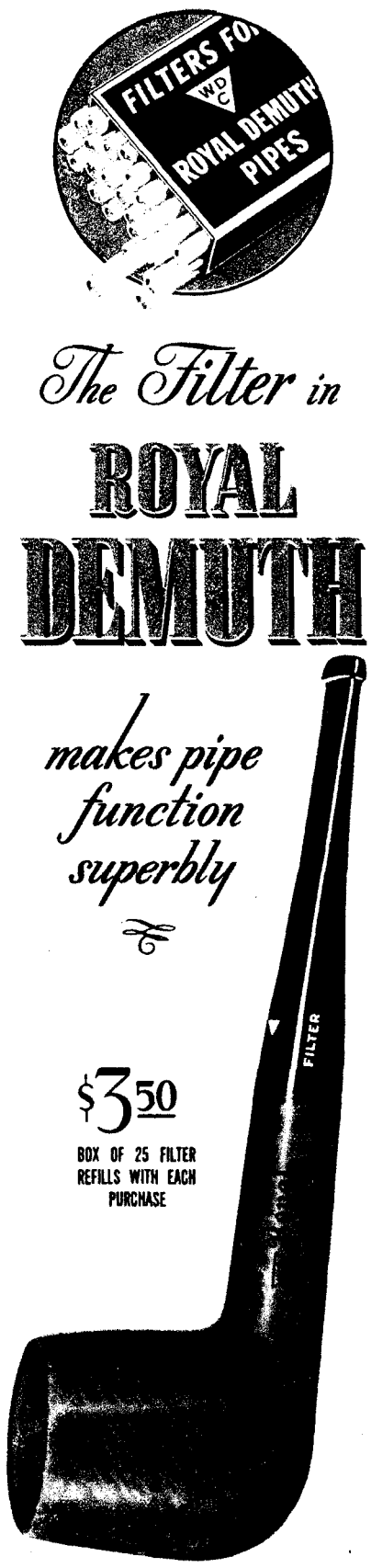

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S O S for a Skyhook

Continued from page 15

sign of life near by. Pulling up for a second look, they spied—five miles away—a long dark patch of water filled with floating specks. From two hundred feet they saw that what had appeared to be wreckage was in reality hundreds of men, bobbing in a great oblong oil slick three miles long.

Moss again circled carefully, planning a landing strip clear of the clusters of bobbing heads that appeared and disappeared as the big waves broke over them. Patches of men, jammed close together, clung to overloaded life rafts. A lifeboat, almost awash, pitched and rolled, framed by a solid ring of heads and arms held above water by the men who crowded the inside. These were the lucky ones. Around them, scattered over that three miles of oil-coated, lashing sea, hundreds of human figures clutched bits of wreckage, life jackets and fuel tins, as they struggled frantically to keep their heads above the towering waves. Among them other men floated or rolled with the seas, as though already dead.

Moss brought the Mariner down for a final close look. Sharp gusts of wind whipped the plane from side to side. The seas were running so high that brown oil-coated spray from the breaking waves blanketed his windshield. Through one clear patch he kept his bearing on the lifeboat which could be seen most clearly as it rose to the crest of the racing swells. Carefully, he inched toward the surface, cross-wind, feeling for the top of a swell to hold his keel. The tense crew had the feeling that the plane's eighty-mile landing speed had jumped to eight hundred. The keel struck the top of one wave with a terrific crash, and the plane was thrown back into the air.

Again Moss nosed her down. Again the sea tossed her back. Seven times he tried, and each time the men aboard knew it had to be the last. No ship could stand such a beating. On the eighth try, the keel caught a wave crest at just the right second, and Moss held the shuddering ship doggedly in the water. Suddenly the engines were quiet, and the crew heard only the sharp, explosive booms the waves made as they first towered over the Mariner, then smacked against its thin metal walls.

Triumph Over the Sea

But they were down, and the ship was still together. Moss played the wheel delicately, coaxing the plane through patches of clear water, jockeying closer to the little knots of bobbing heads. So violently was the ship tossed about that two of the crew became helplessly seasick. Saul and Radio Officer D. V. Mackay of Fort Worth, Texas, threw open the cargo hatch, lashed themselves to the cabin braces and went to work. Roblin joined them with the heaving lines.

The sea was so rough that it was impossible to bring the plane within life-line reach of the men without crashing into them. After ten hours, the soldiers had become so exhausted they could not even handle the life belts which the rescuers managed to heave from the narrow, tossing hatch. The oil, which spread over everything, made the lines almost impossible to hold. It took thirty minutes of exhausting effort to get the first man aboard.

Then the fliers hit upon a new system. They cast over an inflated, weighted life raft and ran it out to the end of a hundred-foot rope, like weighted bait on a fishing line. By masterful maneuvering of the ship, Moss would drag this line through patches of men. The tension on the line, as it was trolled, gave them something solid to cling to. Often with their last remaining strength, they were able to throw an arm or a leg over the line, and the movement of the ship would slide them down to the raft, which acted as a stop. When five or six had been "caught," Moss slackened the tow by turning the plane, and Saul and Mackay hauled the "catch" to the opening.

Getting the rescued men aboard, however, proved to be the most difficult task of all. One instant the raft was at hatch level. The next, it was riding fifteen feet below the ship, or ten feet above it. Even when the two craft rode level, it took superhuman effort on the part of all three rescue workers to drag one oil- and water-soaked man up the three feet to the hatchway. Often the survivors were too exhausted to raise an arm, even when the raising of that arm might—and occasionally did—mean the difference between life and death.

But the fliers got them aboard. The troops had abandoned ship in such a hurry that many of them were still wearing packs, ammunition belts, helmets and other heavy equipment. As each man was dragged aboard, Burress and Engineering Officer H. L. Knedell of Glendive, Montana, cut off the man's gear and threw it back overboard, to save all possible space and weight. Burress swathed each man in blankets and helped drag him forward toward the galley. There the ship's steward, Kenneth S. Taylor of Bryant, Washington, took over and poured hot soup and a swallow of bourbon down each salt-parched, oil-clotted throat. A few, once they had something warm inside, managed to crawl to the bunks allotted them. Others, however, simply fell to the deck and lay there while the newly rescued were dragged over them. Two out of three were almost blinded from their long contact with the oil. Nearly all had been violently nauseated, yet there was no complaining, no crying.

Despite the fact that usually only the heads of men showed above the surface, the fliers quickly learned to tell whether a group had a raft or not, because those who did formed a rectangle in the water. Those whose shoulders rode above water were sure to have a piece of wreckage to help them. They had a chance. It was on those who were helpless, who had nothing to keep them afloat, that the airmen concentrated their efforts.

While Moss and his crew were at the scene, Navy orders kept humming over the Pacific. After two hours, two dark dots appeared above the horizon. Field glasses and blinker lights identified them as patrol bombers of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, and the rescue crew kept on.

A few minutes later, however, one of the bombers fired two red Very shells in the direction of the Mariner, a signal of approaching danger—maybe the Jap submarine. At the same time, another black rain squall was bearing down on them from the south. So the rescue crew had to race both the Japs and the weather. Saul and Roblin made a count of those aboard and found that they had dragged in forty-eight men, more than twice the normal capacity of the flying boat.

Moss ordered his men to toss all floatable gear overboard, within reach of men in the water, then dumped all the gasoline he could spare. Even on a calm sea, it would be a tricky job to get the ship into the air with such a load. No one thought for an instant of putting any of the men they had snared from the sea back into it. By careful calculation, Moss arranged the distribution of the weight about the plane.

Quickly the crew took their flight stations. Moss eased the plane slowly in and out of the valleys between the crests, seeking a rolling wave that would give him enough surface for a take-off run. Finally, he found one, spun the ship around to catch and ride its long swell, and thrust the throttles all the way forward. In the next fifty seconds, Moss and his crew lived fifty years. The great engines blanketed them in a deafening roar. Cross waves slashed at the hull with loud, explosive blows. Great walls of oily water closed over them as they raced forward.

Airborne by a Miracle

Suddenly, with the engines full out, the ship gave a convulsive shudder that shook fittings from the bulkheads. She seemed to stop dead in her tracks then. An instant later, she was fifty feet above the water. The wave had broken in two beneath her, and she was literally thrown into the air before she had flying speed. She hurtled back to the surface, struck another crest, was thrown back into the air.

Next time she hit, she was turned almost on her side, her starboard wing tip stabbing at the water. By some miracle, Moss got the wing back up before the hull struck the wave. Righting her, Moss aimed at a second wave, caught it at its crest and the big plane was literally catapulted a hundred feet ahead over the next two swells. There her engines caught her and, with a final seam-straining effort, she was airborne.

It wasn't only the forty-eight survivors who had some quiet things to say to God during the next few minutes. But once aloft, an airman is in his element, and there was still work to be done. They had to fight through the echelon of lightning-slashed rain squalls beyond which safety lay. The ship was a wreck, but she had held together. Matting had to be laid the length of the cabin, so that the crew wouldn't slip on the oil-slick deck. Looking back from the cockpit, Moss could only tell rescuer from rescued by their actions. Everyone was covered with oil.

At one end of the cabin, Burress had rigged up three bunks. On them lay three men who were so seriously hurt that Burress was afraid they would die before the ship could get them to port. But just as the last daylight was blotted out by darkness, the Mariner slipped in to base, and forty-five half-blinded but living men walked up the gangplank to dry land. Ahead of them their three companions were carried ashore in stretchers. All recovered.

As the Mariner's crew continued their flight to the battle front, a radio message told them that Uncle Sam's destroyers and other naval vessels had reached the scene and that all but 70 of the total of 1,429 would soon be on their march to Tokyo.

Uncle Sam has no medals for civilian heroes of this war, but the Navy has its own way of saying thanks. In a commendation, addressed to Captain Moss and his crew, Captain D. W. Tomlinson said: ". . . In the safe accomplishment of this mission, you displayed praiseworthy judgment, courage and airmanship. . . . Commander, Air Transport Squadrons, Pacific, takes pleasure in commending you for your performance of duty which reflects credit upon the Navy Air Transport Service and Pan American Airways."

THE END

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

The proud uniform on the cover is that of the Volontaires Françaises, the Women's Service of the Fighting French, and the proud girl who models it is the French actress Michele Morgan.

Miss Morgan, whose mother, father and two brothers live in Paris, is among those French-Americans with personal reasons for celebrating the arrival of this and other Allied uniforms in the streets of the city which used to be her home.

The women soldiers of the Volontaires Françaises, organized in December, 1941, correspond to our Wacs. Thousands of them have served and are serving in North Africa, in Italy, in England and in France. Three were killed in action, one recently in northern Italy. They are ambulance drivers, motorcycle messengers, typists, telephone operators, interpreters, and so on.

Miss Morgan, whose last picture was Warner Brothers' Passage to Marseille, has asked for reservations for herself and her husband on the first civilian ship or plane to France. She is married to actor William Marshall, recently given a medical discharge from the Army.

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Letter from a lady

It is not unusual for airlines to receive letters of praise from passengers. Nor is it uncommon to receive complaints, especially in wartime when all forms of transportation are overworked. But it is unusual to receive a letter in which the "kicks" are "compliments," such as Mrs. J.H. R. recently wrote to us and has given us permission to print. We do so with pride, since she sincerely expresses appreciation for the extra courtesies and considerations to passengers which distinguish Airline service in time of war as well as peace.

"ON a recent plane trip across the country, I was treated so considerately that I feel I must write to express my appreciation.

"I had to see my husband, who is in the Navy and at the time was stationed several thousand miles away. Against the advice of friends, who said I'd probably have to give up my seat to a priority passenger somewhere on the way, I decided to fly anyway.

"I took the first plane I could get on and, sure enough, I did get put off at the first stop. Before I reached destination, I was put off again, but, even so, I arrived only a few hours later than if I'd flown straight through on schedule — much faster than if I had gone by any other way.

"At every airport where I was delayed they gave me personal attention. Of course, it was needless for them to apologize for holding me up so that war passengers and cargo could go through. They took pains to make me comfortable and promised to call my name just as soon as another plane could take me on my way. And I never lifted a bag — they did it for me!

"Needless to say, I enjoyed myself around the airports, watching the activities, talking with interesting people, taking refreshments or just reading. I did my dozing while up in the air — and, oh yes, the meals they served on the planes were delicious. Truly the airlines, in war as in peace, put courtesy first."

Mrs. J- H- R-* *New York City*

*Name furnished on request

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

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LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT

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Sure, we were Spoiled... and Thank God for it!

We bought things that only the very rich could afford in other countries.

Shop girls dressed as well as the smartest women in Paris . . .

30 million average Americans drove cars when the average European couldn't even hope to own one . . .

And luxuries like plumbing, hot and cold running water, and central heating were accepted as the most natural things in life!

It was the envy of the world, this American way of living . . . and it probably saved the world.

To meet your demand for more and still more cars at the prices you wanted to pay, you made us at Chrysler, for example, build the production system that was later to pour out weapons to our fighting men.

To give you the speed, safety and efficiency you wanted in your cars, you made our engineers and scientists develop the high-compression engine, Fluid Drive, Superfinish and other improvements that helped make us the best-mechanized nation in a mechanized war.

Yes, you made all of us in American industry fight for your favor. And, in this free, peace time competition, we learned to do our share in the biggest fight of all.

Today, as we hopefully look forward into long years of peace, we at Chrysler hope to hear you say again, "Make your cars even better than before."

For, if that drive and ambition "spoiled" us once, let us stay "spoiled" forever. That is "The American Way."

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THE MOON-CALLER

BY MAC KINLAY KANTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN TENGGREN

The ways of the forest are strange and many a legend has sprung from the secrets it remembers. Old Mr. Dalheart Dane found this truer than he knew when he went out a-gunning to protect the creatures of the woodlands

MR. DALHEART DANE was the most peaceable man in our region and nobody ever expected for him to go a-gunning after Phelps Lackey. But it came about in the sunset hours of old Dane's life, when he was upwards of eighty.

Mr. Dane had turned devoted to the woods and all the creatures living in them. In early days he had shown his love for deer and turkeys and the rest by killing them as fast as he got a chance. All through youth he had hunted and trapped and coon'd and fished; there was a catamount's skin beside his sofa, and wolf paws over the door where he kept his business accounts, though the moths got to them both in time.

When his grandchildren were small he would tell them stories of his hunting days. He made a regular song ballad of the many risks he had run, invading against the wild cats around Juneberry Hill. To hear him yarning in the firelight, his grandchildren might have wondered as to how Dalheart Dane ever found the time to operate his mill and gather in every sixth bushel for toll, and become thicker in pocketbook each year as he increased in waistly girth. For his eyes were of the forest paths and all the furry paws that walked thereon.

BUT the older Mr. Dane got, the less he dwelt on blood and bullets, and the more he lingered on the manner in which the critters made their dens, or how the baby squirrels would chirp and chatter in the nut trees. First his rifle was handed down to a younger man, and then his shotgun stood behind the door unused and empty, with dust upon the cotton wad that stuffed its muzzle. And when boys and men went past his mill with their hounds, he'd shake his head and say he hoped the varmints would stay safe within their holes and never make a trail to be picked up.

He still recited wonders of the forest to the young'uns, and now he had great audiences of children to lend their willing ears. He led the small fry on many an imaginary hunt and exploration. He took them, spellbound, in figure, to the deepest groundhog pits, and lay with them on limestone rocks, to watch the wolf cubs learning how to bite the throats their mother brought them.

As if that weren't enough, he added to the legends of critters that mortal eye had never glimpsed, though they could be most carefully described. There was the High Hopper, with its rearmost legs as long as those of a deer, though its forepaws were weasel-like and puny. There was the Side-Hill Dodger that lived along the upper limits of Juneberry creek, and would run your dogs exhausted if they scouted him from his sleeping-place; and more than once this Side-Hill Dodger had eluded the men who chased him by jumping through his own mouth and

There seemed to be every kind of wild critter of the region, and all their strange little eyes were watching Mr. Dane

ing himself inside out, and making him able to double back on his own trail.

But I reckon the Dane tribe loved best the stories about the Moon-Caller. No human hunter had ever laid hand upon that sleek gray hide, but many were the ears that had heard the Moon-Caller singing his lonesome song. High up amid vales and cliffs the critter dwelt. He could outstrip the swiftest panther in a race, and nowadays the speediest rabbits got peevish and wouldn't race against the Moon-Caller no more.

The Moon-Caller would bay from lonely hills at night. A June night he enjoyed in unusual times, though on occasion the Moon-Caller was partial to autumn evenings when pale blue light ennobled all the world, and the first frost touched the butternut leaves. On such a night old Mr. Dal Dane would go out to the gate, with all his grand-boys trooping after him, and the he'd listen and peel his ears, a-gazing up across the gullies where the coons were crying. And then he'd say, "Now, perk up, and possibly you can hear him. He has a voice far clearer than any bugle tone. I believe I was twelve when first I heard it. . . ."

And all those young'uns would put their little hands around the palings; far off, they seemed to perceive it—the glad, thin laughter of the Moon-Caller—and I reckon it was like an angel voice to hear.

Oh, yes—he was a sweet and tractable man, this rich old miller, Mr. Dalheart Dane. Yet he had a charge of dander in him, and he was not too old to get it up. Time came when he loaded his shotgun that hadn't been disturbed in years; he blew a grand-daddy longlegs out of the barrel with his big hoarse breath, and he slammed in the load, and he went to war against Phelps Lackey.

Phelps was what Preacher Holloway used to call a follower of the chase. The preacher would compare Phelps to Esau and Nimrod and other greasy fellows who were happier in their hunting clothes, I reckon, than when they put on their collars and went to church.

Phelps was forever gone into the hard woods whenever the squirrels were ripe for plunking with a small-bore gun, and he worked his coon dogs so constantly they never had a chance to rust their joints. Mrs. Phelps Lackey used to declare that she didn't know whether she was maid, wife or widow. If Phelps got scent of a fox, he'd follow it halfway to Arkansas; and he was never beaming happier than when he plumped a fat wild hen into his wife's lap and bragged about it.

All this upset old Mr. Dalheart Dane's peace of mind. For Dal resembled certain folks who catch religion on a sudden, and then rush around demanding that every other soul see the light as quick as they saw it and in the same way.

(Continued on page 53)

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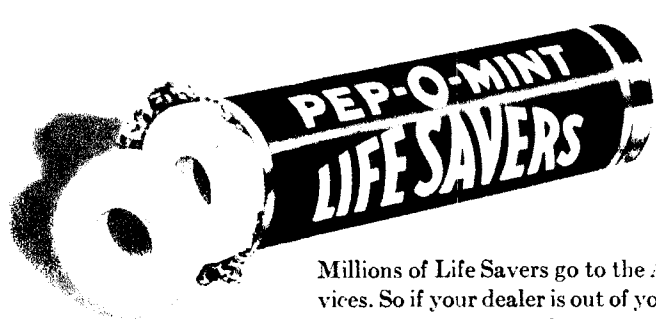
When he reaches for this

While you're hoping he'll reach like this

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



Millions of Life Savers go to the Armed Services. So if your dealer is out of your favorite flavor sometimes . . . why not try a different one . . . they're *all* delicious.

Pick Me Up

Continued from page 18

good night in the lobby. Doesn't that sound safe? My word, do you want to stay up in that colored box of yours for the rest of this beautiful summer and *never* have any fun at all?"

"So you've been up in this colored box?" she said, looking at the cherry-colored plaid wallpaper, the navy-blue draperies, the plain round mirror that reflected at the moment a very hot blond girl in a wrinkled white linen suit.

"Betty," he said with meaning, "was more generous. Of course, I have. But all I ask is for you to come out of it—think of nice washed, cooled air and music and ice clinking in glasses and grilled lake trout—think of it!"

She thought of it and thought also of the way things like this always ended: "Shall we have the last drink up at my place?" and then "No," and then sulks; or a taxi going slow through dark, empty streets, a scuffle, and sulks. "I just don't think it's a good idea, I'm afraid," she told him.

There was silence for a moment. Then he asked, "Would you rather I didn't call again?"

"I guess so," she said drearily.

Silence again. Then, surprisingly, he chuckled. "I think I'll call you, anyway. So long, sweetheart." And he hung up fast, before she could say anything.

But she wasn't home the next three nights he called. The first night she went out to dinner with Osbert Callahan, who was small, nearsighted, slightly bald, and a great friend of her married cousin Harriet; and the next night she went dancing with Amos Smythe, who was tall, bony-faced, and pigeon-toed, and who worked in the same office with her; and the next night she tried Frederick Smallwood, who had gold fillings in his front teeth, large melting brown eyes, and not a great deal of chin. On the next night, she sat down on the studio couch and waited for the telephone to ring.

And it did. That was the astonishing thing: It did. The lazy, pleasant voice was in her ear, as gay as ever. "I'd about given you up," he said. "What's happened? Where've you been?"

"Oh—out," she said. "I have my popular moments."

"It seems to me you have nothing but popular moments. Isn't it about time you gave me a break? Oh, come on, Pam, brighten my lonely hours! How about dinner tomorrow night, half past seven in the lobby at your place? You'll know me by the four mathematically level points in my spotless white handkerchief. I'll know you by the sweet music that fills the joint as you enter. How about it?"

She drew a long breath. "All right," she said.

AFTER which all sorts of practical doubts overwhelmed her. In the middle of typing a most important letter the next morning, she stopped and wondered what reason she had to suppose that he wouldn't look like Frederick or Amos or Osbert. What guarantee was a voice? Just because she had an unshakable mental picture of him as big and freckled and sunny, with an ingratiating grin, what insurance was that against chinlessness and pigeon toes? And what insurance, for that matter, was a series of nice telephone conversations against something really unnice in the way of tempers? Maybe she'd better wish him puny. . . .

But at five, her spirits began to rise, with only occasional sickening drops—as when, at twenty-five minutes past seven, she sat down on the couch for a last steadying cigarette, all dressed up in a beautifully simple black dress and long, long cerise gloves, with a flat black bow on the top of her head. Oh, gosh, she thought, what a disappointment I'm letting myself in for!

Then she stood up, and noticed with shaky amusement that her knees were actually trembling.

As she came out of the elevator, she looked first around the lobby and then at the clock, which showed exactly seven-thirty. And then a man got up from a chair and came toward her. And he wasn't big and freckled and sunny. No, he was just something straight out of the perfume ads, tall and dark with a quietly attractive face, and with a very white handkerchief in four very mathematically level points in his breast pocket. And he said, "Pamela?" in a slow, soft Southern voice, deeper than she had expected, but honey smooth, and then he smiled, and the smile matched his voice. And she saw with astonished relief that he was for the moment as suddenly shy as she was. It was all very well to be intimate and friendly over the impersonal safe telephone; it was different when you met. And he was going to be nice, after all.

"It's Eddie, isn't it?" she said, and then there was a pause, they stood there not quite looking at each other.

Then he said, "Shall—shall we go?"

He had a car outside; it was big, and the top was down; and the sunlit evening streets were full of exciting noise, and for once she felt part of it all. There was a table reserved for them at Henry's; as they followed the waiter across the thick carpet, people turned to glance at them. We make, Pam thought, a lovely couple, and then, of course, she stumbled on the thick carpet, but Eddie's hand went out to steady her, and that was nice.

WHEN she was settled at the table in the corner, she looked at the fresh-colored grotesque birds painted on the walls, at the greenish mirrors across the room, at the people sitting near by—middle-aged men and smart, fortyish women and a sprinkling of very pretty girls—and then back at Eddie, with a feeling of pure pleasure. But he was looking oddly at her, his dark attractive face puzzled or doubtful or regretful.

"What is it?" she said. "Aren't I what you expected?"

"As a matter of fact, you aren't. Look here . . ."

"But blond," she said brightly, her smile a little difficult to keep going, "blond, after all. Are you very disappointed?"

"No," he said, and smiled then, relaxing. "But surprised, I guess. What'll you have to drink? And then how about dancing, if you don't mind a dime-size floor and elbows for every rib you have?"

"I'd love it," she said. And it was wonderful. The music was slow and sweet, and he danced with a soft sure poise that turned the whole thing into a kind of hushed dream. She didn't always like to be touched, but she didn't mind at all his cheek brushing against hers, and she didn't mind at all when he held her very close for a while—experimentally close but in a nice way.

When they were back at the table, he was more earnest than she'd expected him to be, serious about his job, absorbed in it, but at the same time he kept sliding compliments into the conversation, his dark eyes serious and enchanted at once, his voice a lovely soft murmur; and when the waiters started to hover at nine o'clock, she kept praying that he wouldn't notice them and suggest going, but he did.

Out on the sidewalk, with the last of the daylight seeming uncanny at this hour of the night, he glanced down at her and said, "What now?"

She wanted to suggest some more dancing somewhere, but, of course, she couldn't do that, so she merely shrugged and smiled and said, "I don't know."

He waited for a moment, looking at the colored signs against the pale blue sky, at the cars going by, at the policeman in white shirt sleeves at the corner. And then he said, "How about going up to my place for a last drink?" and she didn't feel any shock of nervousness or fear or resignation, she only felt terribly glad that he hadn't said, "I suppose I'd better take you home. After all, we both have to work tomorrow . . ."

She wanted the evening to go on and on, to go on to such a point that they would feel themselves to be real friends at the end of it, and make plans for seeing each other again. And besides, he was nice; that was all. He was nice; there was nothing to feel nervous about.

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She said. "That sounds li idea . . ."

"Good," he said, and turned his car at the curb.

She felt very debonair as she of him into the tiny elevator of ment house. Here she was, on h to a man's apartment at a quarte a summer evening, just as she planned; she'd had three cocktail was wearing black; and he look like the kind of man she'd alway herself with on such an occasion been daydreaming over her typew Mr. Beard's law office at hom glamorous; it was romantic.

He closed the door of the el hesitated. It was very tiny; he brushed his as he glanced at her

"What's wrong?" she said.

"Nothing," he said, and pushed The elevator slipped silkenly u just thinking. This thing gets st times, and whenever I get into wonder if I'll ever get out again. W he said, as the elevator stopped an slid open, "have been there all know. Think what you've beer And he grinned at her.

"I can imagine worse fates," grinning back, feeling very happ terested. There was a broad co peted in dark red with a complicate all the doors were blankly gray. H key into one of them and step pushing it open. She went in.

It was a large room and a very one, everything leather and bar wood and plain colors, with a view windows that was like a smoky brilliants. "Oh, lovely!" she said out. "Do you live here all alone"

"No, with a cousin of mine, but for the night—I hope. Now, w have? How about a Scotch and good Scotch. I can recommend

"Sounds grand," she said, mov the room, looking at the radio-pl the books in the bookshelves, the and wondering suddenly which tured girls was Betty, and which

Her high spirits went down a litt for a moment not unique and but part of an endless chain. One tures said "To Eddie, with all love" . . . a pretty girl, too, a ro face and round dark eyes.

He was coming back from th with two glasses that tinkled with you are," he said, smiling at her an her one.

She took it and took a sip, and cold and hidden warmth of it bro of her confidence back. "I was i over your harem," she said, gesti pictures.

"Oh," he said blankly, "them voice simply push them way off to the circumference of th ir circle and off the edge; they simply didn't ount. "How about some more dancing?"

"I'd love it," sh said, and set her drink down on the table hile he put a record on the phonograph d turned it low; and then they danced, nd it was as perfect as before.

When they sat wn, rather hot, on the divan, and he mo ed over after a minute and started kissin her, that was perfect, too; she felt war and safe in his arms. And then he kisse her again and it wasn't nice at all, and sh managed to jump up, not very steady her feet but ready to battle.

And he stayed w ere he was, gazing up at her, and said, "W ll, isn't that what you wanted?"

It was a dash cold water indeed; it shook up the who evening and set it in a new pattern: it ch nged him and changed everything they ha said, and left her feeling a little sick. She sa d, "What do you mean?" and her voice was haking.

"I mean: Why e e would you come on a date like this? It's still a pickup," he said, his face stubbornly gloomily doubtful, just as at the beginnin of the evening, "even though it's over th phone. I've been trying to figure it out all vening—wondering how far you'd go. Wh t are you doing here? You didn't know a thing about me, and yet you came. . . ."

HE STOOD up and she stepped quickly back and stu bled into a big leather chair and scramble out of it and got behind it.

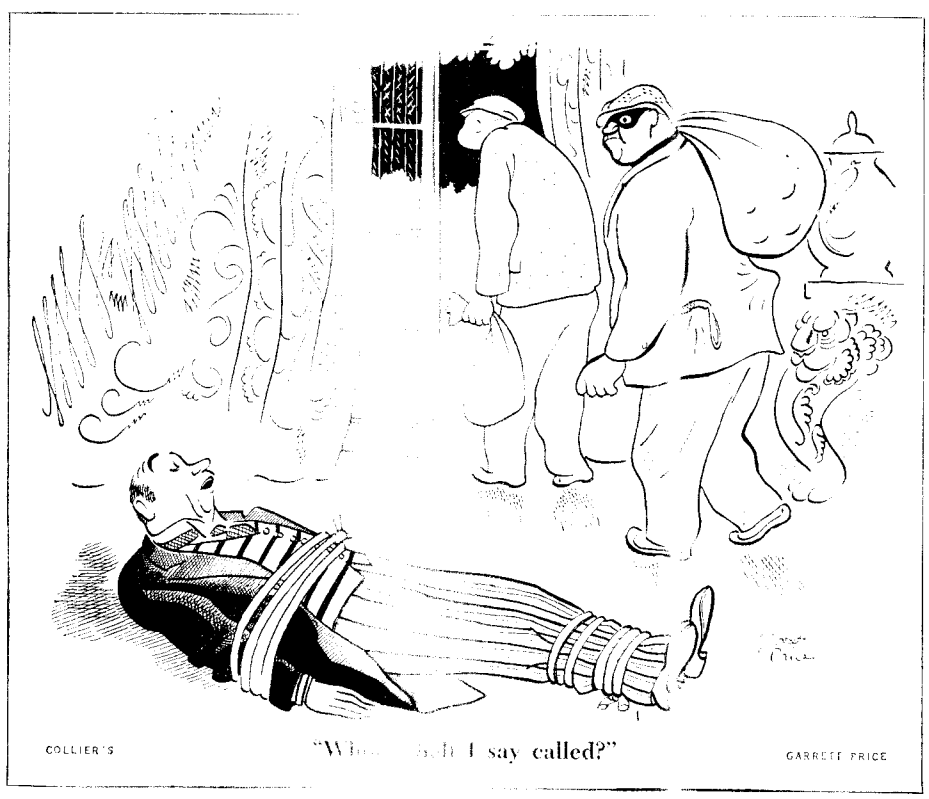
"All right," he said impatiently. "The moment for attack s past. I don't ever chase my girls around t e room. Relax. But in heaven's name, w did you come, then? I've been trying an trying to get you typed. You look so nice d sweet, but you drank everything I offe d you, and you were tickled to death to come up here, and even when I kissed y , you didn't yell for help—"

She found words at last.

"But you chan d," she protested, her hands very tight o the back of the leather chair. "You weren like that before . . . or at least I thought ou weren't," she added, waking up a little ore. "From the moment I saw you, I thoug —or I would never have come," she said, a d all she wanted to do now was weep, b cause she had been so wrong about him But she still couldn't quite believe tha she had been wrong. "Don't you see, I *felt* you were all right, from the moment saw you."

"But you came en without seeing me," he said, staring at er gloomily.

"I had a feeling bout you even over the telephone," she sa and his face changed,



Going round in Circles

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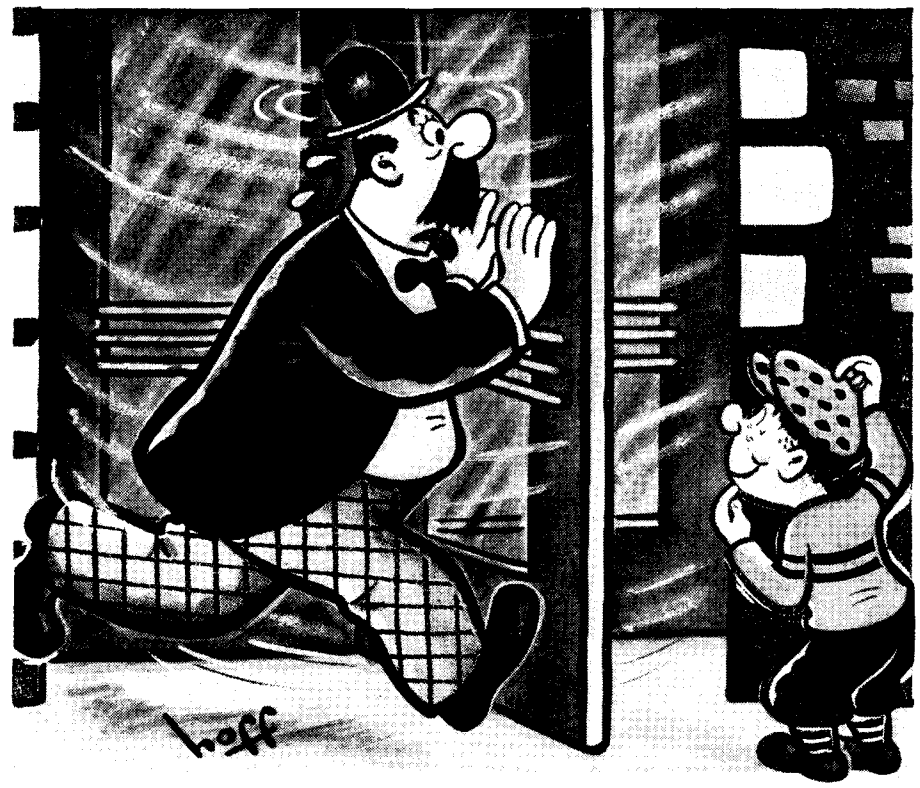

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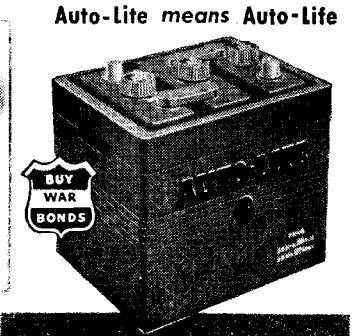

AUTO-LITE BATTERIES

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but she plunged on, "I mean I thought you were essentially nice even though you were awfully gay—so nice that I wanted to know you—and I was so glad," she said, almost in a whisper, "when I did know you, until just now, and if I'm wrong about you, I don't care if I'm right about everything else the rest of my life . . ." She looked at him. He was gazing at her in a grim, frowning way. "And I guess I am wrong," she said.

Then they heard a key scrabbling at the lock of the door, and he said, "Oh, Lord, what now?" and the door opened, and a big blond red-faced boy came reeling in, shouting something that couldn't be understood, and he went charging over to her and grabbed her arm and swerved around to confront Eddie with nameless crimes and then swayed and slipped neatly down to the nice green carpet, nearly pulling her with him. She saved herself and then merely stood there looking at the body. Out cold. It fitted neatly into the nightmare.

"That's your date," Eddie said. "That's the voice you thought was so essentially nice over the telephone. My cousin Eddie. We work together. He's married, by the way, and he'll pick up practically anything that's female if he's in a mood. And after the last mess with Betty Mosely—maybe you've heard of Betty?—I promised his wife I'd keep an eye on him. She's home in Kentucky. So I invented an errand for him this evening, a business errand that he didn't dare walk out on. I thought I'd warn you off. I thought you must be something pretty gay if you'd come on a date with Eddie. Do you see where it would have landed you? How could I tell," he asked, and he was shouting, too, now, "that you weren't one of Eddie's usual girls?"

"You might have known," she said, and ran for the door, slamming it behind her. The elevator was still there where the big blond boy had left it; she got in and closed the door just as the apartment door was opening; she was out on the sidewalk before she realized that she had left her purse behind, but she didn't go back.

There was a taxi at the corner; she tugged at the door and said, "Take me home," and the driver said, "Where?" and when she told him the address, he said, "But that's just around the corner!" So she abandoned the door and ran down the sidewalk to the corner, and halfway down the block to the familiar marquee, the familiar lobby, and at last the familiar room, the colored box—but that was the real Eddie. Her heart was pounding, her face was crimson, her dress was sticking to her shoulders, and then she said aloud, "Oh, I am so miserable," and fell down on the narrow bed and started to cry against her long cerise gloves. But they reminded her of the awful evening. So she sat up again and took them off, and took off her dress, too.

And then the telephone rang, and a soft, deep Southern voice said, "Pamela?" and she wondered how she had ever managed to think that his voice was Eddie's. There was all the difference in the world between them.

But she said fiercely, "I don't want to see you ever again."

"But I've got your purse," he said, "and they won't let me come up because it's after ten o'clock."

"You can send it up, or leave it at the desk." She hung up.

WHEN she went to bed, she turned off the light and punched up the pillow as if she meant to have a long, good sleep. But she couldn't sleep. She sat up in the darkness and started smoking cigarettes, getting ashes all over everything, and kept thinking and thinking with a kind of sick violence. The whole thing had been a very dirty trick, and he had been an idiot.

She put out her cigarette in the ash tray on the floor and leaned back against the pillows and stared at the dark window. And the whole evening shook itself up once more and set itself in a new pattern that was strangely sobering.

The things she'd said: "But blond, after all. Are you very disappointed?" . . . "I can imagine worse fates." The way she'd danced with him, her cheek unhesitatingly against his cheek from the beginning; the way she'd drunk anything he offered her, the way she'd gone anywhere he suggested, and been simply happy when he started kissing her. She'd acted as if she'd known him all her life, as if they'd been brought up together, whereas they'd met for the first time that very evening, on a blind date.

It was no wonder he'd been puzzled. If she'd been in his place, she wouldn't even have been puzzled; she'd have said, "Well, here's a real cheap one, for all the apparent innocence of her pretty blue eyes. . . ." And then her face got hot, and she blushed and blushed for herself.

But she would never see him again, and that was a good thing—an awful unhappy, miserable thing, but still good. The mere memory of this evening would be a humiliation as long as she lived. And all the same, he should have known. It might be all her fault, but she would never be able to forgive him for that.

THE morning was blindingly hot and humid, and everything she owned needed pressing. She winced away from the sight of the cerise gloves and kicked them under the bed; and then put on a plain blue cotton suit, and brushed her hair sedately smooth; and started off to work.

But as she came out of the elevator, she stopped short, because there he was, sitting wan and haggard in the lobby, with her purse in his lap. As he got up and came soberly toward her, she started to blush again, and tears came into her eyes, and she said furiously, "I don't ever want to see you again!"

"Well," he said, "I can't blame you. I've been thinking about it all night, and . . . Here's your purse."

"Thank you," she said icily.

And then he suddenly burst out, "But how could I have known, after all, that it was different because it was me, that it wouldn't have been the same with Eddie? Why should it be different?"

And she thought, her anger dissolving away in a new flood of clear light, incredulous and amazed: Why, the darling is shy, and she stared at him, unable to believe it because he was so good-looking.

It was the last thing she would have expected—that he should be diffident and unsure of himself. He looked so suave and attractive and sure. And he really thinks there's nothing to choose between him and Eddie! He doesn't see why any girl should fall for him the moment she sees him . . . He still doesn't believe that I fell for him . . . But there it was. He had been wrong about her; she had been wrong about him. They had both been babes in the woods, disguised in wolf's clothing. She felt a great wave of tenderness for him. He was so nice. But she had remembered her grievance, so all she said was, "And you shouldn't have pretended you were Eddie."

"I didn't intend to. I meant to tell you—and tell you about him—right off and then go away."

"And why didn't you?"

"I suppose because I didn't want to go away, after I saw you," he said, with a helpless lift of his shoulders.

It was a very beautiful morning with the sun coming through the tall windows and all the potted plants casting sharp, long shadows on the red-tiled floor, and all the gentle street noises coming through the open doors. She put her hand through his arm and started toward the sidewalk. "Well, now you do know," she said, "what I am, I mean."

He smiled at her. "I guess I do."

"And I don't even know your name . . ."

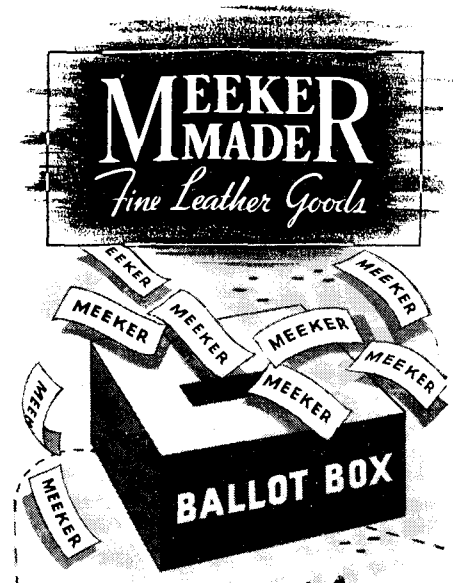
He gave her a different rueful smile. "I'm afraid it's Osbert . . ."

"I like that. It's nice," she said defiantly.

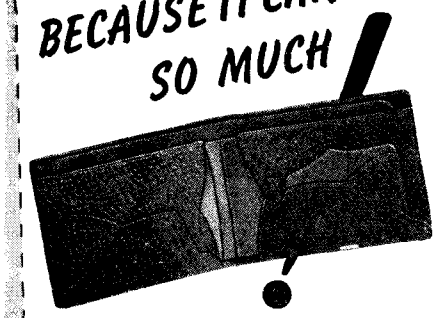
They were on the sidewalk, and the pigeons were fluttering around the marquee, and the sky was hot and blue, and the morning was fresh. "Where do you work?" he said. "I'll pick you up at five . . . and I'll walk you down now."

"Fine," she said, and she thought: I'll have to go to work with two handbags today, as she shifted them into position under her arm, one red patent leather, one black braid. It would look odd. But—two handbags, and the one man.

THE END



CARRIED BY A MAJORITY BECAUSE IT CARRIES SO MUCH



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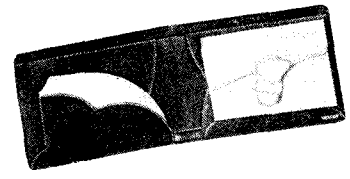

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Incident in Berlin

Continued from page 13

After dinner he bought two ... of beer and brought them to the Ha... Frau Hauser did not hurry to open the... ough she brought out glasses and asked ... sit down. She started to be voluble ... her experience standing in line for ... ower but a glance from her husband ch... her.

There was a knock on the do... bell was out of order—and Frau Hau... ried to it. He heard a young, merry ... Are you at home?" and a welcom... Ach, Elsa! Come in! We have a gues... will be glad with us." Brown had a ... that this visit was not unexpected.

The young woman who came ... as- tonishing to him. She was not ... very pretty girl, with big, blue eyes ... blond hair to her shoulders, but she w... well dressed, wearing a smart little ha... one of the silver-fox jackets that ha... so plentiful in Germany after the ... of Norway but which had disappe... when furs were needed at the front.

THIS girl must have influen... nec- tions was Brown's first tho... She carried herself with a gay air, unbu... dened, harassed look of the wom... had seen that day. She might be one of ... tions the Gestapo used to snare ... nes.

She had a direct, forthright m... and began at once to ask him question... the beer which Frau Hauser now ... ed. "From Sweden? Tell me about Sw... Herr Olson. What is it like there now?"

He made again his little joke... the use of wood. Then she asked, "B... did you come in?"

"From Switzerland. . . . I had ... good luck to be able to fly direct to S... and with some newspapermen."

"And have you friends among ... s- paper correspondents?" the girl ... with her young, interested air.

"No. It was merely a matt... con- venience. My friends are all dul... ss- men like myself."

"But why did you go to Switz...

Frau Hauser murmured, "Elsa ... us like a child."

"Naturally. . . . The mills near ... n, the paper mills, ... aulein, do business there. In return, we get ... wiss watches."

"Do they make ... hem for Americans also?"

"I do not thin... that supplies leave for America now. H... w can they? I think that letters only get ou... now by air. But I am not sure."

"Have you bee... to America?"

"Never. But ... would like to see New York."

"New York is ... shed. We knocked down those skyscrapers. Did you not know that?"

"I think I hea... it on your radio. But, frankly, I do n... listen to the war news much. It makes ... e sad. I wish it were all over."

"It will be over ... said Frau Hauser grimly. "You Swedes wil... wish then you had stood with us."

Elsa looked a... him amusedly. "There! Are you not afra... Herr Olson?"

He smiled at h... and began to ask questions in his turn, ... recting the talk to herself. She told him th... she was a leader of a youth group. "O... but you should see me in summers!" she ... said. "I walk miles with my girls, in short ... singing at the top of my voice."

"Herr Olson sh... uld hear you sing," said Hauser quickly. ... f you would please—"

The piano was ... ut of tune but she played softly and her vo... e made the music. It was a full, rich voice, ... nd he could well imagine her singing outdo... s, her long thighs in white shorts, leading ... r youth maidens. She sang some old so... gs with a sentimental fervor that for a m... ment seemed to recreate the old Germa... about them, then she looked up at Pet... with a smile. "But you must sing, also. ... hat Swedish song is your favorite?"

He had not c... e unprepared. "Wermeland. Or Neckin... Polska. Or Litel Karin. But I do not sing ... nd I play only with one finger."

She made him ... t down and pick out the tune of Litel Kar... for her, and she leaned over him, close ... against him, apparently oblivious, humm... the air. She made him teach her the wo... s.

He was uncom... rtable at her closeness,

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"Hereafter you carry your lou... te. Th' jewels are all ... ver lemon meringue!"

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In peacetime, multiple-berth Bedrooms, Compartments, Drawing Rooms were often taken by single occupants. Now, many business associates patriotically arrange to share such accommodations to save war-vital train space.

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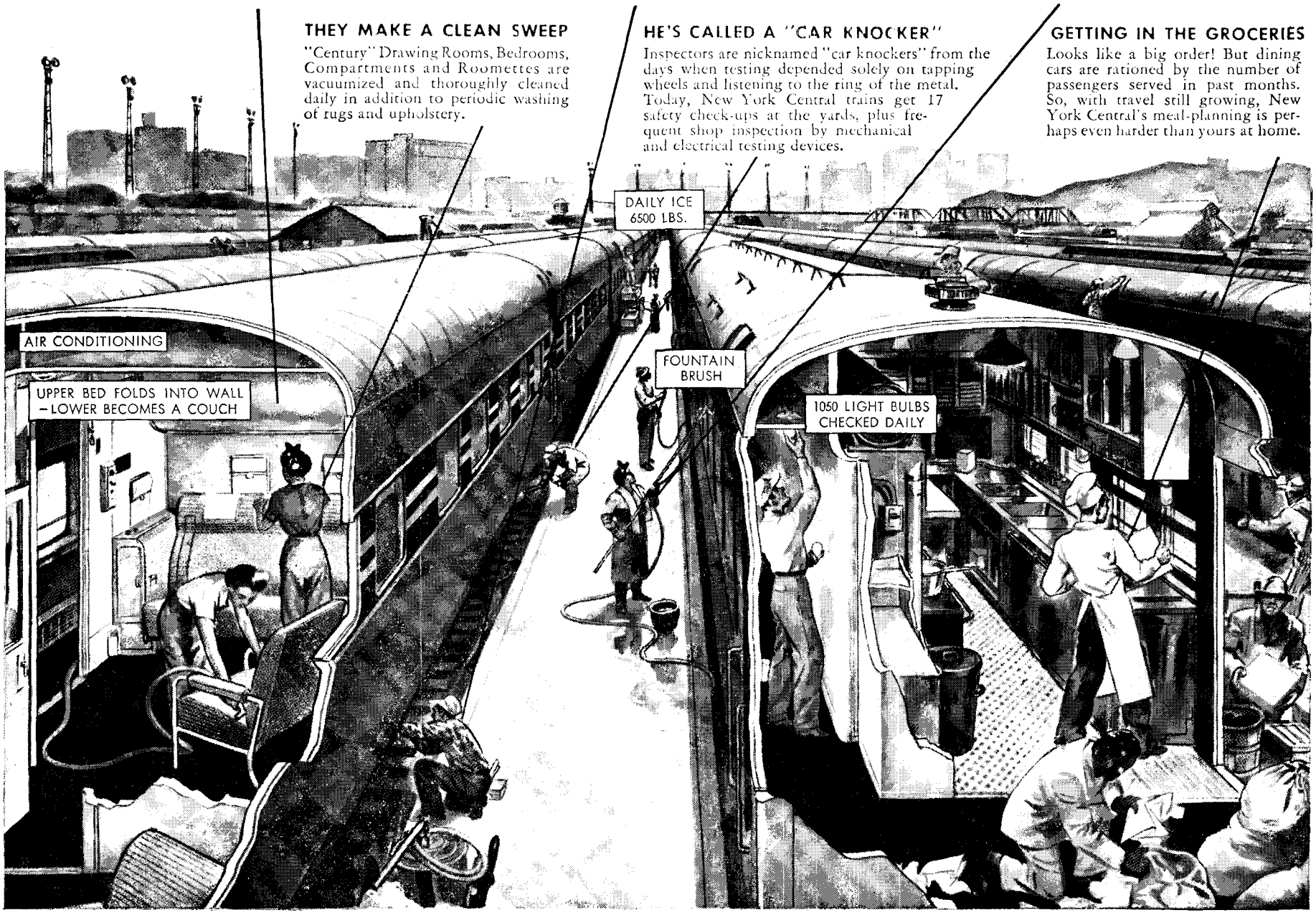
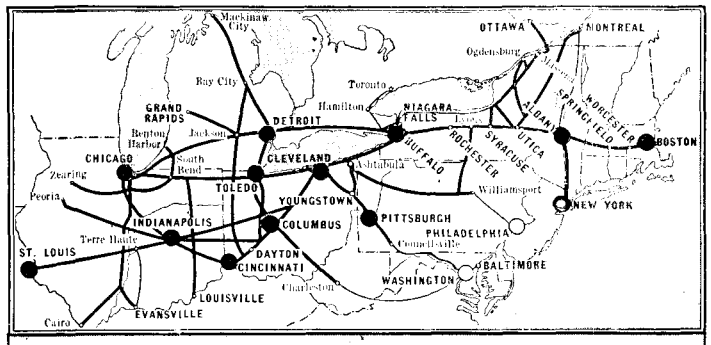
GETTING IN THE GROCERIES

Looks like a big order! But dining cars are rationed by the number of passengers served in past months. So, with travel still growing, New York Central's meal-planning is perhaps even harder than yours at home.



Housekeeping headaches of the "CENTURY"

Principal Cities where most of the 3,500 passenger cars on New York Central are serviced for their daily runs.



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a voice spoke calmly: "Dalheart D[illegible] that you?"

"Yes," Dal gasped, with a new fear [illegible] when he heard words spoken. "It's m[illegible] I'm sole alone. I've got my shotgun [illegible] in both barrels—but I can't do much [illegible] all choose to come against me."

"We will not harm you," said the [illegible] "We merely want you to look upon [illegible] These are the birds and animals of this [illegible] try—the critters of the region wher[illegible] have spent your eighty years. These [illegible] the things you shot and killed withi[illegible] time."

Well, sure enough, they were. And [illegible] might have thought he would recogni[illegible] panther all along, and the bear cub, to[illegible] it had been in the very early days whe[illegible] and panthers fell before Dal Dane's rifl[illegible] a lot of water had flowed inside his mi[illegible] since then.

UP AMONG the tangled fissures [illegible] Dane heard the buzz and tremb[illegible] snake tails, the cheeping of gophe[illegible] white-bellied mice. The wolves . . . the [illegible] foxes and the dog foxes, and all the s[illegible] animals that burrowed their dens alo[illegible] creek valleys. . . . They were watchin[illegible] And oh, he thought, how was a man [illegible] realize that he had struck down so man[illegible] turkeys or so many grouse and quail!

He heard the voice talking again[illegible] gered him a little because he didn't kn[illegible] owner.

"That's all right," he shouted forth[illegible] Mister Dalheart Dane, but who are yo[illegible]

"Look close," the words directed[illegible] "No, not there—not yonder—but here [illegible] to hand. Dalheart, where the punk is gl[illegible] . . . You've talked about me many's th[illegible] but I reckon you never saw me ere now[illegible] the Moon-Caller."

And there he was, all slick in his [illegible] gray skin, just as the old man had [illegible] described him to the young'uns. The M[illegible] Caller seemed to be a kind of king and [illegible] among these droves of birds and [illegible] He wore horns of a special style, a[illegible] eyes were kind and sad in true deer [illegible] but he had claws too, and doubtless [illegible] have used them if he ever got cornet[illegible]

"Very well," cried Dal Dane, wh[illegible] could find tongue once more. "You [illegible] Moon-Caller. I'll ta[illegible]e your word for it; and certainly you dor[illegible]t resemble any High-Behind or Side-Hill [illegible]odger that ever I described."

The Moon-Caller c[illegible]ied, "Oh, you'd never doubt! Not if you st[illegible]od nigh me when the moon was high . . . not if you heard me sing to put the owls [illegible] shame."

"Why am I here?" [illegible]aid Mr. Dane. "What do you want me to d[illegible]"

"We want you to [illegible]ook upon us." Then the Moon-Caller lifte[illegible] his paw as if it were a signal, and straigh[illegible]way the high ceiling of the cave room w[illegible] alive with blue and dun, with all the col[illegible]r and flight of many doves.

"Look," the Moon-[illegible]aller said. "The passage pigeons. Look [illegible]ell at all these creatures, Dalheart Dane. These were the lives you took in your time."

"But I've quit now," Mr. Dane wept, with his forehead on the [illegible]undy floor. "I ceased my killing long ago. [illegible]t's Phelps Lackey you should have before y[illegible]u! He still goes afield with his gun. He does[illegible]'t hesitate to continue his slaughter."

And when he spok[illegible] the name of Phelps Lackey there was a s[illegible]dden flurry amidst the smaller folks—the b[illegible]ds and squirrels and rabbits. Dal Dane tu[illegible]ned to see that foxes and coons and possum[illegible]s were gossiping about Phelps, too, but the [illegible]ears and catamounts paid small heed and s[illegible]ared at Dal accusingly as before.

"Yes," said the M[illegible]oon-Caller, "there is quite a delegation desi[illegible]ing to see Phelps . . . small fry, mainly, such as groundhogs and weasels and a whole s[illegible]ew of quail. Go fetch him, Mr. Dane. Go f[illegible]tch Phelps Lackey, to meet the folk who wa[illegible]t to see him."

Then the fox fire [illegible]hot up, more intense than ever, and the sam[illegible] murmur and whisper that he had heard ou[illegible]side struck old Dal's ears and carried him [illegible] along like a mighty stream. It whirled hi[illegible]m through gullies and twisty caverns, and [illegible]ll the way the bright little gaze of the woods' creatures was upon him. The strange stre[illegible]m carried him at last to the lip of Vixen's [illegible]ole, and there he sat, just as he had at f[illegible]st, with the shotgun against his fat old le[illegible] He heard that murmur go spreading ou[illegible] through the colored trees; then finally it [illegible]issolved and thinned; the trees were motion[illegible]ss, the valleys slept in the long yellow sunlight, for now it had become afternoon.

Well, Dalheart Dane's duty was cut out for him. The hawks and the varmints had set him a task, and now he must list to their orderings. So though his muscles were sorry things, all lost and hid in the mounds of fat that encased him, he used them as well as he might. He set out to track down Phelps Lackey.

Nobody will ever reckon how far old Dalheart wandered; nor what toilsome waterways his weary feet went shuffling through, nor what gullies he slid down when the way was too steep for him to walk. . . . With late afternoon, the Dane womenfolks had come chattering home, all proud and expansive with news of the new great-grandchild, just as if they'd done the deed themselves. And there they found an empty rocking chair and a pipe that was cold and clean; there they found stewed apples uneaten and an African book that had never been opened. Into the garden and around the nearer bluegrass they went, kiting and calling. And then came the men from the mill. Before darkness the search was on.

And before darkness, Phelps Lackey was on the homeward trail. He had filled his game poke; he strode happy and shambling, not along the road past the Dane property (for he disliked to meet the old man, and have him fume and threaten), but on a forgotten timber road that forded the creek at a shallow spot above the village.

Now perhaps the relatives of those gophers and hoot owls which Mr. Dane had seen in the cave took a personal interest in mortal affairs. Perhaps they guided the old man on his final course, and led him downward through the creek valley with all their scurrying and tiny chuckles. Something led him, sure enough, for he came out, sore and gasping, his dull old eyes grown bright and startled, into the very sluice where Phelps walked, a-crunching dry leaves at every stride.

"Phelps Lackey," gasped Mr. Dalheart Dane, "you've got to accompany me to Vixen's Hole! We're late now, for I was told to bring you long ago."

Phelps stood staring through the dusk. He had never seen Mr. Dane look more purposeful in all the years he'd known him; he wondered at how Dane's coat and pants were torn, and at the twig scratches across his mottled old face.

"Why, mister," he said, "I can't go up to Vixen's Hole no way. I'm late, and my woman will give me the lash of her tongue if supper is burned when I get home."

Old Dal tightened a grip upon his shotgun. "It's not the State of Missouri I'm representing now, sir! It's varmints and stubble hens and every wild little critter of the hills. And most of all, I'm remembering what the Moon-Caller said."

THEN, whilst Phelps gaped and wondered, Mr. Dane began his tale. He poured it out, much as I have told it here, and the blue shadows turned to purple as he talked.

Well, Phelps couldn't easy believe such marvels, though he knew that the ways of the forest are strange.

"It's not justice," declared Phelps Lackey, when old Mr. Dane ceased his recitation. "There's some right upon the Moon-Caller's side—but I reckon there's a smidgin on ours as well. For how could you have built a house in this land, Mr. Dalheart Dane, if the panthers wandered your dooryard? They would have carried off your young'uns first chance they got; things like that have happened, as you know. And what about your chickens and your ducks? You needed them, but the foxes and the polecats never would have let you raise a brood unless you kept your guns and traps a-working. And as for chicken hawks—"

But old Dal wouldn't give ear to any explanation. He said, "You're just quibbling, sir. I've been guilty of wicked deeds—but I performed them long ago, and doubtless the Moon-Caller knows that I regret them deeply. The season's come for you to atone your sin, and now you've got to walk with me to Vixen's Hole."

"Well," sang out Phelps in stubborn fashion, "I won't go."

Then Dalheart Dane hoisted up his shot-

SPEAKING OF PRESIDENTS

How much do you know about the qualifications required of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States, and of the methods used in electing them? Mark each statement either True or False, then check with the answers on page 71.

1 A naturalized citizen is eligible for the office of President of the United States. (True) (False)
2 A candidate for the Presidency must be at least 35 years of age. (True) (False)
3 A woman could be elected to the office of President. (True) (False)
4 A candidate can be elected President even though he receives a minority of the popular vote. (True) (False)
5 Both the President-elect and the Vice-President-elect can be residents of the same state. (True) (False)
6 The President and the Vice-President are elected directly by the people. (True) (False)
7 It is possible to have a President who is a member of one political party and a Vice-President of an opposing party. (True) (False)
8 A newly elected President takes office officially at noon on the 20th of the January following his election. (True) (False)
9 When no candidate for President receives a majority of the electoral votes, the House of Representatives elects the President. (True) (False)
10 There have been 39 Presidential Elections in the United States but we have had only 32 Presidents. (True) (False)

A. J. CUTTING

All these statements are based upon the Constitution of the United States.

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A bit of the enchantment that is New Orleans

Little Theatre Courtyard, New Orleans

Recipe for Fruits of the Bayou

As prepared for The Blue Room, Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans

½ lb. fresh crab meat
½ lb. fresh uncooked peeled shrimp
¼ lb. cooked peeled crawfish tails
2 doz. fresh oysters
1 c. butter or substitute
¼ c. chopped green onions
1-1/3 tb. flour
1-1/3 tb. chopped parsley

For four servings, melt half the butter and saute onions lightly in it. Add crab meat, shrimp, oysters and crawfish tails. Cook slowly about 5 minutes. Season. Cover and simmer about 6 minutes.

Melt remaining butter, blend in flour and parsley. Add to fish mixture, cook about 5 minutes longer. Add a dash of cayenne pepper and more seasoning, if desired. Serve with fried cornmeal mush slices. Lobster may be substituted for crawfish.

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gun and made ready to fire; he seemed to feel that he must fetch his prisoner dead or alive. I reckon it would have been dead, too, if Phelps hadn't took a quick step forward and struck out with his hand. The gun barrels jerked aloft; both charges blew up, harmless against the evening sky. There was no danger in Dal Dane any longer.

"You fuddled old reprobate!" cried Phelps. "Nobody ought to let you go a-traipsing with a weapon in your hand!"

The old man sobbed a little. "I'll go myself," he whispered, "and tell the Moon-Caller that you refuse to repent."

"Go to blazes, if you want to," growled Phelps. Then he pushed past Mr. Dalheart Dane, and in anger and amazement he set his feet upon the trail for home.

But Phelps looked back at the next turning, and he saw that old Dal had already clumb away, working off through the gloomy woodland—no doubt bound for Vixen's Hole to tell on Phelps, and learn what the Moon-Caller had to say about it.

Phelps' feet moved like they had rocks tied across them; he dragged them slow, and in another twenty paces he halted and pondered. He began to think that he should have taken old Mr. Dane in charge and hustled him off to his house, for grievous things might befall a person of such age who stumbled through the brush at night.

And then he mused about panthers and weasels, and thought about the wild doves, too, and most of all about the Moon-Caller. That was a strange assemblage for Mr. Dal Dane to go conversing with, and the more Phelps reasoned about it, the more worrited he became.

He was just about to turn back and head for Vixen's Hole by his own self, when he heard a smash of saplings: a group of the Dane men appeared—sons-in-marriage and grandsons, too. They had been drawn to that spot by sound of the shotgun's firing.

When they hallooed at Phelps, he began to understand the situation.

"He's gone to meet the Moon-Caller," Phelps Lackey told the Danes. "It's up in Vixen's Hole—the meeting place. I shouldn't wonder but what the Moon-Caller will be there on time. The moon itself will clear the trees before we can get there."

Through the ford they splashed, six big men a-rushing speedily, and they made the leaves fly along black trails as they circled up the hill that rose majestic in the north. Again and again they sent their cry ahead, and there were dogs giving voice in the creek valley behind them. But from regions in the north there came no noises save for the talk of wild critters—*live* wild critters, these were, that hadn't yet penetrated a certain mossy cavern nor glimpsed the wonderment within.

And, sure enough, the moon lifted up above Juneberry Hill when the men panted into Vixen's Hole, and its light lay like cream on every root and pinnacle. Mr. Dalheart Dane was there ahead of them, waiting on the moss; I reckon he took peace in having kept his appointment, for he was kind of smiling as he lay there. Oh, it was a far journey for any elderly person to take in one day, and when his grandchildren touched old Mr. Dane they realized he had gone so far that even the Moon-Caller couldn't summon him back.

THEN, after he had told his story to the relatives, Phelps Lackey tramped down through the village of Sabine, and on to his home and to his wife. I know for a fact that he never lifted gun to take wild life in any after day, except maybe when a skunk got into the chicken coop—or, most rarely, when his appetite for squirrel stew got the better of him.

Take moonlight nights. Take them then, and take them even now, but in autumn most particularly, when the scent of the huntsmen and hunted comes with the frost down-wind. . . . On such nights the Dane descendants are prone to take their young-'uns out to the fence palings; and they'll speak about the Moon-Caller and worship him a little. And they'll tell contentedly that old Dalheart Dane is maybe up there in the timber with the Moon-Caller somewheres, dwelling in pale light on the lonely ridges.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

was almost flyable, but the matting still had to be laid on the runway clearing. It was a gamble with time.

The first strips of steel matting were laid in place December 1st, as the last 200 feet of greenheart planking were placed between plane and runway. Under its own power, Old 944 taxied 100 feet more.

Then the rains came—eight inches in less than eight hours—the heaviest downpour ever recorded in British Guiana. The river began to flow through the savanna, six inches deep over parts of the mat. Water was flowing back into the ditches alongside the runway. There was no time to lose now. Inboard engines were started and Old 944 waddled through the water onto the half-submerged matting. The date was December 5th, seven weeks since the crash landing.

The Army's desperate gamble to reclaim 944 was balanced on a barometric needle. The only hope was that the next five days would be dry; it would take that long for the water to drain off the matting.

On December 6th, the water level dropped two inches. Natives began to cut down the ten-story-high trees beyond the end of the runway.

December 7th—Water level dropped one inch; four-inch pools on runway.

December 8th—Water level dropped two more inches. The last 250 feet of runway were laid—almost half of which was under six inches of water; beyond, the water was waist-deep. Total mat length was 1,570 feet, one third the length of the average runway.

Would the runway be long enough?

Pan American's Randall Kirk, Africa-Orient operations engineer, after a lengthy study, estimated that the take-off run required would be 1,015 feet and that the plane would leave the ground at 82.5 m.p.h.

Pilot and copilot, C. H. Goodwyn and J. McLachlan had arrived at Salvage Camp on December 7th to fly the plane out.

On December 9th, there was no rain. If the weather would hold for one more day, the tenth would be Take-Off Day. Gasoline arrived, but after 600 gallons had been put in the plane, the heartbreaking discovery was made that it was low grade and that two of the drums contained Diesel oil. More gasoline was ordered frantically.

This was the last night. At 3:30 o'clock on the morning it started to rain in sheets.

At dawn, the rain had subsided to a drizzle. Then came the discovery that revitalized the drenched and depressed camp: The water level, despite the rain, had dropped two more inches, and water was running out of the drainage ditches. The sun was blazing hot. This had to be the day. Last-minute checks were made at a furious pace; in the middle of the afternoon, the gasoline arrived.

At 4:30 the runway was completed; at 5:00 the plane was gassed up. It was 25 minutes until sunset, and the flight to Atkinson Field would take twenty minutes. The crew were in the plane. The engineer pushed the throttles open. The plane moved forward over the soft mat, gained speed. Goodwyn glued his eyes to a white line down the center of the narrow 50-foot runway; McLachlan, the copilot, called off air speeds. Halfway down the strip, speed was up to 65 miles an hour. They were now committed to take-off or . . .

At 1,000 feet, the nose wheel gently raised from the mat and, thirty feet farther, the main gear rolled into the air at 83 miles per hour. Kirk's theoretical estimate was amazingly accurate; it missed by only 15 feet and .5 mile per hour. With full power, the plane slowly climbed, cleared the jungle trees, gained altitude, banked and headed for Atkinson Field.

THE END

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Lord Love You, Captain!

Continued from page 24

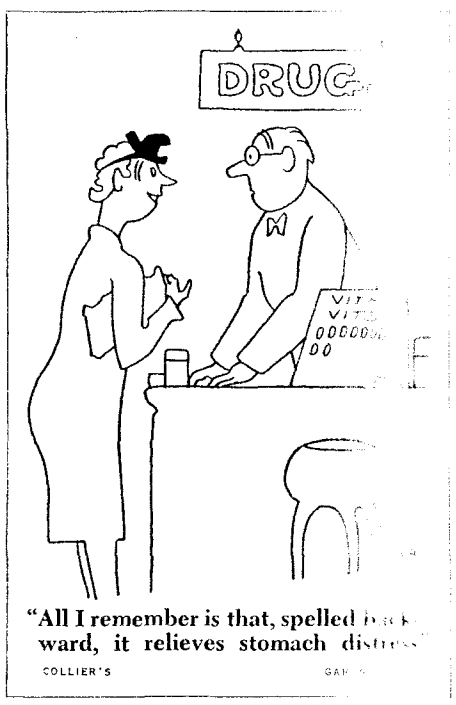
That's beginner stuff. The excitem... ...es an experienced soldier extra stren... but you still keep your head and go ab... our work systematically."

Shunstrom systematically drew Na... ...ood with his knife more times than he ...uld count that day.

At 1:30 P.M. German tank reinfo... ...nts overran the Americans and forced ...ur-render. At a guess, Shunstrom sa... ...re than a third of the Rangers were ki... ...nd the rest, including wounded, were ...ed. Surrender is a hard thing for a R... ...to take.

"Seeing my men without the ...ms stunned me," said Shunstrom. "I di... ...ut up my hands when they ordered ... I couldn't. And my pistol felt itch... ...my hand. I thought about what they s... ...hat it's an honor for a soldier to die for h... ...un-try. Standing there with my finger ... the trigger, I decided that wasn't ho... ...felt about it. I decided it would be m... ...n honor to let the enemy die for *his* ...try. So I tossed my pistol to a German ...er."

After the surrender, a Nazi comm... ...the outrage of shooting a Ranger docto... ...re-fused to march along with the oth... ...pris-



"All I remember is that, spelled b... ward, it relieves stomach distress"

COLLIER'S GA...

oners, insisting he would stay beh... ...nd tend the wounded.

"I had a hard time to keep my s... ...om starting the battle all over again. w... ...heir fists," says Shunstrom.

The Germans didn't ask the R... ...to give their word of honor not to try t... ...ape. "That would have been a violation ...nter-national law," says Shunstrom. ...Be-sides, if you did give your word, li... ...ool, and broke it, your own Army wou... ...rt-martial you when you got back ...ere's more ethics to war than you'd think ...me, there is an honor about it."

On foot and by truck, the Germa... ...ved the Rangers back some fifteen mile... ...big stone house. Nineteen officers wer... ...ded into a cold room. They tore the w... ...work off the walls to make a fire. They h... ...ne another bind up the wounds most ...rem, including Shunstrom, had suffere... ...They dried out their torn and muddy cl...

Shunstrom was taken to another ... ...for questioning. . . .

I didn't think about torture or ...ning like that, Shunstrom went on. ...eer doesn't waste his strength worry... ...out what might happen.

This German officer was all sweet ... He buttered me up good. "Sit down ... and drink." He gestured toward a wel... ...cked table. "You must need refreshmen... ...did need it, so I ate hearty and drank ...tle of schnapps on the Fuehrer. The... ...rly me and another captain that night ...last real food we had for eight days.

"You Rangers are good soldi... ...this smiling German we...t on. "Do you know what we call you? Black Death. Because you fight at night. ...nd fight well. This time you were unfortunat... that's all, and we were fortunate. More sch...apps?"

I didn't answer a...y of his questions, and he didn't press me m...uch. I spoke of Berlin. "I hear it's a beauti...ul city," I said.

He corrected me. "You mean it *was* a beautiful city."

I asked if he di...n't know the Germans were bound to lose ...he war.

"If we do," he sa...l. "I'll be my own murderer."

The fellow is prob...bly oiling up his suicide pistol right now.

That night Ameri...an planes strafed us, and we cheered. One of...ur men was killed, but so were twelve Ger...an officers.

Now came three ...ays locked up in a little bus station with no food and no water and good old American ...ombs falling all around. That was to prepa...e us, I guess, for the march through Ro...ne. The Italians were supposed to boo u... and cheer the master race as we marched five abreast through the streets. Instead the Italian women cried and the men flashed us surreptitious V-for-Victory signs. They w...uld stroke their hair or brush off a sleeve w...th fingers shaped to a V. When a dumb Ge...man guard wanted to know what the V ...ign meant, none of us knew a thing abou... it. We marched along singing God Bless ...merica.

We arrived at Ar...zzo on the seventh day, very cold and hung...y. There were no blankets, and we broke up the bunks to build fires.

"You are destr...ying government property!" a German guard scolded, and we about busted a gut laughing.

The next day I e...caped.

Escape in Broad Daylight

I was planning t... slip out of the German prison camp that ni...ht—alone, because mass escapes are suicide. ...n the morning I stripped off my officer's ins...nia and my watch and rings and so on, a...d I stuffed them inside my uniform and i... the toes of my shoes. Then I sauntered ...ut where the Germans were forming a w...k detail of our enlisted men. They don't a...s officers to work, but I looked like a priv...te now, so I could get away with picking ...p a shovel and heaving it around with the r...st of them. This maneuver enabled me to ...dge my way down to a deserted building l...ng close to the double row of barbed-wire fencing which encircled the camp.

I was looking ou... of the window of this building, watching ...talian civilians at work on the fence. It w...s about 10 A.M. I called a question to one ...f the workmen.

"Are you friendl... to Americans?" I asked in my broken Italia...

"Yes," he said, ...peaking with such cautious quiet I could ...ardly hear him.

"Can you get me ...some pliers?" I called.

He shook his hea... "No."

"Can you get m... some civilian clothes?"

Another "No." ...e glanced fearfully toward the German g...ards.

One guard was p...sted about fifty yards to the right, and anot...er twenty-five yards to the left. They look...d very bored.

All of a sudden ...I had a hunch this was the time to escape ...in daylight, right under their bored noses. ...f I waited till nightfall, the Germans might ...miss me at the 4 P.M. roll call and start a sea...ch. This way I had till 4 P.M. to get going. I pried a board off a packing case I fou...d in this building and I climbed through t...e window, carrying the board. I covered th...e thirty feet to the fence on my stomach, th...n pried up the bottom strand of barbed w...re with the board and crawled under.

As I rose to a k...eeling position there in the three-foot spac... between the two fences, the near German ...uard looked straight at me. Very slowly, I turned my back, picking up a roll of wire ...s I turned and making motions as if I we... a workman, too. The

M-M-M- *the bacon with the sweet smoke taste..!*

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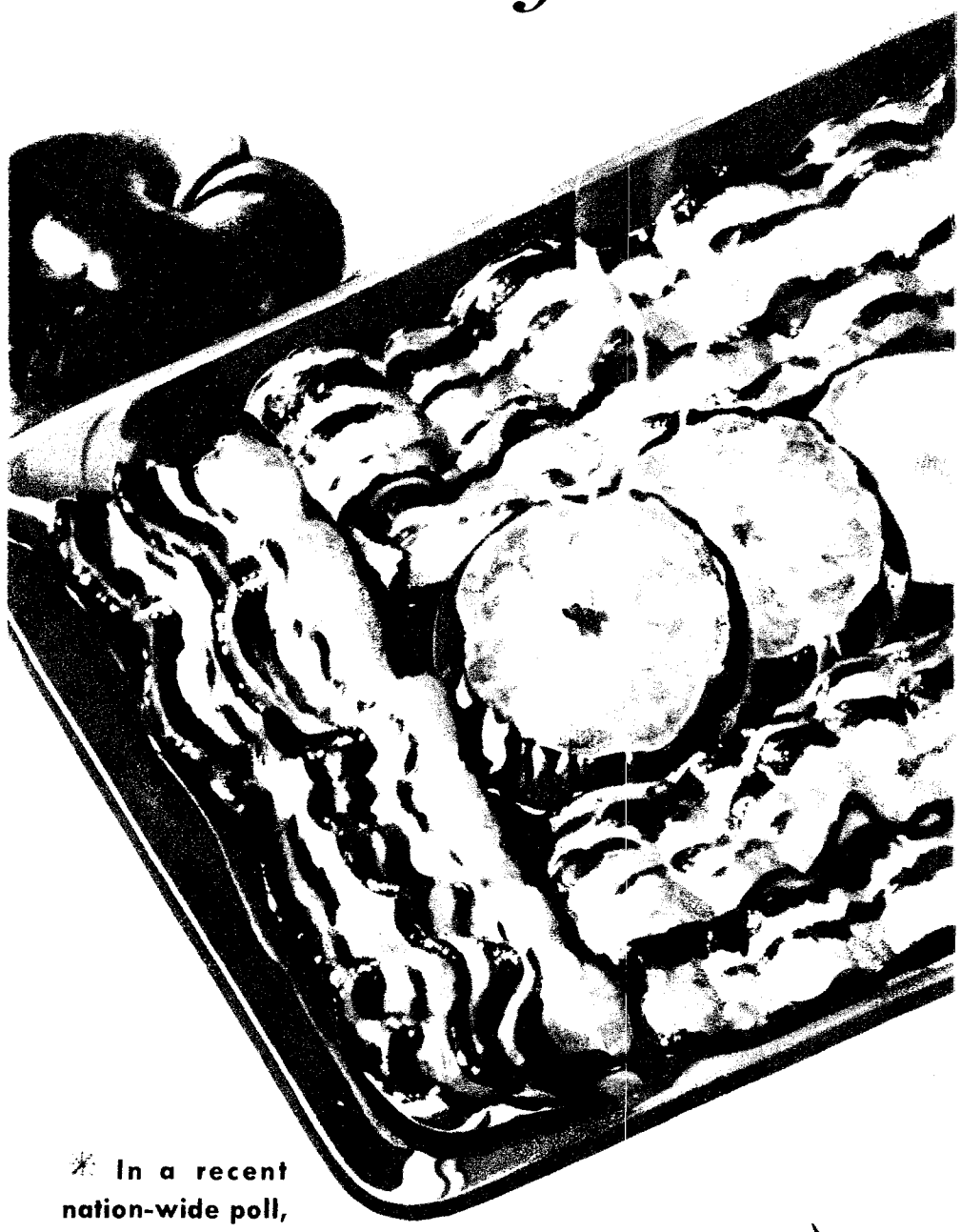

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At a football game you caught a cold!

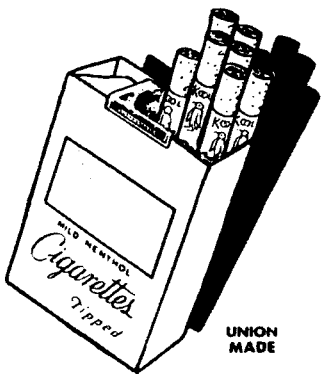
(*Your throat was thrown for a loss*)

Till someone passed you a pack of KOOLS

(*And they felt soothing*)

If they made you stand up and cheer . . .

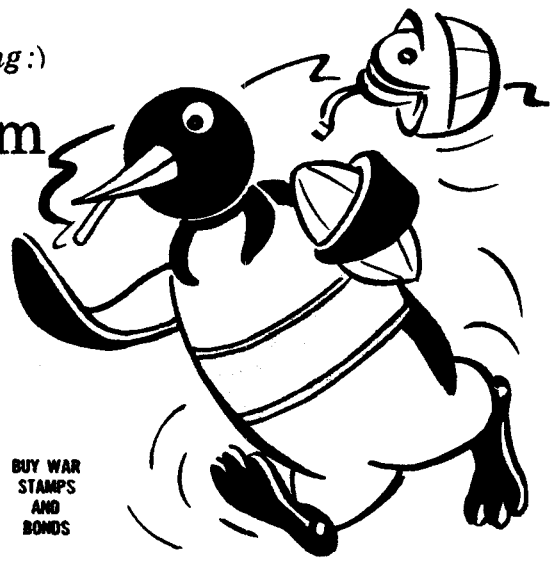
(*Even when you had a cold*)



Why not make 'em your regular brand . . . smoke 'em all the time?

(*An idea worth tackling*:)

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS



BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Italians gave no sign but went on working beside me. It was great to have them protect me like that. When I dared to take my bearings, I saw that the guard was gazing in another direction, as bored as ever. He had looked right at me without seeing me—and me in an American uniform.

I went under the second fence the same way, hid in a gully for a minute, then walked slowly to a barn maybe thirty feet beyond the fence. Some American soldiers were working around there on a trash detail. I mingled with them a while, gathered up some sticks of wood in my arms just to look busy, then ducked inside.

There was a German in that barn and he saw me, and I thought my number was up. I was getting ready to play dumb and say I was just gathering wood for our fire, but I didn't have to say anything. He ignored me and went on outside. I know it sounds queer, but that's what he did, as if he had his mind on something else. I hid in some hay until the work detail moved away from there. Then I walked, slowly again, about thirty yards to a house. An Italian answered my knock at the door—not, thank Heaven, a German.

"I am an American prisoner," I said. "I have just escaped. Will you help me?"

The Italian was very frightened. He told me to move on. No, he had no clothes for me. Food? Well, yes. "Quick, Maria, a loaf of bread and some salami for the Americano. Now go. Go along this road up into the mountains," he directed me. "Go to a certain house where they'll help you. Good luck!"

On Starvation Wages

Shunstrom ate up the bread and salami before he was out of sight of the camp. In the eight days since his capture, he had had only one loaf of bread and a piece of cheese the size of a pocket matchbox.

At the house to which the frightened Italian had directed him, Shunstrom was given civilian clothes, money and directions to start him off on his hike through the mountains to the coast—where he hoped to get a boat.

By the time he reached the coast twelve days later, he could get by anywhere as an Italian civilian. He had grown a mustache and oiled his dark hair. He had memorized words and sentences which the Italians told him he pronounced perfectly, without accent. He had got rid of his brisk, straight Ranger stride and now walked like a civilian, jogging along sort of carelessly, looking down. "They say I walk with a crouch, and bounce along on my toes. If I do, it's because I practiced so long how not to walk like a soldier, and how to walk without making any noise."

He broke his bread and ate his spaghetti in the Italian manner. He drank wine like water and held his fork in his fist. He wasn't bashful about using the latrines in the open street. He hummed and whistled Italian songs, not American ones. He played his role so well that native Partisans he met wouldn't believe him at first when he said he was an American soldier. They thought he might be a Fascist spy. He had to convince them with his dog tag, his medals, and the pictures he always carried of his very American-looking wife and child, taken in their Radburn, N. J., home.

Friendly Italians helped him in dozens of ways. With wine . . . "When I stopped to ask directions, they'd always bring out a glass of wine first, and answer my questions second." With cigarettes . . . "I had several hundred cigarettes hidden all over me—very handy for bribing." With money . . . One Italian workingwoman looked at him with pity, and from a hiding place in her sleeve drew out a ten-lira note. "I knew that woman worked for two lire a day," said Shunstrom; "she was giving away a little fortune. My eyes filled with tears to match hers when I accepted it."

He walked from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. daily, eating lightly, sleeping in barns. Sometimes he struggled through snow four or five feet deep. Twice he was lost.

When he was very cold, walking, he took off his coat to get warm. "That's a trick we Rangers picked up from the British Commandos we trained under. If you are lightly clothed you move faster; that warms you up."

Once he bumped into a uniformed Fascist out for a bicycle ride with his girl friend. "He challenged me," Shunstrom says, "but he kept his rifle on his shoulder, the dope, and I knew I could clip him if I had to, before he could draw it. So I told him the truth, that I was an escaped prisoner."

" 'Well, then,' said the Fascist, 'you should not be on this open road. Keep to the mountains. Suppose you should run into a bad Fascist?' " Shunstrom asked why he was a Fascist if that was how he felt, and the man said, "Do you think I prefer prison?"

Shunstrom couldn't get a boat when he reached the coast, so he did the natural thing, for a Ranger. He took up with the Partisans, whose fighting groups fanned out from the coast up into the mountains.

A Partisan big shot had heard of him on German short-wave broadcasts. Berlin Sally was using him as a gimmick to discourage our soldiers. "Your big Ranger hero, Chuck Shunstrom, is with me in my apartment now," Berlin Sally would say over the radio. "His silver stars didn't save him from capture, but he doesn't seem to mind. We are sitting here together drinking good German brandy. You're going to lose the war anyway. Your dashing captain knows that now. So why don't you come up and join us in a drink?"

The Partisan chief was eager to help Shunstrom get back to Allied lines. He hoped the captain would use his influence to have ammunition parachuted down to his underground fighters.

Shunstrom, however, is a seeing-is-believing kind of man. "If you want me to get you more ammunition," he said, "you've got to let me see what kind of fighting you're doing."

Soon Shunstrom and six Italians set out on a 35-mile hike to a railroad tunnel. They hid near the tracks until it was dark and then planted dynamite charges at the mouth of the tunnel. "It was a fine clear night, and when a German troop train came through, the explosion was something to see." What he saw was an engine torn to bits and the blazing pieces flung up into the sky . . . passenger cars derailed, burning . . . and sounds indicating that more and more cars were telescoping into the wreckage.

"We didn't wait to take count," says Shunstrom, "but I think we did some damage that night."

Shunstrom moved about with the Partisans, week after week, changing from one mountain hideout to another, according to the movements of the Germans, hurrying along precarious trails by car, or bicycle or on foot, executing new and ever more destructive raids.

Too Realistic for Comfort

One night four Italian Partisans and Shunstrom hid themselves in a phony grain truck, burying themselves, more or less, in the grain. "They pushed a grenade and a pistol into my hands and they told me to expect anything; we were going to pass through German towns. It was a good gimmick, that grain—too good. Some Partisans who didn't recognize our truck fired on us. Our driver was killed, and a bullet passed within an inch of my head before they realized their mistake."

Another night Shunstrom and two hundred and fifty Partisans swooped down into a valley and took over a German-held town.

"We were after shoes that time," he said. "We helped ourselves to the stock of a shoe factory. What we didn't need we distributed among the Italian populace. The Partisans were always playing Robin Hood that way. We captured the town's Fascist chief, took him back into the mountains with us, gave him a fair trial—the trial lasted about three minutes—and shot him. The Germans were pretty irritated by all the Partisan raids. They sent three tanks and three truckloads of soldiers up into the mountains to root us out.

"We had a woman in our headquarters at that time, an unusual thing among the Partisans. She was a Russian, well educated, small, blond, and well stacked up. I'd say she was beautiful. I don't know how she did it but she was always well groomed in

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Mary Cillen .50
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"It always gives Me the Creeps..."

"It doesn't happen often ... happened this morning at the office. They came around with the ... This time it was for Harry Bowlby's widow . . . and the kid. ... get them back to her folks on the coast. Well, no man's going to ... my paper for my wife and children. Not if I can help it—and I ... can! I've got some life insurance, but tonight I'm going to have ... checked over—just to be sure. I've been putting that off too long..

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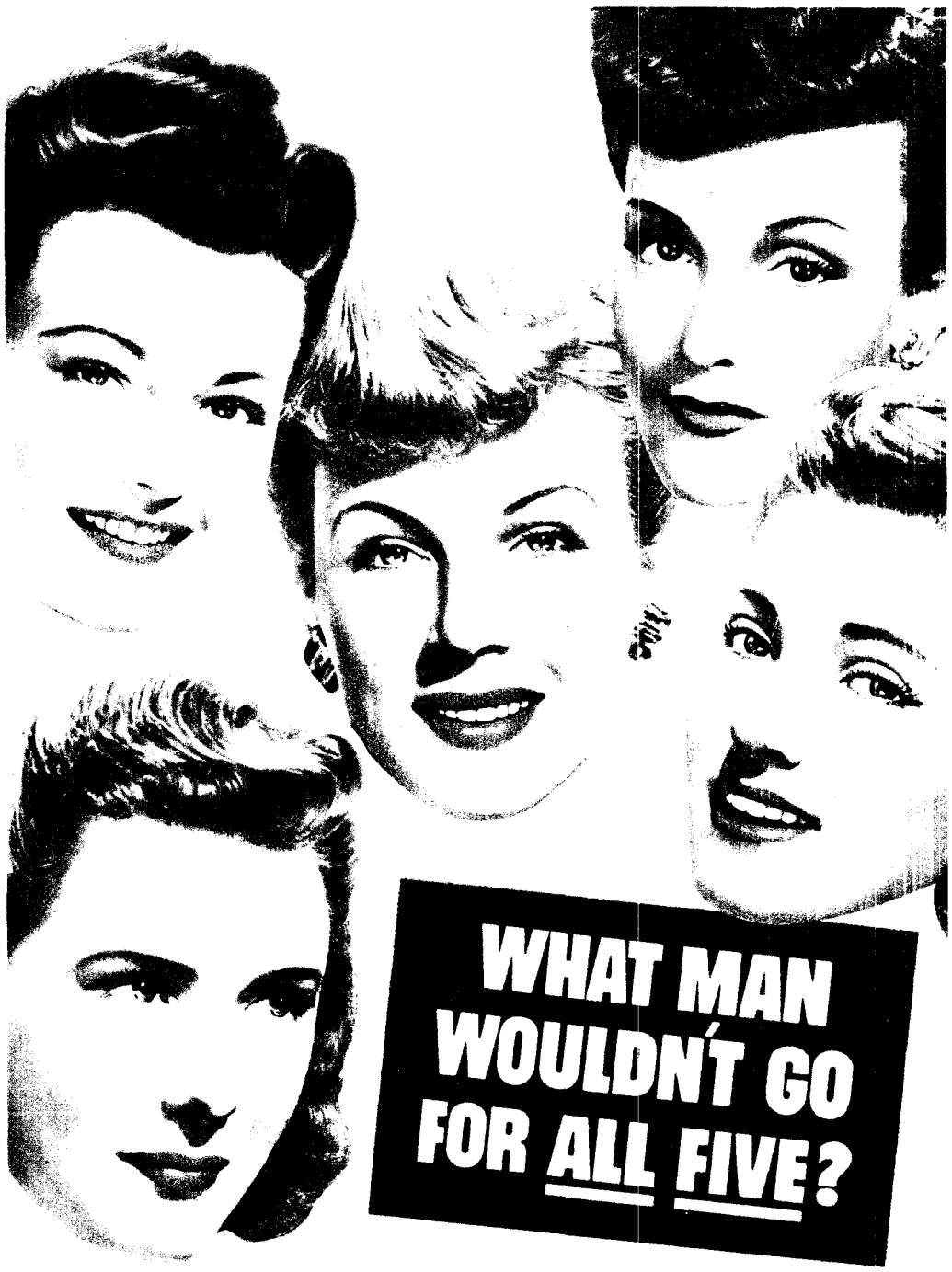

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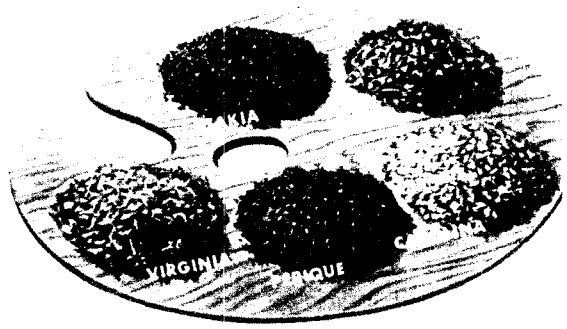

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neatly pressed slacks and a sweater. She was hiding out, waiting for a chance to escape to England to join her British officer husband. She cooked for us and nursed our wounded.

"When the Germans sounded off with their heavy ammunition we started to leave, streaking up into the hills to find good sniping positions. I called to this woman to come along, but she refused to budge. 'I have a patient here and I won't leave him,' she said. Bullets were crashing through the walls. I went out and found an oxcart, and we loaded the wounded man onto it and very slowly made our way up the mountain side—without a scratch. The Partisans soon drove off the Germans and blew up their tanks."

Shunstrom was useful to his adopted buddies. He taught them the good Ranger night-fighting tricks he had used on many behind-the-lines patrols. Once when some Germans were protected by an overhanging ledge of rock, he suggested the simple device of pouring gasoline down over the rock and throwing lighted matches after it.

"I'd like to have stayed with those fighting patriots," he says. "Their work was the kind of work I like."

After about six weeks with the underground, Shunstrom made one more try to connect with a boat. The truck in which he was riding traversed 150 miles of enemy territory successfully, with the driver suavely answering the guards who stopped him at every crossroads and at every bridge.

"Then one German popped his nose into the back of the truck where we were hiding under canvas, and the fireworks started. I had a light machine gun. We cleaned up five Germans and blew up our own truck in the face of some more of them, and after that, I decided to give up the boat idea and go it alone on foot back to our lines.

"A man can go faster alone, although it is hard on morale. If there are two of you, you can buck each other up. I had to keep selling myself on the idea that I was doing all right, even when I was so dopey I was traveling in circles."

Shunstrom walked another 350 miles—and never once had trouble with his feet.

"A long time ago I learned it was a good idea to listen to what they tell you in the infantry: 'Soldier, take care of your feet.' I took care of mine. I bought extra socks when I had the chance, so I'd never have to wear one with a hole in it. I washed my socks and feet every day—by walking through a stream, maybe, if a washbowl wasn't handy. At noon sometimes I'd take my shoes off and let my feet bake in the sun for an hour. That takes down swelling and rests you.

Old Faithful G.I. Brogans

"Believe me, I was proud of my G.I. shoes. After six hundred miles of walking they were still perfectly good. When I got back I washed them off and shined them up and asked everybody to admire them as if they were a medal."

Shunstrom grew more cautious as he approached the front. All towns in the area had been evacuated, and any civilian caught wandering there, even an Italian civilian, was a suspicious character. He was challenged time and again by Germans, and gave a convincing show of being a bewildered Italian on his way to visit his mother. When he was desperately thirsty he knocked at the door of a house—and found himself asking a German soldier for a drink of water. The German gave him the water, questioned him closely—and let him go his way.

He stayed three days in an unoccupied house, not daring to move because the streets were thick with enemy troops. "I learned that three escaped Britishers were hiding in the house next door. My informant was the little native boy I had hired to bring me figs and bread and water. One night around midnight I heard a disturbance. I looked out and saw Nazis at my neighbors' door. They shot one Britisher, captured another. The third ran off into the hills.

"Later that night a lone German paid me a visit. I didn't want to knife him. That would be a crime, and I was trying to avoid crime. If I was captured again, I hoped to be treated as a prisoner of war, not as a criminal. So I just bopped him one and left. Maybe I did kill him, I don't know. I didn't stop to take a pulse reading."

At night Shunstrom was careful to walk to windward of suspicious houses, lest some dog catch his scent and start barking. "Not only dogs, but every living thing can give you away. Chickens make an awful clatter if you disturb them. Cows moo, and horses stomp around whinnying. Even the birds in the trees can tip your hand. I learned to walk softly."

Passing the Supreme Test

Shunstrom suffered from a recurrence of the malaria he had contracted in Sicily. "For several days I had a hard time to make myself start walking. But I fought off the sick feeling and kept going. You can't afford to rest a day or something bad will happen. That's how I felt. This was the supreme test and I wanted to pass it.

"So often in combat I had seen cases where just a little more energy would have saved a man's life. And energy is more mental than physical. In fact the whole business of fighting a war is mental. All training is mental training, though you use physical means to get there.

"I was tired, but I kept going."

Finally Shunstrom ambled right up behind the front line and was forced to labor for the enemy for one day. "They took me for an Italian, and I thought it was best not to argue. I worked on their fortifications, and they paid me the standard wage—eight cents for a day's work."

He sneaked away in the night and, by daylight, had found a good hiding place in a cemetery, located between two front-line gun emplacements, one fifteen feet to the right, the other twenty-five yards to the left.

Again he planned to wait for nightfall and again he changed his mind. . . .

The longer I sat in that cemetery, Shunstrom continued, the itchier I got to move. It was about 4:30 in the afternoon, sunny, a beautiful day for an escape. I sat there figuring my chances. I was too tensed up to eat the salami I had in my pocket. They say Americans are reckless. But that's not it. Now me, I won't take a fifty-fifty chance, not if I can help it. But if I can see a fifty-one-to-forty-nine chance, that's okay. I plan what I'll do and go ahead from there like I was acting on a sure thing.

It was that way that day. I crawled through the tall weeds to the cemetery fence and watched the Germans, only a few feet away, sunning themselves and washing clothes. I measured my chances, I said, "Here goes," and climbed over the fence and slowly walked out between the two bunkers.

That's the only time I remember being really afraid. The sweat dripped off me, and my hair crawled. I kept expecting a shot in the back. Looking like an Italian wouldn't help me now. Civilians weren't allowed out where I was. But I had to walk slow, so slow, and not look back. A hundred yards out I heard the dull *hump* of a bullet landing *in the ground near me.*

They had me spotted. I broke into a run. The bullets came thick and fast, but they couldn't take accurate aim at a moving object a hundred yards away. I ran and ran. I didn't know whether there were mines around or if there were Germans ahead of me. I only knew that over there somewhere were our lines. I stumbled over something and fell.

The bullets came closer then, spurring me up from the ground and on and on. My eyes bugged out and my gullet was rusty dry from gasping. I ran I don't know how far before I realized they had stopped firing at me. I didn't dare to slow down. They might be chasing me. I kept running on through the sunny quiet of no man's land. I ran the whole way, about three miles across rolling terrain—and there I was, back at home base, just two months and eight days after I was captured.

The Rangers hailed me with the conventional Ranger greeting: "How come you're still alive, buddy?"

"I don't know," I said.

"The Lord loves me, I guess."

THE END

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The Shark is a Sissy

Continued from page 27

same line. Even the movies did not ... the dramatic effect of killing off vil... threatening heroes with the great brut... old tiger shark in an aquarium (ren... day or $60 by the week) was almos... by a succession of stunt men who ... into his tank to "fight" him.

There are almost as many kinds of ... as there are stories about them. ... Springer, scientist and commercial sh... erman who has done much to thr... light on this ancient subject, lists ... ferent species credited with or cap... attacking men. But the one that get... gest play in fiction is the old tig... himself, frequently just billed as m... This much-maligned creature, whi... times attains a length of thirty feet ... its awesome name from the black ... mottled stripes on its streamlined ... no more ferocious than any other sh... others of its tribe, its whole existen... tered around survival, eating ... by powerful stomach acids that can ... beef bones in a few hours) and pro...

The hunting habits of sharks d... caution that sometimes amounts t... right cowardice. Their pattern of ... food follows the pattern of life amo... wild things, whether afloat or ash... weaker fall prey to the more power... New Guinea recently, a three-foo... was taken from the stomach of a ... footer of the same species. Contr... popular superstition, the three-foo... not retreated into Mamma's mouth ... tection. A shark's gullet is one-wa...

The shark is a holdover from a ... age. Ichthyologists say that he h... down through the geological ag... changed except for size. Big as he ... 40-footer was caught recently off Ca... coast—fossil remains indicate that ... four million years ago he was ove... long and weighed as much as 100 t...

Fishermen disagree as to whe... shark prefers his meat dead or a... over-all experience indicates that ... hungry he is not particular. Cowar... is, it is certain that he prefers h... wounded or at least incapable ... resistance, and he is quick to judg... gressiveness of a potential meal. O... weeks ago, the writer was reelin... eight-foot sailfish off the Florida co... it was snapped in half by a shark ... than six feet long. The sailfish co... taken care of itself and undoubted... not have been attacked, if it had ... busy trying to shake my hook from ...

Shunning the Unknown

The shark's suspicion of unfamil... movement or shapes makes him ... wary—a fact that generally keeps m... attacking swimmers. Recent exper... Navy men in the South Pacific ha... that if there is an explosion on a ... throws men into the sea, the explo... the escaping oil send the sharks ... distant waters. Consequently, f... wrecked men adrift in life jackets ... reported so much as seeing a dorsa...

Naval experts have blasted oth... superstitions about shark behavi... the one about the shark not bein... bite except when on his back, fo...

"A shark can bite from any posi... can get you between his jaws," ... fliers' pamphlet points out. "His ... situated somewhat under his nose, ... he opens his mouth and starts forw... strike, he arrives mouth first. It is ... he can roll easily in water. He can ... turn as easily as an F6F. Except ... propels himself with his tail instead ... an engine in his nose, he maneuv... like an airplane. His dorsal fin is ... lizer; his two pectoral fins act as ... ailerons, and brakes. But he attac... first, with his mouth open, and ... opens his mouth, the whole front e... is mouth!"

There are still old fishermen wh... the superstition that ... sharks are blind and are steered about in ... search of food by remoras and pilot fish. The latter attach themselves by suction to t... e shark, not for a free ride but to catch sc... ips that fall from the shark's mouth. W... h practical common sense both keep aw... from his gullet, and are shark companio... s for selfish reasons, certainly not in a Se... ing Eye dog sense.

Sharks are cannib... listic at every opportunity, as any fishern... en will tell you. When caught by hooks on s... t lines, they frequently are gutted by their o... n kind before they can be taken in. Some fi... hermen claim, from the condition of carcass... remaining on hooks, that sharks eat only ... the oversized livers of other sharks that th... mutilate—proving, if nothing else, that sh... rks recognize the high vitamin content of th... ir own innards.

West Indian Neg... es will tell you that sharks hunt by sight ... ather than by the overdeveloped sense of ... mell some credit them with, and that they c... annot see dark objects. Thus they blacken th... soles of their feet and the palms of their ... ands before diving in native waters, and c... edit this for the relatively few encounters ... they have. Greek fishermen around Florid... 's West Coast, working in black diving suit... with only their hands exposed, invariably t... rust hands under armpits when sharks are ... ighted.

Blood Lu... for Sharks

Sportsmen who h... k them for fun do not agree with the West ... ndians and the Greeks on shark hunting h... bits. They insist that sharks have highly ... eveloped olfactory organs, and point to th... fact that fresh blood, whether human or ... here fish, will attract schools of them with... fifteen minutes after it is spilled in the wat... This method is commonly used to drav... sharks to their bait.

The Navy advises ... ers who are shot down over shark waters "n... t to let the shark mistake you for a corps... for if you keep moving, he likely will go ... way." Pistols may be fired to frighten the ... too curious ones, but the fish should not ... e hit. Unless the first shot kills—which is u... likely—the shark might be so infuriated that ... e would attack, and in any case, his blood ... would quickly attract others who would ... finish off both their wounded relative an... the flier, too.

Navy pilots have ... eported hitting sharks on their snouts with ... bare fists, thus forcing an instant retreat. O... the other hand, sponge fishermen advise ne... r hitting sharks, for, they say, the powerf... l fish may wheel about in his panic and acci... entally deal a crippling blow with his tail.

Fighting a shark ... nglehanded is not advised if it is at all a ... oidable. "It's a pretty desperate counterme... sure," the Navy says, "but remember that ... our insurance company was not happy abou... you when you fell into the water." Those ... n the drink" are advised, when the shark ... attacks, to swim aside, grab a pectoral fin as ... e goes by and ride him as long as breath ca... be held. The shark's belly is his most vul... erable spot, and many cases have been repo... ted in which fishermen were able to hold on ... ong enough to make a slit in the shark's un... erpart. This lets water inside and kills the b... st almost immediately.

Admittedly the ch... nces of whipping an excited shark in the ... ter is not 100 per cent good, but when a s... ark strikes, his mouth is wide open, so his ... ision directly ahead is blocked. Moving or... one foot out of his path will gain at lea... a temporary reprieve for the swimmer. I... one of his fins can be grabbed, the chance... are that he will revert to his usual coward... self.

So, all in all, it ca... be safely stated that: People suffer more ... om shark fright than from shark bite. Yo... shouldn't believe just anybody's shark stor... s, even if he can show you the ocean in whi... n they are supposed to have happened. A sh... rk is a fish and, while all fish stories are n... t lies, few are handicapped by statistics. ... ctually, any shark in the immediate vicinit... of a swimmer is probably more frightened ... than the man.

THE END

The Master's Choice

The late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr.—master distiller—spent his lifetime and his rare genius creating whiskies of surpassing excellence. But he chose one—a matchless bourbon—as his finest, and proudly gave it his name. The full, round flavor and pleasing aroma of this glorious whiskey have established OLD TAYLOR—with the world as with Colonel Taylor himself—as the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.

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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

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– says Stopper

Your Brakes Are Dangerous When:

They need frequent adjustment
The brake pedal goes down to floor
Brakes act slow or grabby
Car pulls to right or left on braking
Brakes squeal, groan or chatter
They make grinding noise when used
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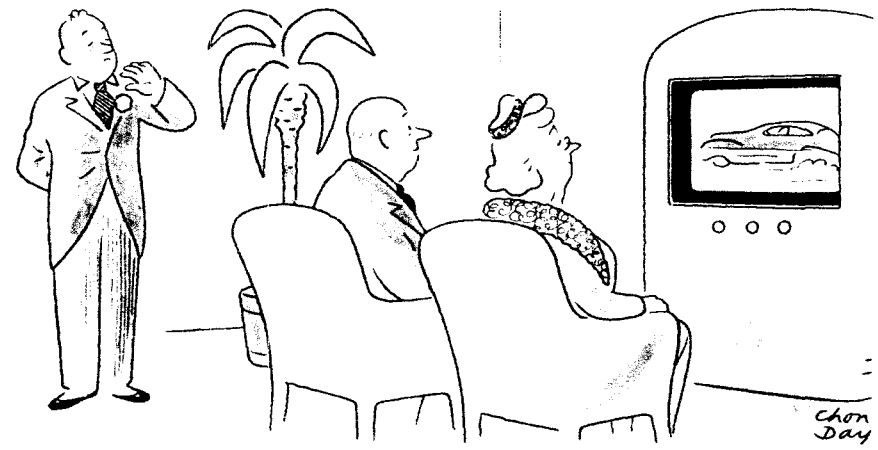

CHON DAY

Your Life Tomorrow

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Juke-Box Films for Information

The postwar world is bound to capitalize on the enormous value discovered in wartime instructional films. Demonstrations and explanations of all kinds will be used everywhere to help you buy more wisely.

In the auto showroom, for example, the salesman will do little talking. Instead, he will take you to a juke-box movie cabinet and let factory experts explain the car you are thinking of buying. If you are the wife, there will be films to show you every convenience in the car—how easily it drives, how simple it is to park, how readily the upholstery can be cleaned. If you are the fellow with the checkbook, you can push another button and be shown exactly how the hydraulic transmission works and how sturdy the car is on tough hills and in deep mud.

Sales films will become standard equipment in every kind of showroom and will be supplemented by straight instructional movies, so that you will know how to operate and care for the things you buy. There will also be a home-film service for demonstrations of such things as vacation travel. The airline or steamship company will send a machine to your house some night with an operator and a complete library of documentary pictures showing the life of distant lands, the scenery, the possibilities for recreation and types of accommodation. Smaller concerns will send you automatic machines ready loaded with film, to be plugged in and aimed at your own home screen or even a sheet. You will learn to see before you buy and to understand while you watch.

Although these films will cost you nothing, they will save the sales organizations much money and do a better job than a hired talker. The possibilities are endless, among them the postwar real-estate agent who will take you from house to house by means of movies so that you can save time and visit in person only places that interest you.

Tobacco to Help High Blood Pressure

The latest advance in medicine comes unexpectedly from the tobacco-drying shed. A bright yellow substance called rutin, just discovered in flue-cured tobacco, has the remarkable ability to strengthen the walls of the capillary blood vessels in victims of high blood pressure. The new chemical promises a specific remedy for the dangerous hemorrhages that result when these capillaries burst.

Rutin, a complex organic compound, is found in minute quantities in many plants but its therapeutic value was not discovered till a relatively abundant supply appeared in high-grade flue-cured tobaccos. The research was undertaken by Department of Agriculture scientists engaged in widening the uses of farm products.

High blood pressure is usually most dangerous to elderly people whose blood vessels have grown fragile. When the pressure overloads the many miles of intricate ducts throughout the body, something is apt to give way, spurting blood into regions where it does not belong. If the break occurs in the head, blindness or apoplexy may result. By using rutin in combination with the usual methods of reducing blood pressure, University of Pennsylvania doctors have been able to treat a number of patients with very favorable results. Further clinical successes will probably make it a standard protection against one of the most feared diseases of old age.

Glass for Strength

Glass, once thought of only as a substance to see through, has now arrived as a structural material in its own right. Its latest triumph in competition with wood and metal is in the form of infinitesimal threads woven into a special fabric cast into sheets of plastic. This new building material is 50 per cent stronger than a duralumin sheet of the same weight. Glass-and-plastic fuselages and fittings are actually in use on our latest warplanes.

Chief limitation of the typical plastic is its low mechanical strength. Readily molded into any imaginable shape, it still cannot compare with metal in shock resistance or ability to stand heavy stress. Glass fibers, on the other hand, have enormous tensile strength. Combining the two is like reinforcing concrete with steel rods. The new material is nearly twice as strong as plywood of equal weight and has all the special advantages of plastic for easy molding, plus the strength of metals many times as heavy.

Engineers see great possibilities for reinforced plastics: thin, featherweight plane bodies to give greater safety and lower landing speeds in light models; cleaner designs for refrigerators, stoves, lamps and a hundred other household furnishings; lighter car, truck and bus bodies (when plastics become cheap enough to compete with metal); more compact molded articles of endless variety. The world of tomorrow will be built on the principle of strength divorced from weight. Glass threads will make plastics a real contender in this field. ★★★

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How We Came to Paris

Continued from page 14

within an hour of leaving Rambo… proceeded through Chevreuse and S… lès-Chevreuses where we had for… patrols and were well known to … inhabitants, from whom we had … information and with whom we had … considerable quantities of armagn… the ever-present discontent of our … who were very Paris-conscious at … In those days I had found that the … of an excellent bottle of any sort of … beverage was the only way of ending … ment.

After we had proceeded through … lès-Chevreuses, where we were … claimed by the local *charcutier*, butcher, who had participated … operations and been cockeyed ever… made a slight error in preceding th… to a village called Courcelle. There … informed that there were no vehic… of us and, greatly to the disgust of … who wished to proceed on what the… to be the shortest route into Par… turned to St. Remy-lès-Chevreuse … the armored column which was … toward Châteaufort. Our return w… with considerable alarm by the l… *cutier*. But when we explained the… to him he acclaimed us wildly … downing a couple of quick one… vanced resolutely toward Toussus … where I knew the column would ha…

The Beauty of Tanks

At this point I knew there would … man opposition just ahead of us a… our right at Le Christ de Saclay … mans had dug and blasted out a … defense points between Château… Toussus le Noble and beyond the … Past the airdrome toward Buc the … that commanded all that stretch … As we came closer to where the … operating around Trappes I becam… ingly apprehensive.

The French armor operated be… On the road toward Toussus le Noble … we knew there were Germans with … guns in the wheat shocks, the tanks … and screened both of our flanks an… them rolling ahead through the … wheat field as though they were … vers. No one saw the Germans … came out with their hands up after … had passed. It was a beautiful use … that problem child of war, and it … to see.

When we ran up against the s… and four 88s the Germans had … airfield, the French handled the fight pretty, too. Their artillery was back in another open wheat field, and when the German guns—four of which had been brought up during the night and were firing absolutely in the open—cut loose on the column, the French mechanized artillery slammed into them. You could not hear with the German shells coming in, the 20-mm. firing, and the machine-gun fire crashing overhead, but the French underground leader who had correlated the information on the German dispositions shouted into my ear, "The contact is beautiful. Just where we said. Beautiful."

It was much too beautiful for me, who had never been a great lover of contact anyway, and I hit the deck as an 88 shell burst alongside the road. Contact is a very noisy business and, since our column was held up at this point, the more forceful and active of the guerrillas aided in reconstructing the road which had been churned into soup by the armor. This kept their minds from the contact taking place all around us. They filled in the mudholes with bricks and tiles from a smashed house, and passed along chunks of cement and pieces of house from hand to hand. It was raining hard all this time, and by the time the contact was over, the column had two dead and five wounded, one tank burned up, and had knocked out two of the seven enemy tanks and silenced all of the 88s.

"*C'est un bel accrochage*," the underground leader said to me jubilantly.

This means something like "We have grappled with them prettily" or "We tied into them beautifully," searching in mind for the exact meaning of *accrochage*, which is what happens when two cars lock bumpers.

I shouted, "Prettily! Prettily!"

At which a young French lieutenant, who did not have the air of having been mixed up in too many *accrochages* in his time but who, for all I know may have participated in hundreds of them, said to me, "Who the hell are you and what are you doing here in our column?"

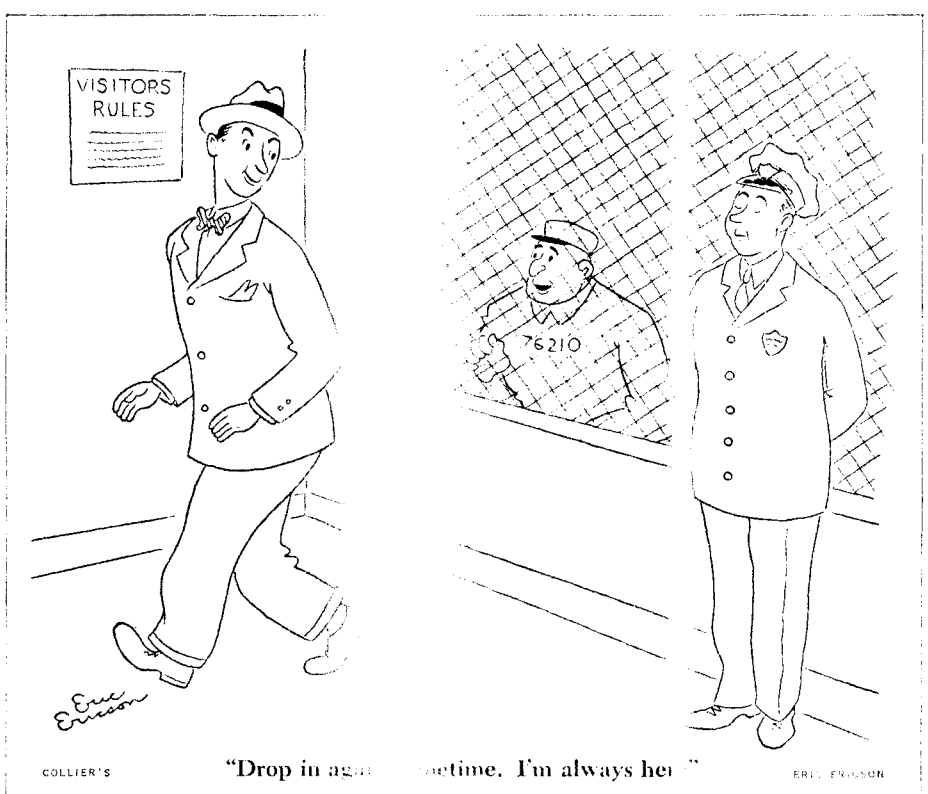
"I am a war correspondent, monsieur," I replied.

The lieutenant shouted: "Do not let any war correspondents proceed until the column has passed. And especially do not let this one proceed."

"Okay, my lieutenant," the M.P. said. "I will keep an eye on them."

"And none of that guerrilla rabble, either," the lieutenant ordered. "None of that is to pass until all the column has gone through."

"My lieutenant," I said, "the rabble will



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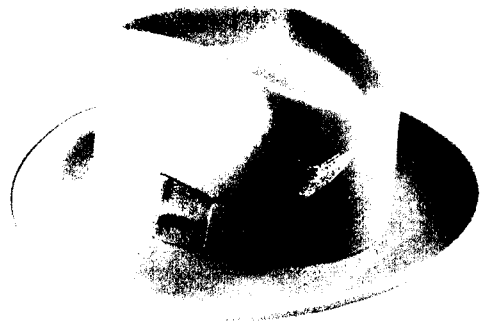

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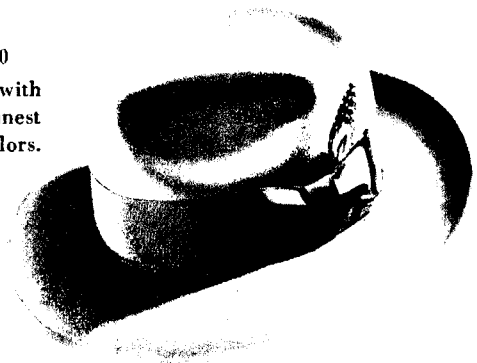

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be removed from sight once this little ... *chage* is finished and the column ha... ceeded."

"What do you mean—this little ... *chage*?" he demanded, and I feared ha... might be creeping into his voice.

Since we were not to advance farthe... the column, I took evasive action ... point and waded down the road to ... Numerous guerrillas were seated in it si... happily and passing the time of day w... lovely Spanish girl from Bilbao whom ... last met on the famous two-way, or... open patrol point just outside the tow... Cognières. This was the town we to... take from the Germans whenever or... their vehicles pulled out of it, and they ... return whenever we stepped off the ... This girl had been following wars and... ceding troops since she was fifteen ye... and the guerrillas were paying no att... to the *accrochage* at all.

Refreshment Between Battles

A guerrilla chief named C said, "H... drink of this excellent white wine." ... a long drink from the bottle and it ... out to be a highly alcoholic liqueur ... of oranges and called Grand Marnier.

A stretcher was coming back ... wounded man on it. "Look," a guerrill... "these military are constantly sufferin... alties. Why do they not allow us to p... ahead in a sensible manner?"

"Okay, okay," said another guer... G.I. fatigue clothes, with the brassard ... *francs-tireurs* on his sleeve. "What ... the comrades who were killed yester... the road?"

Another said, "But today we're go... Paris."

"Let's go back and see if we can ... by Le Christ de Saclay," I said. "... has arrived and they won't let us go ... farther until the column has passe... roads are too muddy and torn up he... could push the light touring cars ... but the truck might bog down ... things."

"We can push through by a side ... the guerrilla chief named C said. ... when do we have to follow columns."

"I think it is best to go back as ... Châteaufort," I said. "Maybe we ... much faster that way."

On the crossroads outside Châteauf... found Colonel B and Commander ... had become detached from us before ... run into the *accrochage*, and told the... the beautiful contact up the road. ... tillery was still firing in the open whe... and the two gallant officers had found ... lunch in a farmhouse. French troop... the column were burning the wooden ... that had held the shells the artille... been blasting with, and we took off ... clothes and dried them at the fire. ... prisoners were drifting in, and an off... the column asked us to send the g... up to where a group of Germans ... surrendered in the ... brought them back i... all the prisoners alive ...

"This is idiotic, yo... the oldest one of th... someone has to feed th...

The prisoners said ... ers in Paris and had ... and put in the positio... morning.

"Do you believe tha... the oldest guerrilla.

"It could be possib... yesterday," I said.

"This entire milita... me," the oldest guerril... one and had a thin, ... blue eyes, and a rare ... of our group were tort... Germans. I have be... by them, and they wou... knew who I was. Now ... them carefully and res...

"They are not your ... The military took the...

The rain turned to ... and then the sky cl... were sent back to R... German truck that the ... quite rightly was anx... column for the momen... the M.P. on the cross... could rejoin us, we d...

We caught up with ... road this side of the ... highway and moved w... deeply wooded valley ... fields where there wa... watched the tanks dep... ing dogs outside a m... They had fought once ... had gone back to s... Christ de Saclay w... burned-out tank and ... One of these had been ... it in a way that left ... armor when prope...

On the main Versail...

...heat shocks. They ... good military style, ...d well.

"This is idiotic, you know, my captain," ... band said. "Now ...m."

...ey were office work... ...ly been brought out ... at one o'clock this ...

... sort of stuff?" asked ...

... They weren't here ...

... nonsense disgusts ... said. He was forty-... sharp face with clear ... fine smile. "Eleven ...ed and shot by these ... beaten and kicked ... have shot me if they ...e are asked to guard ...cefully."

...soners," I explained. ..."

... light drifting mist ...red. The prisoners ...nbouillet in the big ...nderground big shot ...us to get out of the ... Leaving word with ...ads where the truck ...ve on after the col...

... the tanks on a side ...nain Versailles-Paris ...h them down into a ...and out into green ...n old château. We ...y again, like watch-...ving band of sheep, ...p ahead of us while ... if the road through ... free, and we passed ...three dead Germans. ...n over and flattened ... doubt of the power ... used.

...-Villacoublay high-...y the column proce... ...ed past the wreck... ...rdrome of Villacoub... ...y to the crossroads ...f the Porte Clamart. ... ...re, while the column ...as stopped, a Fren... ...man came running ...p and reported a s... ...ll German tank on ...he road that led into ...e woods. I searched ...he road with my glas... ...s but could not see ...anything. In the m... ...ntime, the German ...ehicle, which was no ... tank but a lightly ...rmored German jeep ...mounting a machine ...gun and a 20-mm. gu... ...made a turn in the ...oods and came tear... ...up the road, firing ...at the crossroads.

Everyone started s... ...oting at it, but it ...wheeled and regained ... the woods. Archie ...Pelkey, my driver, got ...n two shots at it but ...could not be sure that ...e had hit. Two men ...ere hit and were car... ...d into the lee of the ...corner building for fi... ...aid. The guerrillas ...were happy now that ...shooting had started ...again.

"We have nice wor... ...ahead of us. Good work ahead of us," the guerrilla with the sharp face and the light blue eyes said. "I'm happy some of the b——s are still here."

"Do you think we will have much more chance to fight?" the guerrilla named C asked.

"Certainly," I said. "There's bound to be some of them in the town."

My own war aim at this moment was to get into Paris without being shot. Our necks had been out for a long time. Paris was going to be taken. I took cover in all the street fighting—the solidest cover available—and with someone covering the stairs behind me when we were in houses or the entrances to apartment houses.

From now on, the advance of the column was something to see. Ahead of us would be a barricade of felled trees. The tanks would pass around them or butt them around like elephants handling logs. You would see the tanks charge into a barricade of old motorcars and go smashing on ahead with a jalopy bouncing along, its smashed fenders entangled in the tracks. Armor, which can be so vulnerable and so docile in the close hedgerow country where it is a prey to antitank guns, bazookas and anyone who does not fear it, was smashing round like so many drunken elephants in a native village.

Ahead and on our left, a German ammunition dump was burning, and the varicolored antiaircraft projectiles were bursting in the continuous rattle and pop of the exploding 20-mm. stuff. The larger projectiles started to explode as the heat increased, and gave the impression of a bombardment. I couldn't locate Archie Pelkey, but later I found he had advanced on the burning munitions dump, thinking it was a fight.

"There wasn't nobody there, Papa," he said; "it was just a lot of ammunition burning."

"Don't go off by yourself," I said. "How did you know we didn't want to roll?"

"Okay, Papa. Sorry, Papa. I understand, Papa. Only, Mr. Hemingway, I went off with *Frère* the one who is my brother because I thought he said there was a fight."

"Oh, hell!" I said. "You've been ruined by guerrillas."

A Kid with Some Fireworks

We ran through the road where the munitions dump was exploding, with Archie, who has bright red hair, six years of regular Army, four words of French, a missing front tooth, and a *Frère* in a guerrilla outfit, laughing heartily at the noise the big stuff was making as it blew.

"Sure is popping off, Papa," he shouted. His freckled face was completely happy. "They say this Paris is quite a town, Papa. You ever been into it?"

"Yeah."

We were going downhill now, and I knew that road and what we would see when we made the next turn.

"*Frère*, he was telling me something about it while the column was held up, but I couldn't make it out," Archie said. "All I could make out was it must be a hell of a place. Something about he was going to *Paname*, too. This place hasn't got anything to do with Panama, has it?"

"No, Arch," I said, "the French call it *Paname* when they love it very much."

"I see," Archie said. "*Compris*. Just like something you might call a girl that wouldn't be her right name. Right?"

"Right."

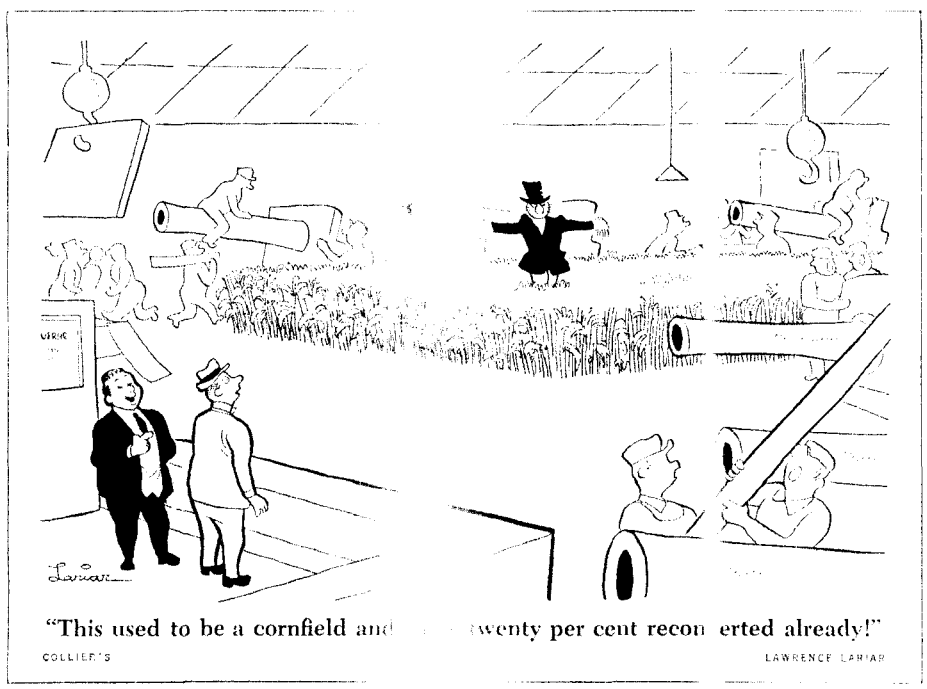
"I couldn't make out what the hell *Frère* was saying," Archie said. "I guess it's like they call me Jim. Everybody in the outfit calls me Jim, and my name is Archie."

"Maybe they like you," I said.

"They're a good outfit," Archie said. "Best outfit I ever been with. No discipline. Got to admit that. Drinking all the time. Got to admit that. But plenty fighting outfit. Nobody gives a damn if they get killed or not. *Compris?*"

"Yeah," I said. I couldn't say anything more then, because I had a funny choke in my throat and I had to clean my glasses because there now, below us, gray and always beautiful, was spread the city I love best in all the world.

THE END



"This used to be a cornfield and ... wenty per cent recon ...erted already!"

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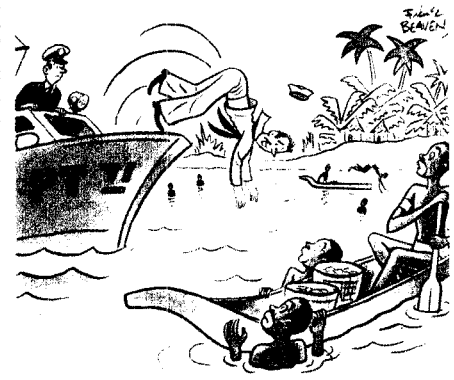

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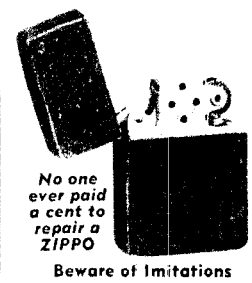

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Arthur had been flaming to make the world safe for democracy and his brave cynicism had brought tears to her eyes. She was in love with him by the time they reached Chicago

RETURN TRIP

BY NANCY BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

AS SHE sat in the club car, the journey began to seem to Liz Warren like a recurrent dream. Was she really traveling west with a handsome officer in dress pinks? Or was she again riding with a younger Army private in his campaign hat and untidy puttees? But no. Her hair was now an improbable blue-gray, sleeked back from a brown face. Her mouth was fuchsia, no longer natural pink. And she was, now, soignée, distinguished and just a touch raffish.

Even her name had been Beth, not Liz, when that first young soldier had—well!—picked her up on the train that was shunted to a siding so often to let troop trains pass. She had worn a navy-blue coat and—actually, if you could believe it—gray spats. She even remembered how that wonderful, earlier dream had begun. "You're very sweet," the private had said.

The officer's voice brought her back to the present: "Fresh drink, Liz?"

She nodded and he rang.

Tommy was, she thought smugly, the handsomest man on the train, and she noticed that the pretty girl opposite was eying her with resentment. You think I'm cradle-snatching, she thought. And why not? It's nice work, dear.

The steward clipped a new tray to her chair, opened a tiny bottle of whisky, splashed in soda, and Tommy tipped him nicely. It was fun, Liz thought, to travel with someone who did things well.

She felt a wave of depression as she considered their destination. At Chicago, Tommy would fly on to some unspecified spot in the Pacific, and she would go, prosaically, to Kansas City to see her mother as she had been doing in that other war. Only that time the soldier had been en route to camp.

Here she was saying goodby to Tommy a second time. She thought: It's tempting Fate. It's saying, You knocked him down once, but he got up. So take another crack.

Hysteria mounted in her, and she put her hand over Tommy's. He turned his palm upward, to clasp hers, and her panic somewhat subsided. "Don't cling," she admonished herself. She grinned at him, wrinkling her short nose. "You're very handsome, Lieutenant," she said.

She got up, remembering to hold her stomach in, to stand tall. Bad carriage always betrayed age in a woman. "Back in a moment," she said, dropping her hand on his shoulder. The eyes of the girl opposite were contemptuous. Little fool, Liz thought amiably.

In the dressing room she made the minor repairs so frequently necessary if she were to remain smooth, and approved of her gray suit and immaculate white blouse. You learned, in time, how to stay immaculate on trains. It was, definitely, an art. It was an art she had not possessed on that 1917 journey. Her hair then had been fluffy and not too well managed.

"How proper we were," she sighed, and smiled. And how we talked about ourselves. Girls simply had no idea, then or now, of the value of reticence.

Arthur had been flaming to make the world safe for democracy. He had been inclined, too, to quote at length from the Rubáiyát. His brave cynicism had brought tears to her eyes. She was seventeen, and he, at twenty-two, had seemed the epitome of sophistication.

BY THE time they reached Chicago in the cold predawn, she was in love with Arthur and she did not even know his last name, nor did he know hers. For, of course, nice girls did not tell their names to strangers.

Her train did not leave till 10 A.M.

"Do you have to go to a hotel?" he asked.

Stunned with grief at parting from him forever (for of course she knew he would be killed), she had shaken her head.

"We could sit in the station," he said. "We could walk along the lake front. We could have breakfast together. . . ."

Staying up all night had seemed frightfully romantic. They sat on the high-backed benches, and she had been oblivious to the sordid confusion of the drafty old station. Turned to each other they made an island of enchanted quiet in chaos.

Once she thought she felt his arm along the seat back. Her breath had caught, and she got quite faint—until, at last, she discovered it was only her coat that touched her shoulder.

What fools girls are, Liz thought now, amused and tender.

Breakfast after their icy walk was intimate magic. At her train he slipped a slim book into her pocket. They shook hands for goodby. And she was weak with unshed tears. When he was gone, she opened the book. It was his worn copy of the Rubáiyát. "For Beth, a very wonderful person. December, 1917," he had written in it.

"I'll never forget him." She had wept.

Well, I never did, Liz thought now. I merely married him.

Re-lining her fuchsia mouth, she thought that Arthur *had* been endearing in spite of the clichés, the poesy, the whimsy. We all behaved like fugitives from a Barrie play then, she thought, with amused nostalgia. If Arthur had lived I'd be different. I'd be stout and frankly middle-aged, with a litter of children. I'd not be worrying for fear I show my age. I'd not be a career woman *or* the life of parties too young for me.

She adjusted her insane hat to a more ridiculous angle and returned to Tommy. "You look heavenly, pet," he said. Bless him, he always noticed. Would she, when he was gone again, let down? Probably. For, without Tommy to dress for, who was there? Too many catty women and too few and just as catty older men. That was all.

"Want to play gin?" Tommy asked.

She shook her head. "Not at the moment. I'm engaged in reviewing my dark past. This habit of escorting young men to their wars has got to stop. I'm beginning to feel historical—like Barbara Frietchie."

"Silly girl," Tommy said, but his gaze was on the girl opposite, and Liz grinned a little smugly to herself.

I'll bet he loathes all that hair, she thought. He likes his woman trim, like me.

The past again engaged her. Stuck, to his annoyance, in a Southern camp because of his genius for organization, Arthur had written her daily at first, then twice and thrice a day. Then he secured a furlough and went west to visit her. And when he returned to camp, she went with him, married by a J.P.—to her mother's horror. They had six months before he went overseas.

"And that was that," Liz ended it, shutting her mind. Now was no time to think of young men killed in battle.

OUTSIDE the train windows, dusk was darkening the flying prairies, and lights were beginning to come on in scattered farmhouses when Liz again emerged from the dressing room, having made herself a new face for dinner. She swung jauntily into the door of the club car, her best smile ready for Tommy. And then she stopped.

For Tommy was not, as usual, impatiently awaiting her. He was, for once, not even conscious of her. He had moved across to sit beside the blond glamor child and was leaning forward to light her cigarette. There was something so intimate in his look as he did it that Liz was startled. He settled back in his chair, caressing eyes still upon the girl and broke into a shout of delighted laughter at something she said.

Why he's like he used to be before the war, Liz thought.

He did not wear that eager look for her. She stood still, desolation spreading in her. I'm old, she thought forlornly. This was the thing she was always steeling herself to face. Then she turned away toward her own compartment.

She was lying back, her eyes closed, when Tommy came to take her in to dinner, but she sat up and smiled brilliantly at him as he spoke to her.

"Look," she said. "That's a cute child in the club car. Why don't you ask her to dinner? You could have them send in something for me. I—find I'm a little tired."

He protested affectionately. He was sufficiently reluctant, but Liz had seen his face come alive at her words, and luckily the tears had no chance to fall. "You're swell, Mom," was all he said. Then all in a rush his arms were around her, his cheek hard against her own.

a short short story complete on this page

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Lay that Pistol Down

Continued from page 17

sound, like tapping the sound box of a violin. A tiny old lady opened the door. She had smooth pink cheeks and a snowdrift of hair.

"Mrs. Wainwright?" I asked.

"Why, yes."

"My name is Blake. I came to you for help on a private matter I'm working on."

She said, "Please come in, Captain Blake." Then her lips trembled a little, and she added, "You aren't trying to cover up bad news, are you? About my grandson?"

"Oh, no. Do you have a grandson in the Army?"

"In the Bomber Command, those great big airplanes. He's a gunner. I just had a letter from him yesterday saying he had polished off two Zeros. I've been worrying about him. What does he mean by Zeros? And why do they have him polishing them?"

"They're Jap fighter planes, Mrs. Wainwright. He shot them down."

"My! Think of that boy polishing off two Zeros! It seems very impressive. Of course I know it wouldn't seem that way to you because—"

"It's very impressive," I said. "The only thing I've polished off is the seat of a Pentagon swivel chair."

She patted my arm and said gently, "I know how you feel. The way I do when they only take a half-pint of my blood at the Red Cross."

I followed her into the living room and we sat down. "I haven't any right to bother you about this matter," I said, "so please stop me any time you want. Your husband was an antique dealer, wasn't he?"

"Yes. We had a shop downtown on F Street for about thirty years."

"Sometime in the past few years did he receive a collection of twenty-five old pistols from somewhere in Europe?"

"Isn't that odd," she said. "You're the third person who has asked about that collection recently. The other two were here, one about four months ago, one about five."

"The first one was a redheaded girl and the second a leading-man type with a Gable mustache. Right?"

"Not nice like Mr. Gable, though. How did you know?"

"Mrs. Wainwright, I'm afraid I can't explain. All I can say is that something valuable came over with those pistols."

"I knew it," she said calmly. "My husband and I both knew it. But we never received the letter that was to explain everything. And by the time the collection arrived my husband had died suddenly and we had paid a great deal of money for the collection and I couldn't find anything and I had to sell the collection piecemeal. It was quite a loss."

"Would you tell me all about it?"

SHE rocked in a frail old ladder-back chair, and said, "My husband and Greg Allison grew up together. I liked Greg so much. He was such a happy little man. He went to Czechoslovakia after the last war, to help build their industries. He was an expert on metals. I think he did research. He was very successful and married a Czech girl and apparently took out Czech citizenship."

"Why do you say apparently?"

"Because he had such trouble trying to get out, after the Germans broke the Munich Pact and took over the whole country."

"What kind of work did he do?"

"He was head of a big laboratory. I think it did research in metals. It was in a big plant called Skoda."

My skin tingled, and a few odd bits of the puzzle fell into place. The Czechs had made some of the best guns and tanks in the world at Skoda. It was one of the first objectives of the German columns that rolled into Czechoslovakia early in 1939.

Skoda's giant works had been given a big role in the German plans. Of course, they wouldn't let a Skoda research chief get away.

A picture of Greg Allison flashed into my mind. I could see a small elderly figure marching grimly through his plant knocking the diamond points from gleaming machine tools. I remembered the Ordnance major saying, "It might cost a long delay to replace them." One man couldn't stop the panzer divisions, but he might delay them. Maybe, there at Skoda, a little guy named Greg Allison had stopped a panzer division that had been scheduled for Dunkerque.

"Were you going to say something?" Mrs. Wainwright asked.

I CLEARED my throat, gulped. "He was a good guy," I said. "Sometime I'll tell you what I was thinking. He didn't get out, of course?"

"I don't think so. The last we heard from him was in June of 1939."

"What about the pistols?"

"Well, Greg had always collected antique pistols; he used to write us about new ones he had bought."

"The twenty-five pistols, then, were ones Mr. Allison had been collecting for a long time?"

"Yes. He was trying to cover the history of hand arms in his collection. In April of 1939 Greg wrote that he could get out of Czechoslovakia, with his family, if he paid certain fees and fines amounting to twenty thousand dollars. He wrote that he had nothing left but his collection of twenty-five valuable old pistols. He could send them out of the country for sale."

"But where was your friend going to get the twenty thousand?"

"From us. For the collection."

"That's a lot more than they were worth, even with—" I stopped myself from saying "even with the diamonds." There would be time enough to explain later, after the whole business was cleared up.

"We knew that," she said, not noticing the way I had interrupted myself. "But for one thing, we would have done anything to help Greg. And for another, Greg got a hidden message across in his letter. He and my husband used to have a boyhood code. They had both used it, just for fun, even after they grew up. Greg used a phrase, I forget it now, that meant he was sending hidden treasure."

"And you sent the money?"

"Yes. It took us a month to get it because we had to sell things. We cabled it, and in June Greg wrote that the money had arrived and that the collection was on its way. There was a code sentence in his letter that meant 'Wait for next message.' The collection arrived in August but I never received another message. Of course I wouldn't have been able to translate one of their code messages anyway, because my husband died a little while before the collection came."

"You didn't get anything like twenty thousand when you sold the pistols, did you?"

"About four thousand. Some of the pistols brought quite a bit and others very little. I had to start selling them two years ago and the last one went this past winter. Do you want to know who bought them? I kept a list, but a few names are missing."

"Did the redheaded girl, and the man, get the list?"

"Oh, yes. Both of them took copies."

I thought about that. Kit and Stuart had a four-month start on that list. There was no use trying to compete on that basis. "I don't need a copy right now," I said. "Maybe later. And you haven't any idea what the 'hidden treasure' was?"

"None at all."

"You've been very patient," I said, getting up. "That collection owes you at least sixteen thousand dollars. Maybe I can get it for you."

She escorted me to the door, and said, "Please don't worry about it. I don't need much. And I still have a few nice pieces of

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urniture I can sell. I wish you'd come
or tea, Captain, as soon as you can
"Thank you," I said. "I will."

On my way back to the center of
liscovered that it was almost three
ind that it had been a long time since
ast. I went into a cafeteria. While
orted my new facts. Things were m
ittle more sense. A Skoda researc
ad managed to smuggle something
past the Germans. He himself hadn
ged to escape, or to inform the Warw
what the smuggled thing was. But so
he information had inched across th
ured map of Europe, until at last
picked up by a redheaded dancer in
unit.

The answer to all this couldn't be
diamonds. The diamonds had merel
expenses; something else was the jack
had to find out why Stuart carried a
emery wheel, and why Kit Hawley ca
metal file.

But meanwhile another answer co
picked up near by: the answer
WANTED FOR BURGLARY poste
scraps of the poster were in my po
hunted through them and found the
carrying the address of the job press
they had been printed. It was on Four
Street Northwest, only four blocks
In spite of what I had said to Arab, the
really saw it, the police didn't even kn
a girl named Kit Hawley existed. The
was a phony . . . and I was going to p

I WALKED to the job printing pla
spread the scraps on the counter a
gan sorting them. A man in a black
poked his head into the office and sa
the clatter of a flat-bed press and li
"Be with you in a minute." Then h

Answers to
SPEAKING OF PRESIDENTS
(page 57)

1. FALSE	**6. FALSE**
2. TRUE	**7. TRUE**
3. TRUE	**8. TRUE**
4. TRUE	**9. TRUE**
5. FALSE	**10. TRUE**

what I was doing, and came to the co
"Oh, yes," he said, chuckling.
poster."
"Nice reproduction of the photo."
"You can't go wrong with hundred
screen on good paper. Did it go over
"I don't know. How was it supposed
over?"
"Why, at the party! The crime pa
guy was giving."
"Was that the excuse for it?"
"Now wait, now wait," he said. The
ink on his face, sticky roller ink, and
starting to sweat black drops. "A gu
in here last week and got me to ma
these posters as a gag for a party
giving. You get lots of screwy job
print shop. Is there something quee
this?"
"Uh-huh. There is a Manassas
Virginia. There is a J. J. Copper
sheriff. But there wasn't any party."
"What was it?" he asked hoarsely
mail? Framing somebody? What's th
in it for? Am I in a bad jam?"
"It's not Army, and I don't know w
you're in a bad jam or not. Would
able to describe this guy?"
"About five four. Big ears. Skinn
took an aspirin pill."

I swore under my breath. It ha
Jake. I should have known that Stua
too smart to do any job that migh
back at him. "Could you describe h
court?" I asked.
"If I got to. Listen, what's it all a
"I'll let you know when I clear it
long."

I walked down the street trying
myself in Stuart's place. He had need
get Jake and Kit out of circulation.
know whether or not he had had an
with Jake, but he had taken care
neatly. He had the poster printed an

showed it to Kit, eith
to frighten her into
leaving town or into
iding. It had been a
nice job, even down t
the thumbtack marks
on the corners of the
oster. I went into a
corner drugstore, look
d up the number of
J. J. Copperthwaite, s
eriff, and called him.

The call went thro
h and a deep voice,
soft and slow as molas
es, answered. I asked
for the sheriff.

"This is the sheriff,
on."

"My name is Blai
," I said. "Sheriff,
would it be illegal f
me to have a fake
'Wanted' poster mad
up as a joke for a
party? A poster usin
your name?"

"I don't rightly k
w, son," the voice
drawled. "I might n
like it but I'd have
to find out if it's agai
the law. What kind
of 'Wanted' poster?"

"One saying 'Want
d for Burglary' and
with a girl's photo on
it."

"Just any girl, son
Or have you some
particular girl in min
?"

I decided that there
as no reason to hide
anything. It wouldn't
urt to make sure that
Kit was in the clear.
A girl named Katha-
rine Hawley," I said.

"That's mighty inte
sting, son. I thought
there was some conn
ction. I had a call
fifteen minutes ago as
ng if I had a poster
out for a Katharine
Hawley."

My throat tightened
"Who was the call
from?" I asked hoarse
."

"That's another inte
sting thing, son. She
said she was Mrs. Blak
Any kin of yours?"

"My wife. What d
you tell her?"

"I told her I never h
ard of any Katharine
Hawley. She hung u
before I could ask
what it was all about.
didn't—"

"Sheriff," I said des
erately, "I can't talk
now."

The slow voice soun
d hurt. "You don't,"
he said, "want me to
hink all you Blakes
are flighty, do you? N
w just take a minute,
son, and—"

"Call you back," I s
d, and hung up.

My fingers tripped e
ch other hunting for
ten cents, and I calle
our house number.
I had taken Arab too l
htly. I had held out
on her about the post
, to make sure that
she wouldn't get into
ny trouble while I
was gone. And she
d thought about it
until she became sus
cious, and checked
with the sheriff. Befor
aking Arab lightly I
should have got myself
n condition by kick-
ing land mines around.
The bell at the other
end of the line rang a
rang. I flashed the
operator. She insisted
she was ringing the
right number. We tried
again and still there
was no answer.

I gave up, and ran
ut onto Fourteenth
Street. I had to get
me fast. Arab had
gone somewhere, prob
bly hunting Kit. It
was no use trying to
uess where she had
gone but maybe she
ad left a note. I
hailed a few taxis, but
didn't have a prayer.
It was after five, and
e State Department
and Treasury and the b
ildings along Consti-
tution were pouring pe
ple onto the streets.
Every taxi in sight was
agging on its springs
with a full load.

AFTER wasting five
inutes I hurried to
the Virginia bus
erminal at Twelfth
and Pennsylvania and
aught the five-fifteen.
The ride to the end of
e line was slow tor-
ture. It was almost se
n when I stumbled
into our house. A not
lay on the table in
the living room. I read
and groaned. Arab
had written:

"Darling: I have fou
d out the most ex-
iting thing about the
oster. It's a fake!
And I have an idea wh
e Kit may be! I'm
not breaking my word.
ecause I only prom-
ised to forget the pisto
business, and this is
different. Sit tight and
I'll call you. Love
e' . . . Arab."

All I could do was w
t, and walk grooves
into the floor. Arab h
dn't taken our car
so she could have cov
ed a lot of distance
bus in two hours. I
layed with the idea
calling the sheriff
nd trying to coax
m to arrest Stuart.
It wouldn't work,
though. I didn't have
nything on Stuart
unless I could prove he
ad used the poster
intimidate Kit. To
rove that, I would
ve to find Kit. To
d Kit I needed to
find Arab. That brou
ht me right back
here I had started.

At eight o'clock the
hone rang. In my
ate it sounded like a
e alarm. I knocked

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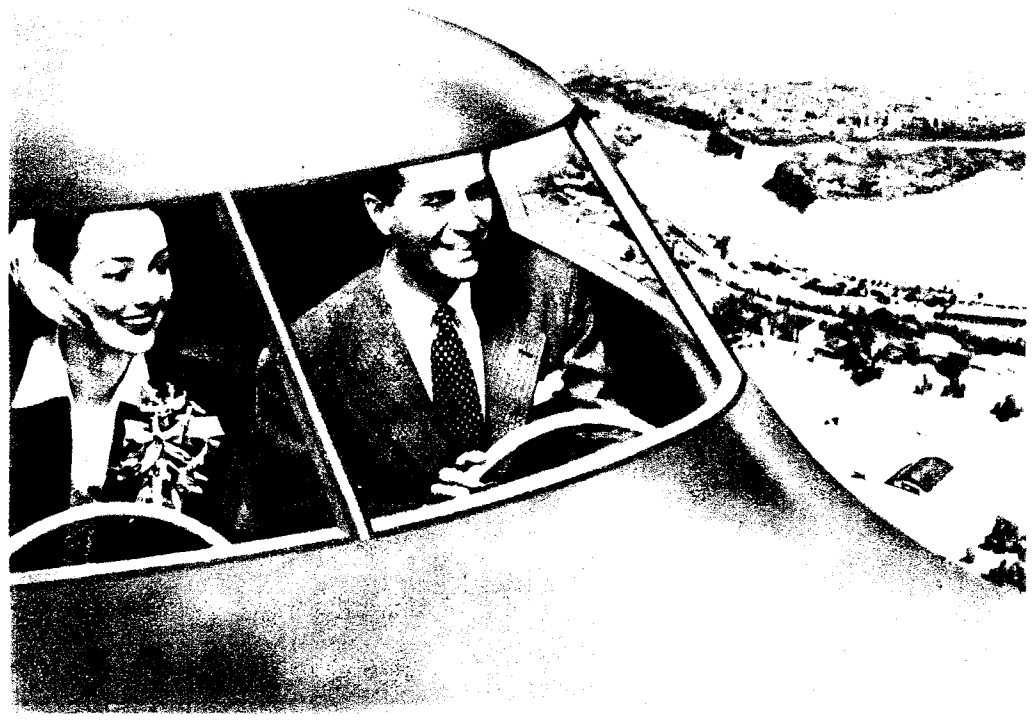

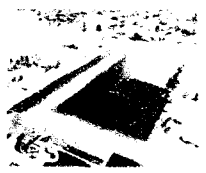

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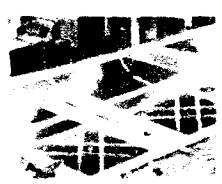

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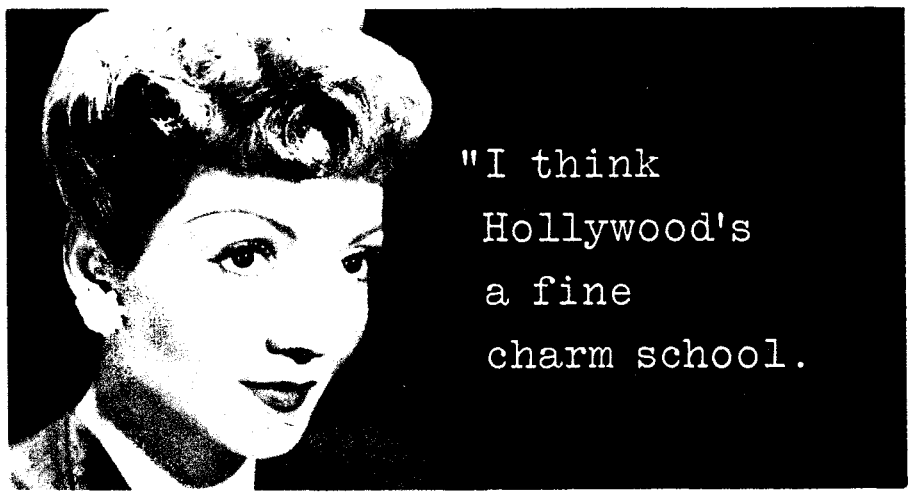

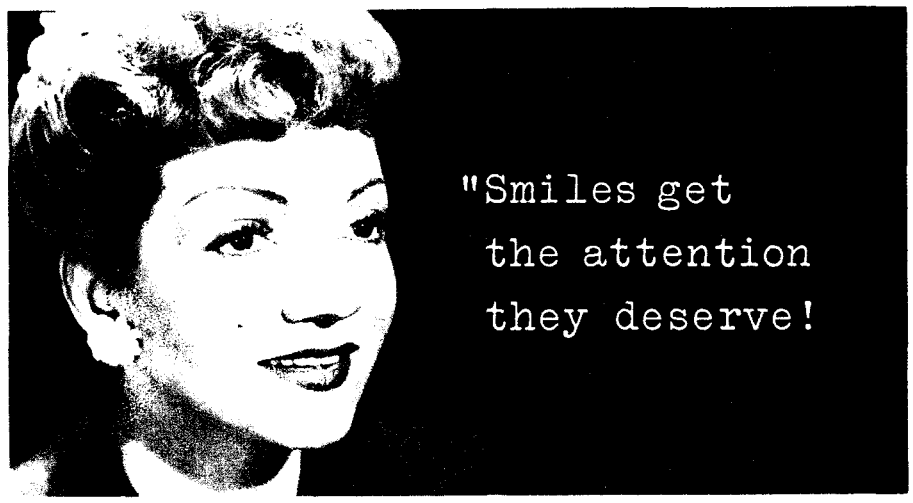

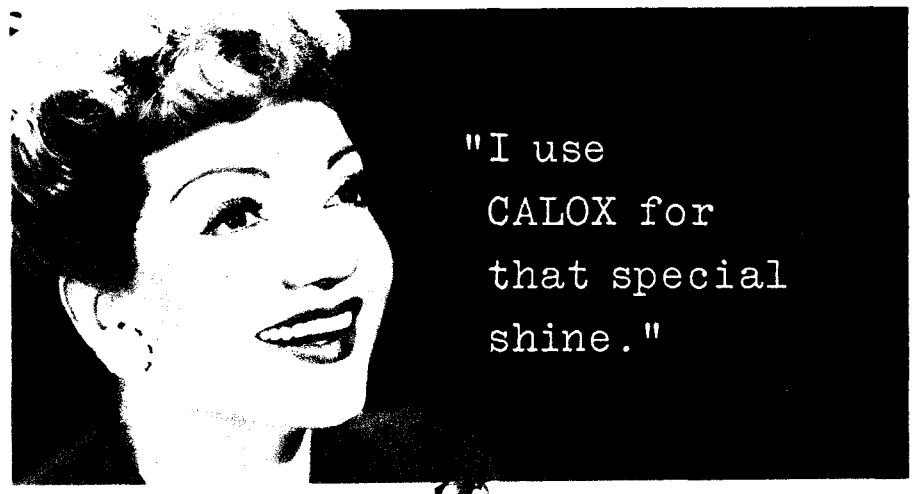

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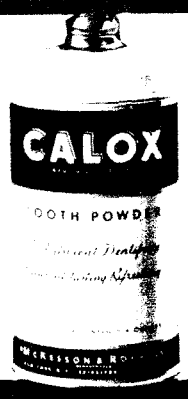

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over a chair and a table lamp, and reached the phone before the lamp hit the floor. It smashed just as I lifted the receiver.

"Oh!" Arab's voice said. "What was that?"

"A man here went nuts," I snarled. "They're sending guys in white coats for him. He says his name's Blake."

"I'm awfully sorry, Andy, but I had to do it. I called the sheriff and found the poster was a fake and I couldn't let Kit stay in a jam like that. Listen."

Another voice came on the line, a soft contralto, with a purr in it like a cat asking to be stroked. "Hello, darling," the voice crooned. "This is Kit. I've decided to withdraw my charges against you."

"What," I growled, "were the charges? Orderly conduct?"

She laughed mockingly. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll be good from now on. I've decided that your girl friend is okay. So she can keep you if she wants."

Arab wasn't on the line but I could hear her say, "You couldn't get Andy away from me even if you hitched him to a prime mover! And furthermore—"

"Oh, couldn't I?" Kit asked.

APPARENTLY she put the phone down and there was a funny click and for a moment I thought the connection was broken. But then I heard a sharp crackle of voices. I yelled and yelled into the transmitter until I won a little attention.

"Would you mind," I asked, "calling off the atrocities long enough to tell me where you are?"

"I thought you knew," Arab said. "We're calling from Stuart's place."

I tried to keep my voice down to a scream. "FROM WHERE?"

"From Stuart's house. It was the logical place for him to take Kit. Because of the poster she thought the police were after her. But everything's straightened out now. Don't get excited. Stuart isn't here."

"And if he walks in right now you'll make him go back because he didn't yell here-I-come-ready-or-not?"

She giggled. "He won't come. It's only eight o'clock. He keeps his shop open until nine. We were hoping you'd bring the car for us."

"I ought to bring a padded cell. How do I get there?"

She described the route to Stuart's house, in the country three miles south of Alexandria. "Please don't drive fast, Andy," she asked. "A quarter mile before you reach his driveway the road hooks sharply left and there's an old quarry filled with water to the right. I noticed it walking up here. It isn't fenced very well and of course it's a back road and has no lights."

"Okay. It'll take me twenty minutes. I'll blow the horn three times and you come out. Don't keep any lights on in the house, just in case."

"All right, darling. By."

She hung up. I shook my head sadly, wondering how she had ever lived so long. I started to replace the phone . . . and suddenly my nerves began tingling like live wires. Arab had hung up, but the circuit was still complete. Somebody was listening.

If the connection had been broken there should have been a dial tone, or an operator cutting in to say number, please. There was only silence. It wasn't a flat absence of sound, but the vibrant silence of a dark room where somebody is waiting, holding his breath. Waiting to jump at you. I held the receiver to my ear for what seemed like hours. All I could hear was my body making all kinds of noise. My heart sounded like a grandfather's clock in a haunted house. My knuckles squeaked as they tightened around the phone. And then, across the miles of wire, I heard the sigh of breath being exhaled and the faint click of a receiver. The dial tone came on.

I lowered the phone into the cradle and pried my fingers loose. Either Stuart's phone was a party line, or it had an extension. I remembered hearing a funny click just as Arab and Kit started squabbling. That had been somebody picking up another phone and getting on the circuit. Whoever it was, the listener had heard where Arab and Kit were, and what they were doing, and when and how they were going to leave. I grabbed the phone book and looked up Roy Stuart. My hand started shaking so that the print blurred.

Both his home and his shop had the same number.

I dialed the number. A thin voice said, "This is the Antique Shop." It was Stuart's elderly clerk.

"Is Mr. Stuart there?"

"He just this minute left," the man said.

"Where did he go? This is important."

"Oh my. I don't know. He rushed out in an awful hurry and all he said was close up at the usual time. He left his car at a gas station to have the oil changed and I suppose he went there to get it, but I don't really remember the name of the station except that it's down the road a half mile and—"

"Then was he going home?"

"Maybe he was. I don't know. He just came rushing out of his office in the back, where I am now and . . ."

The voice fluttered on and on. It sounded almost tearful, as if the clerk was afraid he would be blamed for Stuart missing an important call. I said, "His home phone has the same number as this, doesn't it? Isn't it just an extension of this line?"

"Oh, yes. Or this is an extension of his home telephone. I don't really know which. It costs him something extra but then he can take shop calls at home . . ."

"How long would it take him to get home?"

"Four or five minutes if he drove fast. The road isn't good. But it will take him five or six minutes to get to the gas station and get his car. If you want to call him at home in a little while just tell me and I won't answer the ring here. My, though, it might be somebody else wanting the shop, don't you think, and if I didn't answer Mr. Stuart would think I slipped away early and—"

"Thanks," I said. "Go right on answering the phone. I won't bother calling his house."

I HUNG up, got out my watch and laid it on the table. Nine minutes to go. Maybe it had been sheer horrible luck that made Stuart pick up his shop phone to make a call while Arab and Kit were on the line. Maybe dialing from one of his phones made a clicking noise in the other, and he had heard the clicking when Arab called me. I didn't know and it didn't matter. All that mattered was that he would arrive at his house in eight minutes and fifty seconds. I thought of dialing the sheriff, but if anything was going to happen nobody could get there in time. Calling in the law might also get Arab and Kit into another kind of jam. Stuart could deny the poster business and yell frame-up. I had to warn Arab and Kit to get out of his house quietly, and in eight minutes and forty seconds. There was only one chance.

My fingers spun the dial again for Stuart's number. When the clerk answered, I asked in a falsetto voice, "Do you have any antique Persian rugs for sale?"

"No, ma'am," the clerk said. "We have only furniture and weapons and a little china and glass. Not rugs. If you—"

"Thank you *so* much," I caroled. "Sometimes antique shops *do* have rugs, don't they? Goodby."

I hung up, stared at the watch. Eight minutes ten seconds to go. I waited until the second hand reached the bottom, and called again. This time my voice was gruff and deep. "Joe?" I said. "Listen, Joe. Is Harry coming over for poker tonight?"

The thin voice at the other end of the line protested, "This isn't anybody named Joe. This is the Antique Shop!"

"If you're not Joe," I bellowed, "whatcha doing on this line?"

"Oh my. You must have the wrong number."

"Hah! You musta answered the wrong phone. Get offa line!"

"Y-yes, sir," he quavered, hanging up.

I listened for a moment, then hung up also. Not a nibble so far, but it was almost too soon to hope for one. I was fishing. My bait was the jangling of a phone bell and I was trying to catch a girl's attention and make her curious. Every time the phone

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rang in the antique shop it rang in th... ness of Stuart's house. Of course A... Kit wouldn't *answer* it. They would... suspect that I was calling. They w... sume the call was for Stuart, and let... But if the phone rang a few times, w... for half a minute, rang again, and k... that process for a while, they might... to wonder what was happening. The... suspect that it was either an old-fash... party line or an extension of the ph... Stuart's shop. Maybe some women ... sist dropping in on a party line, but... gambling on the chance that Arab ... couldn't.

I called again, using a Southern acc... asking for Mistah Stuaht. That call d... other blank. Sweat came out on me... million tiny itches. Less than six ... were left. The second hand seemed ... going faster every minute. I cursed ... should have called the cops. Maybe ... squad car had been within striking dis... I should have taken the chance. It w... more a long shot than this plan of m...

It was time for another call. In a fl... voice I asked the clerk to take a mess... Stuart. It was hard to keep my voice ... It didn't want to be steady; it wanted t... out in gasps.

"Tell him to pick me up a Brow... musket," I said. "One with provenan... to a Committee of Safety. Just tell h... Saltzer called. Got that?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Saltzer. He'll do h... Thank you, Mr. Saltzer."

Still no results. Stuart's big yellow... vertible would be roaring along back... by now, slipping toward the hous... smoothly and inexorably as the little ... hand was circling its race track.

I made a sixth call and this time m... ing fingers got me a wrong number ... again, messed up the number before ... half through. Three minutes. I had t... some of that on myself. I got up and ... around the room, forcing air deep ... lungs. After a few moments my thoug... came clear and chilly. All I could d... my best. And I was doing it.

I returned to the phone and dial... number correctly. When the clerk ans... I said, "This is Mr. Saltzer again. I ju... pened to think, if he can't find a Com... of Safety musket I might take one ... Tower proof mark."

"I'll tell him that," the old man said ... can trust him to—"

A faint click tapped my eardrum. I ... have missed the sound if I hadn't been ... for it like a sprinter waiting for the ... wanted to cheer. The nice old guy's ... was still prattling on.

"Just a minute," I interrupted, dropp... voice to normal. "You want to be su...

hold on Arab the lin... ngate on the cuttlebin... isn't hold on Kit inde... ted too deeply or else... the skirm won't for h... aven's sake hold on in... case I want to displa... it, don't you think?"

"You . . . you'd b... ter talk to Mr. Stuart... about it," he faltere... "I don't know too... much about weapons ..."

"Okay," I said. "G... oodby."

"Goodby," he said ... and his phone clicked... into its cradle.

I waited two second... then snapped, "Arab! Kit! Who's there? T... is is Andy."

Arab's voice answ... ered shakily, "Andy, what is it? Why hav... n't you started? How did you get on this c... nnection? The phone was ringing off and o... and I was curious—"

"Don't talk," I said... "Just listen. Stuart's shop phone and hom... phone are extensions of each other. He cau... ht our first call, everything from the time y... u were scrapping with Kit. He's on his w... home now. At the latest he'll be there i... a minute and a half. Maybe in ten secon... ds. Are there woods around the place?"

"Yes."

"Hit for the woods. Work your way slowly and quietly to the r... ad near his entrance. I'll drive by. I'll dim... my lights twice. Jump into the road when ... ou see that. Got it?"

"Yes, Andy."

"Okay. *Run!*"

The distant phone ... rashed into its holder, and I raced out to ou... ear.

IT WAS already qu... e dark. Overhead the stars flickered like ... ireflies. The motor of our green coupé clea... d its throat, coughed. I jammed the gas to ... the floor. The engine spluttered almost hy... erically. It was eight years old and had si... y thousand miles under its fan belt and ... wasn't used to treatment like this. I fou... I myself screaming at it to forget it only ... d six lousy cylinders and to act like a real ... ar for once in its life. Then all of a sudden th... e spluttering smoothed out and the engine d... owned my voice in a soaring howl. I slip... ed into second. The little coupé scuttled o... t of the driveway and took the corner in a ... pray of pebbles.

Eight miles lay be... ore me. I drove and drove and then look... d at the speedometer and saw I had covered... exactly eight tenths of a mile. It almost m... le me crazy. I didn't get any sensation of s... eed or progress.

It was like the time ... Arab was hurt playing field hockey and I h... d to kill four hours waiting for the hospi... l verdict. I stumbled into a movie to try t... dope myself, and sat tensely while things I ... didn't understand happened on the screen. It was like that now. I sat tense and moti... nless while trees and the road and occasion... l houses flickered on the windshield.

Leesburg Turnpike ... aped crosswise at me and then made a qui... k pivot and streamed

COLLIER'S "I dare say, dear ... alls for an explanation BILL KING

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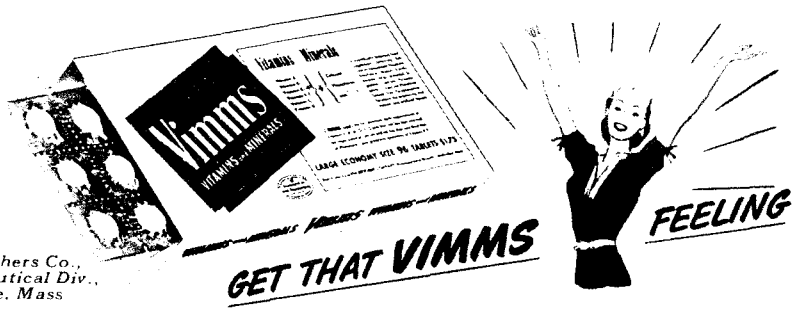

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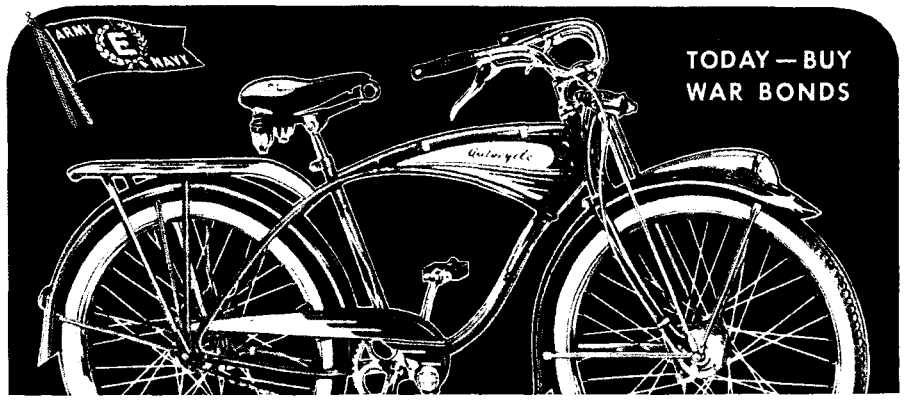

along underneath. I was getting into the country behind Alexandria now. Four miles to go. Two minutes later I spotted the back road that would lead to Stuart's place, and swung the wheel until the back road started flowing toward me. It was rough. The coupé started bucking and I eased up on the gas and things began to seem real again. I glanced in the rear-view mirror. Ordinarily, if you give a car the works in the Washington area, you can pick up a big enough tail of cops to qualify for a parade down Pennsylvania Avenue. Tonight nothing would have made me happier than a cop. So of course there was nothing tailing me but dust.

A mile to go. I slowed to thirty. Arab

threw rocks at bits of scum that might be covering a head. He made a slow circuit of the rim, and when he reached the other side I could see him plainly. It was Stuart, of course. He lobbed rocks with his right hand while his left held something that picked up long oily gleams: a pistol. He didn't know how lucky he was that I didn't have one. It didn't really matter, though. His luck was only good for this one performance.

At last he went back to his car. The spotlight gave the quarry a final quick frisking. The idling motor of his car began putting out a soft, deep hum, and tires whispered away on the road. It would have been nice to have played it safe and stayed right there.

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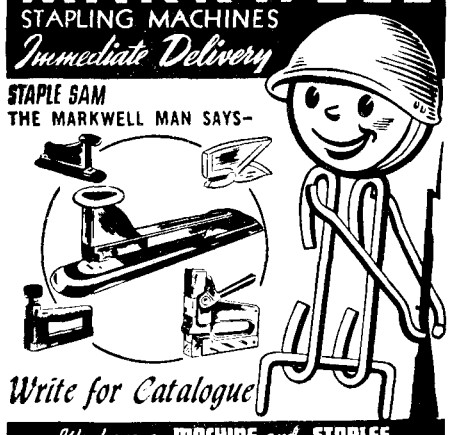

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anyway, because I've never hit anybody except with a hockey stick and that was accidental. I saw a shadow step into the doorway and I started a swing and then the cigarette glowed and something made me shorten the swing. It would have hurt, wouldn't it?"

"I don't believe," I said, "there would have been any pain."

"Oh, but I wasn't using the edge. I was using the flat side. Don't be angry with me, Andy. I'm so terribly glad you got here."

She hugged my waist again. It was a curiously thorough hug. I whispered, "How many arms are you using?"

"Two. Why?"

"It feels like three."

There was a flurry of motion around my waist. Arab hissed, "Stay away from my husband!"

A cool husky voice murmured, "Can't a girl go window shopping?"

"Stop it!" I snapped. "Are you two crazy, starting a fight now?"

Kit came so close to me in the darkness that I could feel the warmth of her body. "Fighting!" she whispered scornfully. "Your girl friend couldn't fight. She's soft, worrying about using the flat of that club on Roy Stuart. She wouldn't let me have it. I'd have used the edge."

I groped around until my fingers closed on Arab's arm and Kit's shoulder. "Shut up!" I said, and shook them. It startled them into silence and gave me a chance to listen for Stuart.

The house was quiet. Not quiet enough, though. There was a stirring against my eardrums, as if vibrations too soft to be heard were lapping against them. Then, far away, a click sounded. It might have been a key turning downstairs in the library door.

"He'll be coming up in a minute," I whispered. "One extra word from either of you and I'll shake your finger waves straight. Just answer questions. Why didn't you get out of here?"

Arab said, "I put down the phone after talking to you and saw an awful white blob pressed against the outside of the window. It was that man Stuart's face. He didn't realize I'd seen him. His face disappeared and we didn't know where he'd gone and he might have been waiting at any door or window we used."

"The chances were all in your favor, though."

"No, they weren't. Kit sprained an ankle last night wrestling with him on the road. She can hardly hobble and she wouldn't go with me. It was her fault we didn't try it."

"My fault, phooey," Kit said. "You're the one who wouldn't go. I told you if you went first and ran as fast as you could, I'd follow."

"Let me get this straight," I said. "It sounds as if Kit wouldn't go because she'd be holding Arab back, and Arab stayed because she wouldn't desert Kit. I thought you two disliked each other."

"You put it the wrong way," Kit said. "I wanted her to scram because her company bored me."

"I stayed," Arab said, "because if anyone breaks her neck I want it to be me."

I gave them a warning shake. "Did either of you think of calling the cops?"

"No," Arab said. "We knew you were coming."

I GROANED. Any sensible person, knowing that, would have called for the Marines, too. "Has anybody a gun?" I asked.

"There are barrels of guns," Arab said, "all over the house. Pistols and flintlock rifles and blunderbusses. It's his warehouse, remember?"

groan or something and maybe he won't stop to look in this doorway and—"

"Won't work," Arab said. "He knows you can't run. He can let you wait until last. *I'll* sneak down there and scream and Andy will smack him as he goes by and—"

"And," I said, "I'll miss and he'll shoot me."

"Are you afraid?" Kit asked softly.

"Certainly I'm afraid. What's that got to do with it? Now listen. We have to do this so you two get away even if things go wrong. I sneak to the bottom of the third-floor stairs, just across the hall. When Stuart gets up here, Arab screams not to come any closer or she'll kill herself; she'll jump out of a window. And then I run upstairs and he thinks it's Arab and sprints after me and as soon as he passes this doorway you two slip downstairs and grab his car and beat it. And when he gets to the top of the third-floor steps I turn and slug him. Okay?"

"Your number elevens," Arab sniffed, "are going to sound alluring on those stairs. Anybody can tell the sound of high heels from the sound of men's shoes."

"High heels!" Kit breathed. "My mules!"

ure how to regain my balance. I started falling, but my body hadn't moved two inches before it bumped softly into the staircase railing . . . and I was safe. I hung there, trembling, and listened to the creaks inching up the stairway. Then I moved back along the railing, learning how to balance on the mules, and found the steps to the third floor.

A CONE of light suddenly groped toward us from the lower stairs. It oozed through the darkness like a yellow fog light in mist. The glow crept up to our level, fingered the railing and puddled across a few square feet of floor. Bits of dust circled in the glow like gnats. Sweaty gleams came from patches of varnish. I watched the light and my muscles turned into dough. I couldn't get keyed up. Something was wrong with my heart; it was pumping in a heavy straining beat like a steam engine trying to start a long string of freights. It went CHUFF . . . pause . . . CHUFF . . . pause . . . CHUFF . . . pause . . . chuffachuffachuffa chuff . . . pause . . . CHUFF . . .

A voice came from the lower stairs. It said, "I know you're up there."

I gripped the railing, hard. Each heart-

COLLIER'S

"Oh, Captain—you're so smart! Now poor little old me—I don't know a thing 'bout psychology"

COLIN ALLEN

"Of course!" Arab gasped. "Quick. Take off your shoes, Andy."

"What do you mean my shoes? Have you gone nuts?"

"She's wearing mules," Arab said, "because of her bad ankle. It's a pair Stuart keeps for his girl friends. They're open toe and open heel, so you can get them on. Quick!"

"They'll come off!"

"We'll tie them on. Hurry."

I sat down on the floor and fumbled with the laces of my shoes. Hands patted over me in the darkness and took off my necktie and somebody ripped off the cloth belt of her dress. I got out of my shoes. Hands tripped each other coaxing my feet into the mules. My toes ached as they were forced down through the straps. Finally they squeezed into place and I could feel hands wrapping my necktie and the cloth belt in a crisscross around my insteps and around my Achilles

beat was like a heavy push, trying to unbalance me.

Stuart spoke again. His voice was soft, almost caressing. "You needn't be afraid," he said. "It's silly of you to hide like this. I wouldn't hurt you."

The stairs creaked and the light moved upward, slowly.

"I know you're both here," he said. "Captain Blake couldn't get his car started and he decided to be sensible and called me and told me the whole story. Now you two be sensible."

The flashlight was at the head of the stairway now, and its glow was seeping farther along the hall.

"We'll just sit down and talk things over," he said soothingly, "and then I'll drive you home, Mrs. Blake, and—"

Arab's voice cut through his. "No," she gasped. "No."

"But I'll have to take you home," he

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The Week's Work

Dorothea Malm

FIGHTING so...iers are apt to feel a little scornful ...f soldiers whose battle equipment co...sists of cameras or notebooks instead of g...s.

Captain Shunstro... of the Rangers, whose story appears on p...ge 24, felt that way at first about Phil Ste... assigned to his company as combat ph...tographer. When Stern asked Shunstrom if ... could go along, please, on a behind-the-l...es patrol, the captain jeered, "There's a w...r on, have you heard? Do you think we'v... got nothing to do but protect you and yo... little camera?"

Stern did go on t...e patrol, however, conducting himself with... the bravery expected of all Rangers, and h... and Chuck Shunstrom became good friend...

Stern, whose pict...es illustrate the Shunstrom article, snap...ed some of the best Ranger photographs ...o come out of the war. "It was a great brea... for me to get with that outfit," Stern says. "I'd been stationed in London, taking dul... pix of duchesses chatting with generals a... cocktail parties."

Stern trained with ...he first Rangers under the British Comma...dos, and served with them through all t...e North African campaigns until he was ...ounded at El Guettar. He got caught in a ...oss fire from two German tanks—badly c...ght. "I was lying there barely conscious, a... this chaplain started giving me the last ...es. I knew what that meant. It meant th... doctors had passed me ... as a hopeless ca... and had gone on to fix up fellows with ...re chance to live. But I still had strength ...nough to say, 'Thank you, Father, for you... kind offices. But won't you get me a docto... He did get me a doctor, and they gave m... blood-plasma transfusions. The ambular... that took me back kept getting more ho...s in its side as we rode along. Shell fragme...s kept piercing it."

Stern rejoined the ...Rangers in the Sicilian invasion, but his old ...ounds kicked up, sending him back to qu...ter duty on The Stars and Stripes. He say... of Shunstrom: "I was with him in a lot of a...ion, and he is the coldest, most premeditate... fighter I ever saw."

Now Stern has ...urned to his prewar work—free-lance pho...graphy in Hollywood.

PEOPLE accuse W...ndell Willkie of being neither fish nor ...wl in politics, neither Democrat nor Reput...ican. But nobody can accuse him of being ...wishy-washy, on-the-one-hand, on-the-oth...-hand sort of person when it comes to his ...onvictions. He states what he thinks in s...ple, unequivocal language. He has don... so in his article on America's Negro citi...ns (page 11).

Technically Mr. W...lkie no longer is in politics. He is fully o...upied with his private law practice. But he ...ys he cannot restrain his urge to speak ou...on subjects on which he has deep convict...ns, and on which he seeks to obtain polit...l action.

As for his writing, ...r. Willkie does it himself without benefit o... ghost writer.

DOROTHEA MA...M is a living refutation of that old ...w about "those who can, do; those who ca..., teach." At the University of Minnesota ... Miss Malm last year taught students how ...o write. In her off hours, she did origina... writing of her own—like the pretty love st... y called Pick Me Up on page 18.

"Writing stories," she says, "is by far the pleasantest way of making a living that was ever invented—alw...s providing the stories get sold.

"After graduating from the University of Minnesota I spent a year at Radcliffe, did editorial work for two years, and then, selling a couple of stories, I felt so rich I retired. Last year, feeling not so rich again, I took this teaching job. And I must say that while freshmen are remarkably bright and sensible, freshman English is hell—pure hell. Writing is definitely easier than teaching."

CARTOONIST GARRETT PRICE (page 37), sends us the dramatic picture of himself with fish, below, and then belittles it by saying: "The tuna fish in the picture were caught at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, by a Major Smith of the Canadian army and a Mr. Whenry of Jeannette, Pennsylvania. All weighed over 500 pounds. My weight is 130. I was seasick while the fish were biting."

The rest of his career, Price insists, has been similarly uneventful. "About ten cornfields from Kansas City, Kansas, is where I was born," he relates. "When I was one, my parents started dragging me from trading post to trading post. My father doctored mangled cowboys in Wyoming, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Idaho.

"With two years of education at the University of Wyoming under my hat, I headed for Chicago, in an upper berth. Art Institute . . . Chicago Tribune . . . pause . . . to New York in a lower berth. Sketching trips to Alaska, Europe, Mexico. I hate travel."

What Price likes is just what he is doing—living quietly with his wife in Westport, Connecticut, doing a lot of carpentry, a little gardening and a lot of cartooning. He serves the war with drawings for the OWI, and by sketching wounded soldiers in near-by military hospitals. . .

A. P.

Garrett Price

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33 Years of the New China

OCTOBER 10, 1944, is an anniversary of poignant interest throughout the Allied world—and one which is scheduled to be fittingly observed in the United States. The day is the Republic of China's 33d birthday.

In October, 1911, China was tottering along under the regency of Prince Chun, acting for the boy Emperor Pu-yi (born 1906), and its economic condition was chaotic. Doctor Sun Yat-sen and General Yuan Shih-kai in that now far-off October brought their Hankow revolutionary movement into the open and began the long struggle to convert China to Doctor Sun's Three Principles of the People—nationalism, democracy, social progress.

The end of the struggle is not yet, and the story of the Chinese Republic's early years is too complex to try to tell here. With Chinese history for the last seven years, most of us are fairly familiar. It has been a history of war with Japan, beginning when the Japs promoted a clash between Chinese and Japanese troops at Lukouchiao, near Peiping, on July 7, 1937.

China's ports have been grabbed by the Japs, and its government has been driven first to Nanking and then to Chungking. Its railroads have been largely captured, its currency inflated, opium addiction methodically cultivated among its civilians in Jap-occupied territory.

The republic has hung on, through thick and thin. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's government has never surrendered or put out a known peace feeler. The Chinese armies and people, by their courage and doggedness, have won the admiration and respect of the Allied world. Unfortunate internal dissensions have weakened them; shipment handicaps have kept them on the remote end of the Lend-Lease line. Yet apparently they have never taken seriously the notion that Japan could ever defeat them.

On this "double tenth" anniversary, as the Chinese call it (tenth day of the tenth month), there appears to be every ground for hope that China before long may be on the road to prosperity and power. No nation better deserves good fortune than this first, in point of time at least, of all the Allies in World War II. Had China crumpled before the Jap war machine, there is no telling what Japan and Germany might have done to the rest of the world by this time.

WHAT KIND OF TRAINING?

POSTWAR *universal compulsory military training* is much under discussion just now; and in the debate we can spot three leading schools of thought. There is the crowd which wants real military training for a year or so for every able-bodied American male, sometime between ages 17 and 21 or thereabout—training in camps, with real guns and ammunition, each trainee to become a reservist for a stated number of years thereafter.

There is the crowd which wants no universal military training at all after this war. And then there is the yes-but crowd, which holds that a year in the nation's service might be a good thing for each of our young people, but which wants to include girls as well as boys, and to train them all mainly in what it calls their democratic duties.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

Let's not skid off the track. Let's keep clearly in mind what this argument is all about.

It is about a postwar world which most of us hope will be a peaceable place overflowing with brotherly love, but which is by no means certain to be such a place. Wars traditionally have left boiling backwashes of national and group hates and desires for revenge. Maybe this one won't; but we can't afford to take it for granted that it won't. Certainly it is the biggest war in history, with more people involved directly and indirectly than in any previous war.

This military-training discussion is about how best to insure the safety of the United States in whatever kind of world the postwar world may turn out to be.

Well, then, isn't it only common sense to prepare for the worst while hoping for the best? To prepare for the worst, we obviously need to adopt a plan for real universal military training, and to go through with that plan until it becomes plain that there is no more danger of major wars. When that happens, if it ever does, we can safely water down the training system to the glorified WPA-plus-NYA which the yes-but crowd wants —though we must say we've had a long-standing impression that the public schools were doing a pretty good job of teaching American boys and girls what democracy means.

The object is to get our national house insured and fireproofed to the best of our ability against another such fire as the Japs tried to light at Pearl Harbor. What happens to the inmates and all the hopes for their improvement if the house happens to burn down?

NATIONAL WAR FUND, 1944

AS YOU no doubt know, the National War Fund's annual appeal is under way again, and anything you can contribute will be gratefully received. Contribute through your local community chest. The NWF is a sort of nationwide community chest for the major war-related philanthropies, except the American Red Cross.

Among the war organizations for which the NWF collects funds are the famed USO, with its 3,000 clubs and units for servicemen in the Western Hemisphere; the War Prisoners Aid, Refugee Relief Trustees, U.S. Committee for the Care of European Children, United Seamen's Service, and assorted relief societies for Belgium, Britain, China, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, Greece, Italy, Luxemburg, Norway, Poland, Holland, Russia and Yugoslavia.

Activities of these organizations are astonishingly varied, and all of them are necessary. Through one or another of them, antimalaria tablets have been flown to Yugoslavia, regular shipments of food got through to Greek children, considerable food sent to China, a great deal of recreational equipment sent to American prisoners of war, and some 2,000,000 fighting men a month entertained at USO camp shows. These items are only samples; we just haven't the space to print the full list.

The 1944 NWF campaign goes from October 4th to November 11th. Uses for all the money that can be raised will keep cropping up for a considerable time to come, no matter what happens to the war. We would earnestly suggest that you contribute all you can.

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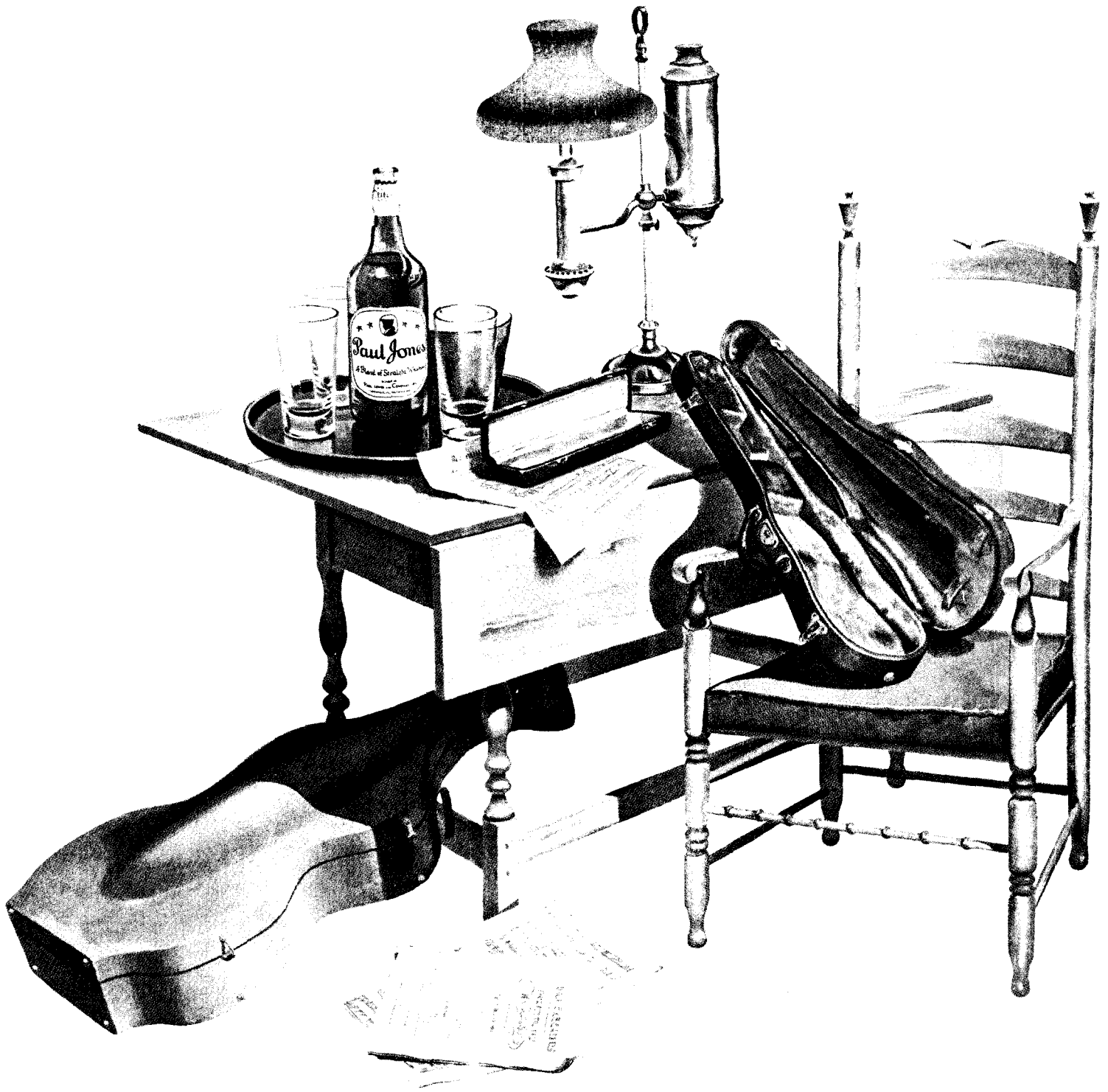

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